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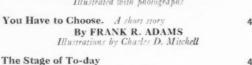
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COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

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Next Month



James Oliver Curwood and one of his famous dogs

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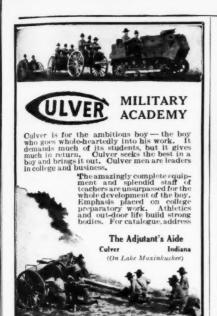
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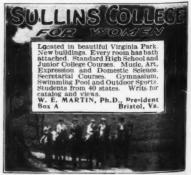
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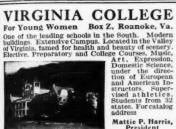
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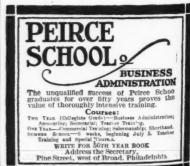
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Speech and Founder of the Bogue Institute for
Stammerers and Stutterers (Founded 1901), an
institution with national patronage, strongly
indorsed by the medical profession, has written
a 288-page book telling how he cured himself.
Contains definite and authoritative information.
Sent anywhere to readers of Cosmopolitan for
10 cents coin or stamps to cover postage and
mailing. Address

BENJAMIN N. BOGUE. Provident

BENJAMIN N. BOGUE, President 2471 Bogue Building, 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis

(Continued on page 145)

An Informal Page

An informal page by the Business Department devoted to Cosmopolitan's writers, illustrators, editors, advertisers, readers and ideals.

In the rich and dignified lobbies of the Ritz-Carlton hotel, one of the most aristo-cratic hostelries in America, the attention of visitors is attracted by a number of bronze plates on the walls.

These plates, lettered in gold, are advertisements for exclusive Fifth Avenue Shops and other New York and

Parisian stores.

They are placed there, instead of pictures or other decorations, because the management knows what the public wants-

It wants help in buving.

The front and back of Cosmopolitan are filled with advertisements for the same reason. We know, as the managers of the Ritz-Carlton know, that the public wants help in buying.

Of course, Cosmopolitan derives revenue from adver-tisements, too. But if the public did not want to read them, we would have to devise some other way of making

money.

The fact is, a magazine without advertising pages would be a much less interesting magazine-just as Fifth Avenue would be a much less interesting thoroughfare without its attractive shop-windows

Advertisements give a magazine variety; they give it utility; they give it sparkle.

'The advertisement writer," says Doctor Frank Crane, "knows that the first thing he has to do is to attract your interest." And because he has small space in which to do it, he gives life and color to every word and every picture.

But besides being interesting, advertisements are highly educational. and to read them, as they appear in Cosmopolitan each month, is to keep posted on the progress of the best manufacturers in Amer-

Wise buying is the most im-portant problem in contemporary life-whether you be housewife or manufacturer, doctor or merchant. And you cannot use your money to the best advantage unless you keep yourself informed-through advertising as to what the markets of the world have to offer that will add to the convenience, happiness and prosperity of life.

The Tragedy of John Jones

John Jones lived in a small town. Like most of us, he neither had time nor money

He met few people that he hadn't known all his life. As a young fellow he had dreamed of crossing the sea and visiting strange lands. Paris, Russia, Africa, China -these had been magic names to John Jones, as a boy!

But the uneventful years had come and gone, and gradually his early dreams had faded away.

The confines of his little town narrowed about him. His imagination-that divine gift that makes kings of plowboysgradually ceased to function.

He became narrow and provincial and something of a pessimist. His little town became his world-and a world, too, without much magic or charm.

And yet John Jones was smart and likeable. He worked hard and became wellto-do.

Only those who looked deep into his quiet eyes knew that the ghosts of dead dreams sometimes came to haunt him, and gibber taunts at his soul.

Jones was one of those unhappy men who, as boyhood passes, immerse themselves in the material details of life, and lose touch with its romance and beauty.

Travel would have saved him to himself. But, alas, he was unaware that to travel in many lands and mingle with many peoples, observing their curious customs, and enriching himself with the knowledge of human hearts, one does not have to have a fortune or become a vagabond.

The rocking-chair beside his reading

lamp, in which he sat each night-if he had only known that it was fleeter than any ship, swifter than any train!

But the glorious real world of fiction, that might have taken him out of his little life each night, was a closed book to John Jones. He had never wandered through the California moonlight with Peter Kyne, rubbed shoulders with the underworld of Paris with Louis Joseph Vance, or stalked tigers in the African jungles with Chamberlain.

To him New York was a vague dreamcity, its people a mystery, its life unknown. He had never visited its squalid tenements with Fannie Hurst, or flitted from mansion to cabaret under the merry chaperonage of Frank R. Adams.

Motion pictures bring the whole visible world to our eyes. And in a similar, but much more profound and stimulating way, the great fiction writers disclose to us the minds and hearts of men, their dreams and desires and tragedies.

They take us out of our world into other worlds-out of our lives into other lives. We become broader, bigger, more compassionate and better able to cope with our problems and environment.

Most of us are restricted—as John Jones was restricted-by duty and fortune, to our own little spheres. But so long as the great creative writers of earth are free to wander and watch and write, we can claim the whole world for our province and trot the globe

Cosmopolitan means everywhere; and its readers-whoever they are and wherever they be-are citizens of the world.

of words is highly important-to know

Another Comedy of Errors

"The first thing I want you to do," said the manager to the new salesman, "is to see if you can't get some order out of chaos.' Ten minutes later the salesman reappeared and said, "I've looked through the card index and I can't find a man by the name of Chaos anywhere.

when and how to use them. And that means wide reading-bringing you right back to the necessity for keeping in touch with Cosmopolitan, its great stories, novels and special features, written by famous men and women whose vocabularies are rich in Which proves that to know the meaning dictionary lore.

Nearly Everybody Worth While Reads Cosmopolitan

"What! My Car?"

Weed Tire Chains



"Yes! Skidded-and it's up to you. You failed to provide the chauffeur with Tire Chains. Only good luck saved your wife from paying the supreme penalty for your negligence. She's on the way to the hospital, painfully injured, but the doctor thinks she'll pull through."

How strange it is that disaster must come to some men before they realize that all tires will skid on wet pavements and muddy roads when not equipped with Chains.

The time to provide against accidents is before they happen. Don't wait until after the first skid. Put Weed Chains on all four tires at the first indication of slippery going and you will have quadruple protection against injury, death, car damage and lawsuits.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INCORPORATED

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line - All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes - From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

GENERAL SALES OFFICE: Grand Central Terminal, New York City

DISTRICT SALES OFFICES: Boston Philadelphia Pittsburgh Portland, Ore.

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That first instinctive summing-up of her personality—her daintiness and breeding...

A man's first impression of a woman

THAT first instinctive summing-up of a woman's personality—her charm, daintiness, breeding—no later, more critical judgment ever takes its place.

Don't let some defect you can easily overcome awaken prejudice in the people you meet. If your complexion is spoiled by blemishes or blackheads, or looks sallow and lifeless beside that of other girls—begin, now, to overcome this condition.

Remember—your skin is constantly changing—each day old skin dies and new takes its place. And by the right treatment you can make this new skin as soft, as beautifully clear and fresh as it should be.

One of the things you can change

Perhaps you long for more color
—your skin is so pale, sallow,
lifeless. By stimulating the
inactive pores and blood vessels

you can give the new skin which is constantly forming, color and life.

One or two nights a week fill your washbowl full of hot water -almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Rinse well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing with a piece of ice.

The other nights of the week, cleanse your face thoroughly in the Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with cold.

Special treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in the famous booklet of treatments wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today at any drug store or toilet goods counter begin tonight the treatment your skin needs.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, and for general cleansing use.

"Your treatment for one week"

Send 25 cents for a dainty miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week. In it you will find the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; a sample tube of the new Woodbury Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Write today for this special outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1606 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1606 Sherbrooks St., Perth, Ontario.

COSMOPOLITAN



DO YOU LIVE IN A TREE? OR DO YOU CARRY A TON OF NON-ESSENTIALS UNDER EACH ARM?

A Humorous Editorial by America's Greatest Humorist-

Heorge Has

HICH traveler collects the hardships—the one with the tooth-brush or the one with three indestructible trunks?

Happy is he who can put within reach the things he needs and avoid becoming a haggard caretaker.

If our friends acquired only those items which are indispensable to reasonable contentment, what would they do with all the cedar chests and extra closets and attics and storerooms and safety deposit boxes?

The founders of the family name arrived with an ax, a rifle, a skillet and a spinningwheel. While building an empire, they frequently gave thanks for all the bountiful goodnesses vouchsafed to them.

And now, granddaughter thinks that the Fates are treating her rough if she doesn't get her facial massage once a week.

Civilization means the banking up of material accessories which we do not need.

The fun of spending money is to garner things for which we hanker, without being compelled to explain why.

But the shopping pastime can be worked up into a dreadful mania for collecting non-essentials.

The problem is to find a happy compromise between living in a tree and endeavoring to carry a ton of personal property under each arm.

Do you ever play the new game of solitaire called "Looking Backward"? You get all the canceled checks of last year and finger them over and ask yourself, "Why?" you can find the answer, you win.

The article we covet begins to shrink the moment the price tag is removed.

Every poor man in America would like to own an orange grove and a yacht. Did you ever see an orange grove or a yacht that wasn't for sale?

What becomes of the beautiful specimens of neckwear seen in shop-windows? Men rush in and buy them and then hide them.

We of the U. S. A. are the greatest little tribe of buyers in the world, specializing in gorgeous tomfooleries.

Maybe after a while you will learn to project yourself into the wiser realms of the future. Before signing a check or committing yourself to a venture, you will find it possible to see the transaction as it will appear two years away, on the road behind. When you acquire this gift, you will lose much of your fretful desire for freak golf clubs, mining stock, striped shirts, platinum cigarette cases, hair tonics, toy dogs and midnight suppers

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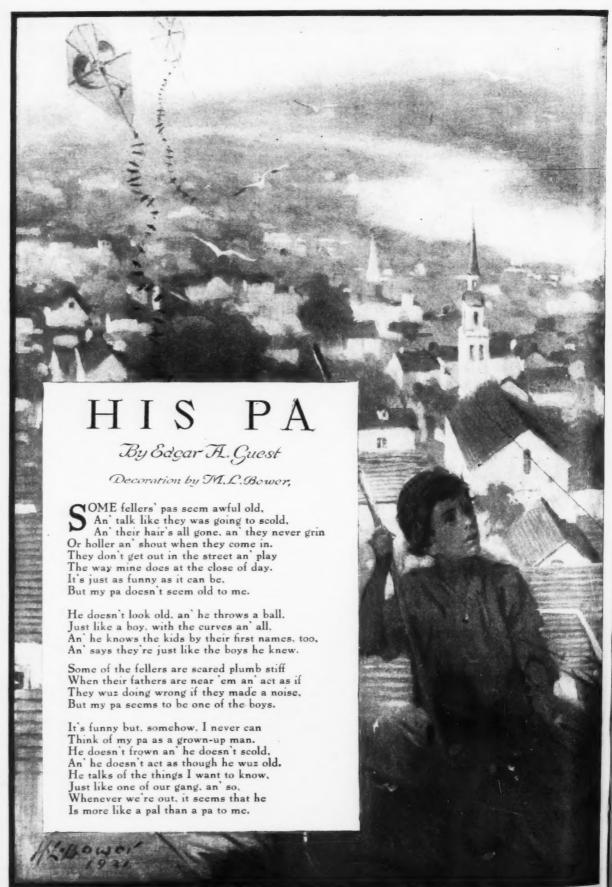
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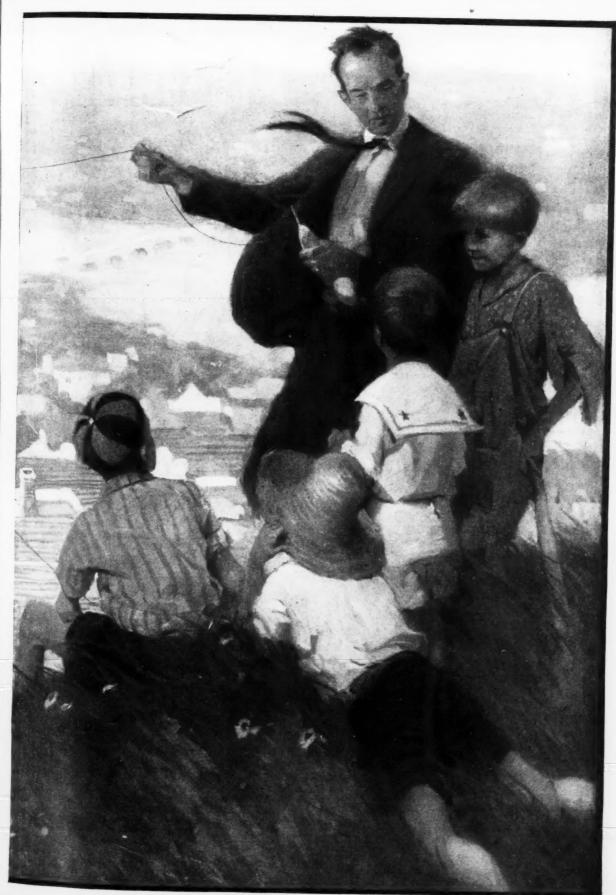
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Andrew herbrooke







As she saw her Husband:

DAVID is making mental comparisons. He is thinking to himself "my first wife did this" or "she didn't do that," or "she liked the other thing the way I like it." And when he says "How can you eat waffles for breakfast?" I know in my heart that he is merely reflecting the some one else's ideas that he made his own during the years of his other married life.

The OTHER

The Woman's Story of a Second Marriage

Illustrated by

Harrison Fisher

HE cold March rain dripped heavily, sluggishly, as though weary of falling after so many days. Through the murk of the streets the arc-lights shone like star sapphires, mistily blue. Irene Hunter, gazing out through the frost-clouded window-pane, felt that her eyes, too, were clouded by frozen, unshed tears.

After many minutes she turned wearily to the soft luxury of the room behind her. The warm, mellow radiance of the alabaster lamps robbed her cheeks of color, imparted to them also the tint of alabaster; against it, her lips seemed a scarlet streak. She went restlessly to the mantel and, leaning against it, gazed down at the smoldering fire. It reminded her in many ways of the jealousy which smoldered in her heart, ready at any moment to burst into flame. Against the red glow of the fire her sensitive profile was etched in vivid, youthful lines.

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Presently, with an impatient movement, she turned to the writing-desk against the wall and drew from one of its drawers a book, bound in leather, with heavy silver clasps. It was a diary, which she had kept, more or less irregularly, since the day of her marriage to David Hunter, two years before. Within its covers lay much fuel for the fires of jealousy by which she felt herself consumed.

Idly, almost with annoyance, she unlocked the clasps and began to turn the pages, reading here and there fragments of the record of events which had culminated in this bitter night. From the beginning, she realized, with a sigh, the figure of this other wife, like some mocking specter, had stood between David and herself.

They had advised her, all of them, against marrying a divorced man, had predicted unhappiness from the start. The very first entry in the diary reminded her of it. She read the hastily written words with a cynical smile.

Pinehurst, April 6, 19—
David is so wonderful. How could she ever have let him go?
They think I have made a mistake in marrying him, but although
only a week has passed, I am sure of him—absolutely sure. She
did not understand him, never could have understood him, as I
do. I wonder if he ever thinks of her or of their child? There was
a little girl on the links this morning—he smiled at her, and gave
her a golf-ball to play with. I must so fill his life with love that
there will be no room in it for thoughts of anyone else.

I'm glad David has never been here before. They spent their honeymoon at Bar Harbor, I understand. Nothing could induce me to go to Bar Harbor—ever. I should fancy myself meeting her at every turn in the road. Well—the world is large enough

for us both.

Here comes David with the mail. How handsome he is! I cannot understand any woman not being happy with him. It must have been her fault.

I must put this away before David gets here. He calls it my "dream-book" and laughs. Dear boy—doesn't he know that all my dreams have come true?"

WIFE

ByFrederic Arnold Kummer

Slowly Irene turned the pages, with their record of intimate trifles, of joys and hopes and sorrows, set down day by day. Some entries made many weeks later attracted her attention, held her eager interest.

Monday, July 11, 19— David worked for an hour at his desk in the library to-night. When I asked him what he was doing, he said, "Just writing some letters." I noticed at dinner that he had something on his mind, and asked him what it was, but he only smiled and spoke of the

heat. He has just gone out to post his letters. There was a package, too. Of course I should have remembered. To-morrow is his little girl's birthday. She is five. I'm glad he did not forget it, but I'm sorry it must be remembered. He had to write her a letter, of course, and I suppose her mother will have to answer it. A child of five is too young to write herself.

I am beginning to see now that I can never have David's love entirely, the way a wife should. There will always be certain of his thoughts I cannot share, a secret garden in which I cannot walk. It makes me think, somehow, of Bluebeard and his

Well, a woman who marries a divorced man should be prepared to make some sacrifices. I cannot blame David, or her, and yet I am jealousjealous of his past with her. When he takes me in his arms, kisses me, tells me that he loves me, I sometimes shiver at the thought that he once did all these things with her—that she once shared all his days as I do now. It is not a pleasant thought. I hate it. I hate myself for thinking it, but I can't help it. Oh, David, what can I be to you that she was not? Help me to find out. I love you so!

Thursday, July 14, 19—
There was a letter from her in David's mail this morning. I know it must have been from her, although I have never seen her handwriting before. It was big and clear-more like a man's, in some ways—sprawled across a large gray envelop. Susan brought the mail in while we were at breakfast. I took out the letters for me, and she carried the tray to David. He picked up the gray envelop carelessly, glanced at it, then put it in his pocket. I said nothing and neither did he, except to ask for another cup of coffee. I wonder if he knew how my heart was pounding.



As she saw Herself:

IT isn't easy to be a second wife. There will always be certain of David's thoughts I cannot share, a Secret Garden in which I cannot walk. It makes me think, somehow, of Bluebeard and his closets. . . . Why does the thought of sharing a man's love with some one elseeven with some one who is no longer a part of his life-make me jealous?

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Probably not. Men are such ostriches. They stick their foolish heads in the sand and imagine themselves hidden completely. Well—I must learn not to be upset by such things. Of course she was merely writing to thank him for the little girl's present. And this will go on, year after year, at birthdays and holidays, until it becomes a fixed thing, a part of my life, to which I might just as well become accustomed. And yet I am jealous. Is it wrong for me to feel that way? I don't pretend to know.

Sunday, August 14, 10—
I've been sitting here for an hour wondering why it is that a wife always resents the other woman in her husband's life—even when that other woman happens to be merely an other wife. Why should we all want our husbands so exclusively? Why does the thought of sharing a man's love with some one else—even of having shared it in the past, make us so bitter? Is it a basic instinct or just a habit? Doctor Remsen, who thinks he knows all about such things, says it's merely a warped expression of the

maternal instinct, that women object to polygamy because they object to sharing their husband's property with the children of other wives, when they want it all for children of their own. He says they don't know this now, but that that is the way it started ages ago. It is funny to hear such things, and then be made utterly miserable for days, just by a gray envelop. There is something wrong with Doctor Remsen's theories, or with me, I don't know which.

Monday, August 15. 19-I did penance for my jealousy David has a picture of his daughter, which he has always kept in the desk drawer -the one where his locked despatch-box is, with his private papers. I think he felt that it might annoy me to see it. I took the picture out this morning, and framed it in a silver frame I had. She is a dear little girl, with big eyes and a sweet, sensitive mouth, not a bit like David's. I put it on his dressing-table. He noticed it at once, and came over and kissed me.

"That was very dear of you, Irene," he said. His voice was full of feeling, but whether his feeling was for me or for the child, I don't know. The whole thing left me vaguely dissatisfied. I'm almost sorry I did it.

Saturday, September 3. 19-

It isn't so easy to be a second wife. When a man has been married before, he forms certain habits—gets to like things done in a certain way—somebody else's way, perhaps, and it isn't easy to change him., And it isn't easy to try to be like somebody else, either. I realize often that David is making mental comparisons. He wouldn't admit it, of course, but I know. He is thinking to himself. "She did this," or "She didn't do that,"

or "She liked the other thing the way I like it," and I feel it, and it upsets me terribly. When he says, "You should read Conrad, dear," or "I wish you cared more about grand opera," or "Don't you think bridge rather a waste of time?" or "How can you eat waffles for breakfast?" or "I don't understand how anyone can enjoy getting up at six in the morning," I know in my heart that what he says is merely a reflection of the likes and dislikes of

some one else—some one whose ideas he unconsciously made his own during the years of his other married life. I never let him see that I know this, and after a time I suppose he'll come to adapt himself to my peculiarities as well, or I will to his. People get that way when they are married. I've quite gotten out of the habit of going to church, because David doesn't care for it, and I've even bought a gray dress—a color I detest—just because he insists it is becoming to me. Well—I've made him like waffles, anyway. He ate two this morning; so perhaps there is hope.

Tuesday, October 11, 10—David got another gray letter to-day. I hate gray envelops, and women who write mannish hands. I think I shall go to the movies.

Friday, November 4, 10— Blanche Wilmer told me this afternoon that David's former wife is going on the stage. She has a lot of talent, Blanche says.

I hope she makes a success of it. Everybody thought she was going to marry that Chicago man she went about with so much. I asked Blanche what she was like. "Tell me about her." I said; "I'm curious." "Well"—Blanche laughed— "from what I've heard, I should say she's mentally a very physical woman." I've been puzzling over that remark ever since. Just what did Blanche mean? "Mentally a very physical woman." It sounds rather queer, but no doubt there are lots of people like that, whose bark is worse than their bite, so to speak. I hope it's true. I shall never get over the idea that she may hope, some day, to win David back. I wish she had married the Chicago man. He has lots of money, I under-If she goes on the stage and makes a big success. David will keep hearing about her all the time, and maybe he won't care so much about a stupid wife who can only smile when he is worried, and see that his coffee is hot in the morning, and make the kind of desserts he likes, and remind him, on rainy days, not to forget his rubbers. He complained to me once or twice, in the early days, that she had always disliked "homes" and thought domestic duties a bore. And he said he loved me because I was a "real woman-the sort a man could depend on. I wonder if it's altogether wise to be such a "de-pendable" wife. Some day, David may come to regard me the way he does that old flivver of his-dependable, in the daily grind, but about as exciting as last vear's almanac.

What nonsense I'm writing!
Of course David loves me. I
don't believe he ever thinks of
her. There's the laundry-man. I
mustn't forget that madras shift
they didn't bring last week.

Irene pictured her husband possibly even holding the other woman in his arms

I'm glad I gave thanks for all my blessings so early in the day. I don't feel a bit like it now. Such a wretched afternoon! If only I hadn't said I wanted to see "The Poor Little Princess." We went to the matinée, and she was there with the child—in a box with some theatrical people. I didn't say a word, but I knew that David was upset, and that he knew I knew it. Everything

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Within the covers of the diary lay much fuel for the fires of jealousy by which she felt herself consumed.

was spoiled, of course. I tried to watch the play, but it wasn't any was spoiled, of course. I tried to watch the play, but it wash tany use, my eyes kept wandering to the box, and my mind kept picturing the past—her past, with David—and I was utterly miserable. All that David said was, "The world's a small place, after all, isn't it?" I didn't say anything at all. I couldn't let him see how near I was to tears. And there was no reason for tears at all.

Tuesday, December 14, 19-David has gone to Boston, and I've been lonely all day.

Florence Marshall came in for tea and brought me some newspaper clippings about David's ex-wife. It seems she appeared, paper cuppings about David's ex-wife. It seems she appeared, very successfully, in a new play at Providence last week. It is now having a run in Boston. I know David had to go there on account of a lawsuit. He's been there twice before during the past few months, so there is really not the least excuse for the way I feel, and yet I can't help it. When Florence asked where David was, and I said, "In Boston," she smiled that tight little smile of here and lifted her everyone or rether the recent ware here are hers and lifted her eyebrows, or rather the paint where her eyebrows ought to be, and said, "Quite a coincidence, isn't it?" I could have choked her. I think she knew he was in Boston all the time, and ran over with those clippings just to make me feel badly. I told her about David's business there. She smiled again. "Jimmy has business in Philadelphia," she said. "He's over there every week." I might have told her that David isn't a Don Juan, like Jimmy Marshall, but I didn't. She went away an hour 2go, and I've been crying ever since, which only shows that I'm an awful fool.

Midnight.

Wednesday, October 11, 19— This has been a black day, inside and out. What is going to happen to the woman who wants children, and finds, year after year, that her hopes are just—hopes?

November 18, 19-

David was terribly moody this evening. I didn't dare ask him what was the matter. There might be so many things. Suppose his little girl were sick. Or there were some question of

I wish David were here. I can't sleep. If I knew to-night that David had left me forever, I don't know what I should do. Perhaps she feels that way, too. Perhaps she'd rather be back with David, in spite of all the things she used to say about having her freedom. A good many people, I imagine, want to move into the House Across the Way, and when they get there, look back and discover that the real House Across the Way is the one they've just left. If she feels that way,

and wants to get David back, maybe his love for me won't stand the strain. One can never be sure about such things.

Wednesday, 15.

I've just been reading over what I wrote in here last night, and I have come to the conclusion that I am a very foolish woman. David loves me, and I have no right to make myself miserable imagining all sorts of things to the contrary. isn't fair to him-or to me. When I look in the glass, I know I'm more attractive than she is. I'm ten years younger, too, which means a lot. I feel joyful to-day, because David will be home in time for dinner. I think I'll get a duck, and fix some mushrooms the way he likes them, and put on that new silver and black gown Fleurette has just made for me. It would never do to have David prefer the House Across the Way-or the wife either, for that matter.

Thursday, December 16, 19—David was wretchedly tired and upset when he got back last night. The train was an hour late. He had a headache, he said, and wouldn't eat a thing. My nice dinner went for nothing. He went to bed very early. I read a stupid magazine and thought about many things.

Sunday, March 26, 19—
To-day is our wedding anniversary.
David sent up some wonderful roses and brought me the loveliest jade pin. I don't think I deserved it, after all my unkind thoughts.

Thursday, May 4, 19—
Spring has come, and the neighbors are cleaning house. So am I. mentally speaking. I've decided to get rid of this rubbish I've been storing up all winter—a useless clutter of ideas about other wives and things like that. A woman who marries a divorced man can be just as happy as anybody else. I know it, for I am. David loves me with all his heart. If he didn't, he never would have said to-day that his dearest wish was that we should have children of our own. I think a woman is quite right to want her husband to be true to her, but she ought to be willing to have children in return. Florence Marshall says she can't be bothered with them, and yet, she'd raise the roof if Jimmy were really to do anything he shouldn't. Rather like the dog in the manger, it seems to me. I'd love to have children. She had one. Perhaps it's one reason I've been so jealous of her all these months. Hot coffee and rugs and a Persian cat are all very well in their way, but they don't make a home.

No wonder a lot of men look longingly at the House Across the Way. Even David might.



What could be more important than the fact that David had left his wife alone during all those terrible hours, in order to spend them with another woman?

money. The play his wife was in failed in New York. I haven't heard anything about her for months. How queer—I've just written, "his wife." Yet I am his wife. Sometimes I feel as though he really had more than one. What is going to happen, I wonder, when we meet in heaven? I suppose we'll all be very good friends. I wish I could feel that way now, but I can't. I'm too narrow, I guess, especially when David stays away a whole evening, as he did last night, without offering the least explanation. If only I could be as broad-minded as Elsie Selkirk. She says she doesn't care how many women her husband runs about with so long as he doesn't flaunt them in her face. Elsie has advanced ideas. Also, she likes to run about herself. I shouldn't care for that sort of freedom. If I'd wanted it, I'd never have married at all.

An hour ago, David put something in that black tin box in the second right-hand drawer of the desk. I wonder what he keeps in it that he has to lock it so carefully? His secret garden, no doubt,

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that I am forbidden to enter. Well-why not? If I'd been married before, I suppose I'd have one too. Is there anything quite so unreasonable as a jealous woman?

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Monday, March 1, 19— David got another gray letter this morning. He read it while waiting for Jim to bring the car around, and then went into the library with it. His face was gray, too, when he came out, and he forgot to kiss me. Something has happened-something that

her tears. Eight hours had passed since then-eight hours of bitter suffering, moving on wings of stone. The clock slowly chimed the hour of midnight. The dull drip of the rain outside seemed like tired tears. With a quick movement, Irene seized her pen and began to write.

I shall do this: When David comes home-for I suppose he vill come home sometime-I shall ask him pointblank if he has been with her, and if he has, I am going to leave him. I have rever questioned him before, because, in spite of all, I have trusted him, but I do not trust him now. He is with that woman. I know it. Some sixth sense tells me so. I do not think he will be to me when I accuse him of it, but if he does, I shall not believe

When two people marry, there should not be the shadow of another love between them. David has been wrong. When he

came to me, he should have left all the past behind, no matter how it hurt. He had no right to bring those things into my life-to hurt me. I have tried to be generous, to keep out of his secret garden-to respect its secrecy in spite of my own pain, but now he has forced me into it. Or perhaps I should say that he has brought this woman into mine. I know that the gate to the past, which he should have kept locked, is now open, and that there is not room for both of us in David's life. He must choose. It must be one or the other from now on-it cannot be both.

I wonder what he will say when he comes home. I hope he will not lie, with some stupid story of a sick friend or a business meeting. I'm sure David is too big for that. Perhaps he will tell me that he has made a mistake in marrying me— that he has decided to go back to her. I am afraid that is it. Well—if it is, I am ready. I shall not attempt to hold him against his will. No woman ever gains anything by doing that. There must be no tears, either. There will be There must plenty of time to cry, later on.

Oh, David—David, why did this have to happen to us? Couldn't vou find enough in my love to satisfy you? Is it because she is more clever, more brilliant than I am? Or is it the child? God knows my own heart is empty enough for the little voices I have longed for, the sound of pattering feet. They echo through its silence until I could cry out with the pain of it. Perhaps they echo in your heart, too. Perhaps you feel that something is lacking when you come home to your rugs and your pictures and your well-cooked meals. And I thought that I-my lovewould fill your life. God-what fools women are!

What I feel is not an anger born of the moment. It is not that David has left me alone this one evening. All the things I have just read in this diary show me how, ever since we were married, this bitterness has been growing, until now I can bear it no longer. Whether I am right or wrong, I know that I cannot go on. I am glad that the time has come for a settlement one way or the other. Any certainty would be better than this agony of doubt. Is he tired of me? Does he want to go back to her? If I only knew-if I only knew!

Irene let the pen fall from her trembling fingers and sat for a long time staring dully at the words she had just written. Lines of determination began to form about her eyes, her mouth. "Why not?" she whispered to herself. "I have a right to know." With a quick movement, she opened one of the drawers of the desk and took from it a metal despatch-box, gazing at it with a :

has left me beaten, crushed, even though I don't know what it is. I can't stand it any longer. I am going to tell David that she must stop writing to him. This uncertainty will drive me mad. No-it wouldn't be any use. She could send her letters to the

office, and I'd never know.

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Monday afternoon.

David has just telephoned that he will not be home to dinner. waited for him to say why, but he offered no explanations and my pride prevented me from asking for any. Somehow, I didn't feel that they were needed. The letter he got this morning was postmarked New York. What shall I do?

Postmarked New York. What shall I do?

Irene ceased turning the pages of the diary. The entry she had just read had been shall be just read had been made that afternoon, and the tiny blurred spots on the page showed that she had not been able to keep back look of fascination, almost of dread, as though she feared what

she might find within.

With eager fingers she tried to open the box, but the lock, although a frail affair, resisted her efforts. A heavy sword-bayonet, relic of the war, which hung against the wall, attracted her attention. When she had slipped the point of the blade beneath the edge of the lid, a single wrench sufficed to tear away the

fastenings of the lock, and the contents of the box lay before her.

For a moment she hesitated, her eyes searching the dim recesses There was pitifully little within-a slender sheaf of fearfully. letters in their hated gray envelops, two or three photographs, a tiny slipper of faded pink kid, and several holiday post-cards, addressed in a wavering, childish hand. At the bottom lay some legal-looking documents which Irene divined had to do with her husband's divorce suit. A faint perfume of withered rose-leaves ascended from the box, carrying with it a suggestion of things long forgotten, dead. Were they really dead, she asked herself, or only sleeping? The gray envelops, with their vivid superscriptures, spoke of things very much alive, dissipated the feeling of sacrilege which had come over her when she first looked into the box. She took the package of letters in her hand and slipped aside the rubber band which surrounded it. These letters, she whispered to herself, would tell her what she had a right to know.

There were very few of them, but four in all, and they were arranged in the order in which they had been received. David, she reflected, had always been methodical, even in his love-

The first letter was very brief, and contained an enclosure, written on a tiny sheet of pink note-paper.

Constance wants to thank you for the watch. I will put it away for her, as she is too young to take proper care of it now. She had a happy birthday, and has written you the enclosed note of thanks.

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

The author of this intimate study of

married life in an informal moment

with one of his children

Irene's hands trembled as she glanced at the child-ish message. Its "Dear daddy," in large, irregular print, its quaint wording, sedately expressing thanks for the lovely watch and sending in return a big kiss, brought tears to Irene's eyes. This, at least. was not the stuff of which jealousy is made, she reflected, as she thrust the letters back into their envelop. feeling of annoyance came over her annoyance with herself for prying into matters so remote from her own life. And yet-were they so remote, when even now her husband and this woman were together, in she knew not what circumstances? She had addressed him as "David." and had signed herself "Ann." just as she used to do, no doubt, in the past. Irene found herself wondering how she would address her husband should he go out of her life as a result of this night. The divorce, she remembered, had been a conventional one, a severing of bonds by mutual consent, under the guise of incompatibility. had been no reason for David's wife to regard him with hostility, no scandal, with its mutual recriminations. The "Ann" seemed natural enough, and yet Irene resented it. She opened the second let-It, too, was brief.

Thank you, David, for your good wishes, I shall be glad of success because of Constance, and what it will mean for her. Her cold is bet-It was not grip, as I at first feared. She sends you her love

Irene gazed at the words before her in silence. So David had written to her, wishing her success in her stage career. He must have felt an interest in her future, or he would not have done it. And yet, was it not a natural thing for a man to feel an interest in the success or failure of the mother of his child? Irene laid the letter aside, confused. So far she had not found that which she sought.

The third letter was more damning. Irene's eyes narrowed as she read it.

DEAR DAVID

Now that I have taken up this new career, there are some matters of vital importance to Constance's future that I feel I should discuss with you. It may be painful to us both, but I think we should endure that you. It may be painful to us both, but I think we should end that for her sake. I thought of having my lawyer see you, but I am sure we could arrive at a better and quicker conclusion by talking things over ourselves. I shall be in Providence next week, and after that in Boston for at least a month. If you should happen to be in the neighborhood—I remember you used to have business in Boston very frequently—let me know, and we will arrange a meeting. Constance will be with me in Boston, but after that, I do not know. It is about this, that I want to see you: I dislike to submit her to the hardships of this vagabond life, with its late hours, its hotels, its trains. Perhaps a school of some sort would be best. If I had any relatives with whom I could leave her. should not bother you, but unfortunately I have none, except aunt Annie, and her dislike for you has, I am sorry to say, extended to your child. I shall hope to hear from you in Boston. I don't know where I shall be stopping, but you can always reach me at the theater.

How are things with you, David? I hope you have found the happi-

ness I failed to bring you.

As always,

ANN.

Angry lights flashed in Irene Hunter's eyes as she finished reading this letter. Was this woman using her child to retain a hold on David, to bring about a meeting with him? Why this sudden desire to consult with him? She had demanded, as a price of the divorce, the custody of their child. It had always been "her child" then, but now, in appealing to David, she had written "your child." So David had met her in Boston. Irene remembered with painful vividness the night of his return, his nervousness, his inability to eat, his plea of a sick-headache. Was it a heartache instead, that had spoiled her evening, sent her to bed in tears? How he had deceived her—how the two of them had deceived her! It was monstrous. Let him go back

to her, if she meant so much to him. The query about his happiness implied a mocking doubt. Irene tossed the letter angrily aside and opened the last in the package. It was dated at New York, the day before, and she knew that it was the one David had received that morning. She read:

address, and Constance is with me. I have been, and still am, very ill. That old heart-trouble of mine, you know, aggravated, I suppose, by over-work and worry, because of the play's failure. I want to see you. I am worried about Constance and her future. It seems, from what the doctor tells me, that I shan't be good for anything for months-that I've got to get away somewhere—away from this terrible climate. I don't know anyone else upon whom I can call in this crisis. Do you mind very much? After all, David, I've never really cared for anyone but you. That's a terrible confession to make, I know, but it's the truth. I'm afraid I didn't appreciate you, my dear. I hope your present wife is a wiser woman. I wanted a career, but people who want careers should make up their minds to be unhappy most of the time. moments of success are few, and very fleeting, I'm afraid.

Yes-I was a fool. I admit it now, when it is too late. And, truly, I am glad that you have found happiness—if you have—with some one else—some one who appreciates you more than I did. We were very happy, you and I, for a little while. I can't forget that. I speak of it now, because, in my illness, it is the only happiness I have to look back to.

Don't think that I am blaming you. The fault was all mine, I guess, although I once thought it was yours. Forgive me for rattling on in this way. I didn't mean to when I began this letter, but I'm lonely and ill, and worried about Constance and her future. And I've been wishing the I bed west beauth to work about the constance and her future. ing that I had not thought so much about my career, and more about my home and what it would mean to our child, as she grew up. I have a nurse here who is looking after us both, and the doctor says I'll be better when spring comes, especially if I go away. (Continued on page 96)

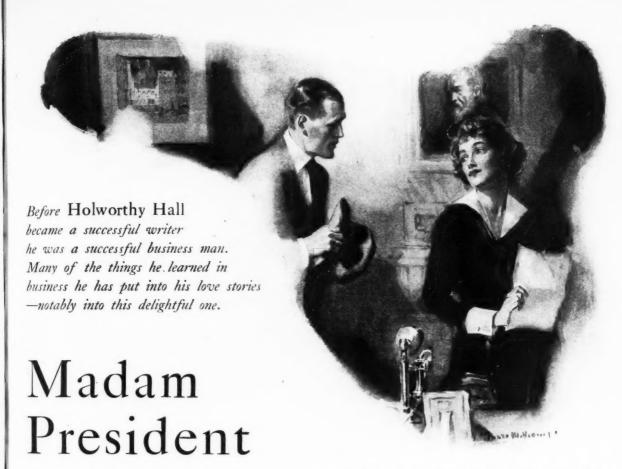
DEAR DAVID. I am here in New York at the above

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Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

As Barnard gazed at the vivid girl before him he suddenly realized that he had no story to tell.

S he went up the steps of the little brick Administration Building, the afternoon sun, reaching over his shoulder, came glancing back into his eyes from a plate of polished brass beside the doorway, so that, for the moment, young Mr. Barnard was two-thirds blinded, and humanly annoyed about it. Another step, however, took him out of range, and then he was suddenly attacked by his imagination and paused to let it amuse him.

As he approached the building, he had been thinking into his personal future, and his future largely depended upon this same brass plate, which bore the title of the "Harmon Manufacturing Company." He told himself, with a broad and whimsical smile, that he had just received by heliograph an omen which meant that all his to-morrows would be as brilliant and dazzling as the metal sign which had flashed him the cheerful message.

He smiled at the fantasy, and smiled at himself for conceiving it, but when he turned and went in toward the main office, he took with him a certain confidence which he had previously tried to assume and couldn't. To be sure, he knew that he had lured himself into it, but in business, just as in other forms of endeavor -golf, for example-a man must have absolute confidence in himself; and when it won't swim up of its own accord, why, in that case, a man is justified in using for his bait whatever trick of thought, self-illusion, or even whatever childish superstition will tempt it, and finally get it on the hook.

With assurance, then, he walked briskly to the swinging gate, and with his card in readiness, met the half-impertinent stare of the switchboard operator.

Is Mr. Henry Harmon in?"

The operator continued to stare at him as impersonally as

though he were a mirror.

"Nope," she informed him briskly. "I guess you'll hafta see somebody else, anyhow. He—"

"Well—do you know where he is?"

'Well-do you know where he is?"

Her eyes were coldly virtuous, and yet they held a spark which puzzled him. "Nope."

"Well, how long do you suppose I'd have to wait before I can see him?'

The corners of her mouth twitched slightly.

"That depends. He died a year ago last October." Barnard was astonished by the fact, but he had to grin at the

Barnard was astonished by the fact, but he had to grin at the very literal young woman.

"I hadn't heard about it. Who's running the plant, then?"

"Why, M. H. Harmon is, and a Mr. Pegram." She added a word of description, which she pronounced as though the two were hangmen. "They're the executors."

"Can I see either one of them?"

"Why, I guess M. H. is in." She adjusted a plug, and began to pour sweetness into the transmitter. "Hello! . . . Oh, Miss Smith! Hello, dearie! lissen, dearie; Where's M. H.? Oh! Well, they's a man here—" She motioned for his card, and he gave it to her. "They's a man here from the Met'opolitan Distributin' Comp'ny—a Mr. Bernard. . . . Oh, awright, dearie, G'-by." She looked up at Barnard, and swayed her head in the direction of a long corridor. "Third from las' door on the lef'. The sec'etary says go in an' siddown, an' M. H.'ll be right in."

At first, he had been disconcerted by the news of Mr. Henry Harmon's death, but as he struck along the corridor, and remembered what had been told him about the old man's intolerance and obstinacy, he began to wonder if his chances weren't really improved. Indeed, they had previously been so low that if, by reason of Mr. Henry Harmon's exit, they had changed at all, there was only one possible direction for them to go. They certainly couldn't be worse; and if "M. H." proved even a single degree less curt, and unreasonable, and unprejudiced than old Mr. Henry had been, why, then they were considerably better. He wondered what extremes of praise he should receive, material reward-he was quite indifferent to any-if on his very earliest trip to the territory, he actually succeeded in bringing home the Harmon contract. He knew, of course, that he had been given the assignment only because he was a cub, and because a cub is sent out to sharpen his teeth on the toughest, of hard-shelle?

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prospects; but it was all the greater credit to himself if he achieved what his manager and certain others of the staff had told him was unachievable. It was characteristic of him to be bored by easy victories, anyway.

He opened the door which he took to be the correct one, and immediately his senses were battered by all the heavy shock and dissonance of an active industrial plant at top-speed. Through the windows, there came to him the angry purr of swift-running machinery, and, rising regularly

above it, the scream of imprisoned metal, mercilessly gouged and shaped and planed by other metal. The little room was filled to every corner with the savage uproar, and Barnard, wincing, wondered if he had got into the wrong office, for he told himself that to work in such a clamor, day after day, with tortured ear-drums and pounded nerves, wasn't a fit performance for an executive, and was enough to make a pessimist and a fireeater out of anybody.

Into the room, from the neighboring office, there came a girl, intent upon a typewritten memorandum. She was both young and attractive; and for that reason Barnard was doubly sorry for her. The incessant racket was demoralizing, even for a strong man who had a strong man's resistance, but for a slip of a girl it must be truly an inferno, and he wondered how a woman could endure it and still retain the smallest measure of any spiritual quality.

She had come round to the big desk in the middle of the room, and, pitying, he watched her; he noted that she was younger than she first appeared to be-twenty or twenty-one at most-and she was also more attractive, not beautiful but very near it, and apparently unaffected by it, which gave her an especial charm and height-ened her air of boyishness.

He liked her attitude, and he liked the taste and repression of her blueserge frock, with its Eton collar and wide cuffs of linen; she was unmistakably a "nice" girl, and she made a very pretty and a very striking contrast with her surroundings.

Barnard stood up, and came a step or two nearer, to avoid shouting. The girl raised her eyes-clear, deep, friendly brown eyes-and her ex pression was as calm and untroubled as though the blast of sound, which had already started Barnard's head to aching, was no more than the whisper of the pine trees on a summer evening.

'I beg your pardon, but this is 'M. H.'s' office, all right, isn't I was told to come in and wait.

She nodded above the memorandum.
"Yes, this is it." Her voice was exquisite against a background of hideous tumult.

It occurred to Barnard that a crumb or two of advance information wouldn't hurt him.

"You're 'M. H.'s' secretary, aren't you? Then would you mind telling me-

She had put the memorandum on the desk, and now she gave him a smile which was part amusement and part sympathy, and wholly feminine; and it stopped him midway in the sentence.
"Why, no," she said. "As a matter of fact—I'm M. H.
myself. I'm Margaret Harmon."

For perhaps two seconds he utterly disbelieved her; he believed that like the switchboard operator, she was enjoying a simple fraud and charging her pleasure to his own account; but her eyes were steady, and, furthermore, there was a witness coming through the doorway.

"Say, M. H., that lot o' billets we got from Canton—it's all full o' blow-holes."



Barnard became increasingly nervous; he sent potent glances across the table. and flinched if he happened to catch Miss Harmon's eyes.

"Yes, ma'am. Want I should reject 'em, or go ahead and put in a claim for what it costs us for weldin'.

She reflected a moment, while Barnard began to turn slow red.

"It's the low-carbon lot, isn't it?

"Yes, ma'am; the one-per cent." "Oh, well, you can use that up somehow. I wouldn't reject it; it's too hard to get deliveries, anyway. Put in a claim and go ahead with it." "Yes, ma'am." The foreman went out, and Barnard took to

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blotting his forehead with his handkerchief. "Holy jumping Jehoshaphat," he said weakly, "are you—are you really the president of this company? I thought, of course, it was a man." Her eyes continued bright with amusement.

"A good many people used to make the same mistake, but I thought everybody in the trade knew it by this time. But you haven't sent any-

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"But this time we've been expercise."

Nelsons told me you were coming."

He sat forward on the edge of his chair.

"Pete Nelson? Why, do you know them?"

"Know them?" I was an oht up with them.

They're the best friends I've got in Carthage." "Why," said Barnard,

"why, I roomed with Pete Nelson all four years in college, and I haven't seen him since. I'm staying with them-that is, I'm going to; I haven't been around there yet."

"Yes," she said, "and to-night I'm dining with them, supposedly to meet you. And I've been hearing about you, off and on. for the last five years. But why haven't you been out to Carthage before?"

Barnard was fast recovering his poise.

Why, one of the principal reasons is that your card on the file has a blue tab on it."

"A blue tab?' And what does that mean?"

The roar of the machines was beating against his consciousness, and when he looked at Miss Harmon, small and alert and feminine, he could think of only one phrase, only one picture, to express the contrast. It was the lotus flower rising delicately from the black muck of the Nile.

"It means you're practi-cally impossible," he said, with frank humor. "Or. to be quite specific, it means that Mr. Henry Harmon told our last representative he was about as wel-come—" Here Barnard broke it off abruptly, for Mr. Henry Harmon had used the simile of the polecat at the porch sociable, and Barnard didn't think it was chaste enough to re-peat. "To tell the truth," he said, "you're what we call a pretty tough prospect -so much so that we really didn't suppose it was worth while to bother you any more."

Her smile was delicious.

What seems to make us so tough-and practically impossible? Or do you just naturally

expect too much?

"One thing's certain; I didn't expect you." He made a grimace in memory of his own awkwardness. "And it is unusual to find a woman running a machine-shop—now, isn't it?"

"That's why, outside, they all call me 'M. H.' and not 'Miss Harmon,'" she told him. "I believe they actually pretend to

themselves I am a man." Her quick cordiality and the knowledge that one of his own best friends was also one of hers took away the last of his constraint and allowed him to say what was next in his mind.

"But how on earth do you do it? How did you ever happen to learn such a business?"



body to call on us for nearly two years now, have you?

Won't you sit down, Mr. Barnard?"
"Thank you," said Barnard, and he appreciated the sup-

port. He was a trained engineer, but an inexperienced silesman; he still had to memorize and rehearse his part, and he hadn't yet learned how to think ahead of the subject. He had prepared to face, this afternoon, a blustering tyrant who would cut his logic into raveling and try to flatten him by sheer weight of personality, and so he had worked out in advance a slam-bang ort of offensive, with plenty of short, clean hammer-strokes in the event that Mr. Henry Harmon wanted to insult him or damn his organization. When, therefore, he found himself gazing at a vivid little girl even younger than himself, and when he realized ow he should have to conduct himself toward her, he had no story: indeed, it was fully a quarter of a minute before he had a

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She responded in exactly the same spirit.

"Oh, I grew up in it-that's all. I always loved machinery, and my father always talked to me about it, and, when I was little, I'd always rather be down here watching the wheels go round than playing games with the other children. And then I studied some, so I could talk intelligently to my father about it, and a year and a half ago—" She hesitated. "There wasn't anyone else to look after the company; so I thought I'd see if I couldn't manage it myself."

He gazed at her and marveled. She had the eyes of a dreamer, but the mouth and chin of a doer; she was obviously a very capable young woman with a serious purpose, and yet, somehow, in this crashing factory, in the noise and grime which is particularly masculine, and in the tread mill of administration, which drys up youth with even greater speed than sorrow or regret can dry it, somehow she had kept herself as unmarked and as appealing as though she had stayed at home and thought of nothing more scientific than the moonlight, or more mechanical than the

coming of the spring.
"It's wonderful!" he said, subdued. "It's bewildering! You'd

ordinarily think of a woman as so out of placeyour pardon; I don't mean to get too personal about itbut I'm not the least bit embarrassed any more, and I certainly was when I came

"But why should you be embarrassed at all?" she asked gravely. "Women nowadays

"Oh, I know; but how many women of your age are doing what you're doing? There probably isn't another one in America. And you give an impression of having such a grip on the things in

spite of-

"In spite of what, Mr. Barnard?" Her accent was merely of curiosity, but another shade would have made it wicked. He wondered, for an instant, if she took this tone to all her visitors, and carried the froth of the drawing-room into her business conferences, and for the duration of that instant. he was disappointed. Then he remembered the Nelsons and the point of social contact, and he knew that her present manner wasn't what she showed to entire strangers.

This relieved him, but not until after he had felt himself grow warm.

You must be crazy about it, or you couldn't stand it

"Oh, yes. There's a sense of—being somebody."

"And you must be proud,

o. You ought to be."
"At least," she said,

"we've kept on growing. Possibly too fast.

A man in overalls was fidgeting in the doorway; a stenographer was bringing in a tray of letters, and the telephone-bell had rung twice, unanswered. Barnard rose, unwillingly.

"I mustn't take up any more of your time now—especially if I'm going to see you to-night."

You'll be here a few days, won't you? Lambert Nelson said

"Yes; I expect to be here two or three days." She came round the desk to give him her hand.

"I'm ever so glad you came in. I am reassured. You see, ever since Lambert Nelson-you call him 'Pete' though, don't you?-

ever since he came back from the East, he's been talking so much about you, and saying such splendid things about you I was all

ready to be awed to the size of an ink-spot."
"Madam President," said Barnard, bowing, "you're the first customer I ever found in what I'd call a proper frame of mind!" They both laughed, while the workman, and the stenographer gaped at them, and the telephone-bell rang insistently.

"Until this evening, then," she said.
"Until this evening," said Barnard enthusiastically.
Until she appeared for dinner, he thought of her primarily as a prodigy, but when he saw her in a frock of creamy lace, with a deep girdle of peach-colored satin, and a few gloire de Dijon roses nodding at her waist, his heart unfolded a trifle, and after he had perceived how young and slight and illusive she really was, he forgot to think of her as anything but a martyr. His tone must have betrayed him, for between the soup and the salad she managed to inform him that she was probably the happiest person in the civilized world, and although she talked, for the most part, in sweeping generalities, and seldom said "I," she warned him, nevertheless, that she was perfectly able to take care of herself.

The warning was subtle, but

it was also definite; and yet Barnard, knowing that she was a highly efficient business woman (the Pete Nelsons classed her among the best executives in Carthage), frowned inwardly as he went on studying her. had inherited from the Scottish side of her family a certain talent and brain-power, of which her forehead, broad and white, was ample evidence; and she had got from the same source the hint of stubbornness which made her chin adorable. But her eyes were from another heritage, and when Barnard saw how she hid behind them, and how they sometimes deepened at the lightest mention of beautiful things, whether in nature or in art—or in people—he won-dered if she were quite as satisfied with her independence as she professed to be.

Later in the evening they all went out to a pleasant club-house on a lake, and presently, for greater freedom of speech and freedom from interruption, Barnard and Miss Harmon wandered away from the ballroom and down to the shale of the lakeside, where Miss Harmon sat on a rock in the moonlight, her hands clasped on her knees, her

uplifted toward the stars, and Barnard sat close beside her, not to lose a syllable.

"Why, the principal trouble," she was saying, "is that so many small shops aren't educated up to the use of high-speed steel. I had a letter to-day that was typical; a shop bought some of our high-speed steel tools, and wrote in to complain about them-said they had to use eight times the horse-power they'd use with carbon steel, but

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weren't getting results to make the price worth the difference."
"Well," said Barnard, puzzled, "certainly if they tried to work as fast on heavy cuts as they would on light ones

"Oh, that would do it, but, as a matter of fact, this particular shop thought you could use the high-speed stuff for finishing just as well as you can for roughing! Imagine it!"
"Still, that wouldn't altogether account for-Do you sup

pose they were looking after their lubrication?"



"Let's see who's bluffing, ' said Barnard. "Have you made the deal yet?"

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Knowing that he loved her, how could he attempt to ensuare Peggy into signing the contract that he had guaranteed to get from her?

"Oh, yes. The service department called them on the longdistance to straighten it out; the lubrication was all right, but they'd set a high-speed tool with twice too much top-rake, and then expect it to do a decent finishing job on some hard alloy.

And then write us and complain about it!"

And then write us and complain about it!"

"That's exactly where we can help you out," he said. "If you make us your exclusive selling agents, you can scrap your own service department, and ours'll do all the educating, and handle all the complaints. Four times a year we visit every plant that buys from us; we send out a weekly house organ; we show 'em how to do things right, and we keep 'em satisfied. And it doesn't cost you anything to come in with us; on the contrary, it'll save you money."

She looked down at him, and wavered. Finally,

"How long did you say you're going to be in Carthage, Mr.

"As long as it takes you to see the light, at least that long."

Miss Harmon made another inspection of the stars.
"Then don't let's talk any more business to-night," she said. "I don't go out so very often, and when I do, I'd rather be just myself and not a business woman. Do you mind?"

He shook his head with emphasis, and for the next five minutes, he didn't talk about anything at all. He watched her, and forgot himself.

She stirred a little, and smiled down at him. "Why so serious?"

He started, and returned the smile. "Just thinking. Was 1 rude?" (Continued on page 100)

The Pride Palomar

The great novel of the Great West

Bv

Peter B. Kyne

THE STORY: These others thought young Spanish-Irish "Don Mike" Farrel died in the World War. But now he has suddenly appeared, to fight for his beloved California principality—the Rancho Palomar against the powers of Wall Street and the encroachments of the Japanese. And it is the father of the girl, Kay Parker, against whom he must direct his fire.

Illustrations by

H. R. Ballinger



"Have you told your father, Miss Kay, of my plans looked at Farrel with the

T THE base of El Palomar, Farrel and his party were met by the Parker chauffeur with the car. Pablo had guided him out and was lounging importantly in the seat beside William.

"Don Nicholas Sandoval came to the hacienda an hour ago, Don Miguel," he reported. "He brought with him three others; all have gone forth to take possession of Loustalot's sheep.

Farrel nodded and dismounted to assist Mrs. Parker as the latter came down from her horse, somewhat stiffly. When he turned to perform a similar office for her daughter, however, the

urned to perform a similar office for her daughter, however, the girl smilingly shook her head.

"I shipped for the cruise, Don Mike," she assured him. "May I ride home with you? Remember, you've got to pick up your rope and that panther's pelt." Her adorable face flushed faintly as her gaze sought her mother's. "I have never seen a panther undressed," she protested.

"Well." her amiable mother replied with her customary hearty manner, "far be it from me to deprive you of that interesting sight. Take good care of her Miguel. I hold you re-

Take good care of her, Miguel. I hold you reesting sight. sponsible for her.'

"You are very kind to trust me so."

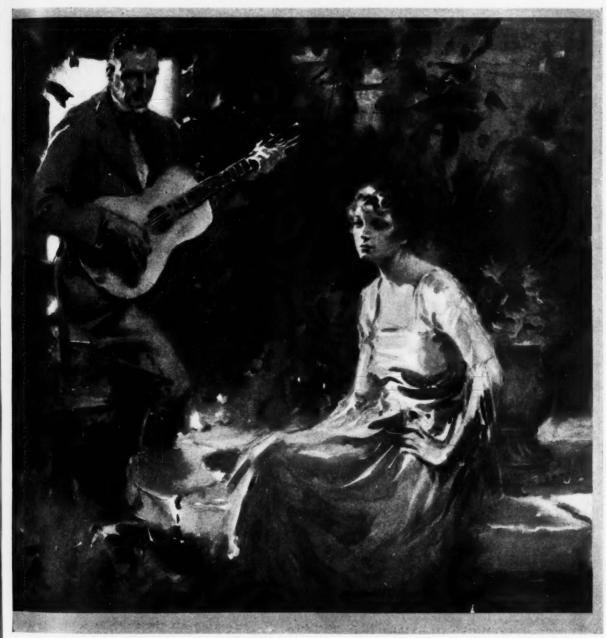
Both Parker and his wife noted that his words were not mere Farrel's gravely courteous bearing, his respectful polite patter. bow to Mrs. Parker and the solemnity with which he spoke impressed them with the conviction that this curious human study in light and shadow regarded their approval as an honor, not a privilege.

"I shall take very good care of Miss Kay," he supplemented "We shall be home for dinner."

He mounted the gray gelding, leaving Pablo to follow with the black mare and the pinto, while he and Kay cantered down the wide white wash of the Rio San Gregorio.

From their semi-concealment among the young willow growth, scrub cattle gazed at them or fled, with tails aloft, for more distant thickets; cottontail rabbits and an occasional jack-rabbit, venturing forth as the shadows grew long in the valley, flashed through the low sage and weeds; from the purpling hillsides code quails called cheerily to their families to come right home. The air was still and cool, heavy with the perfume of sage, blackberry briars, yerba santa, an occasional bay tree and the pungent odoro moist earth and decaying vegetation. There had fallen upon the land that atmosphere of serenity, of peace, that is the peculiar

an



for depleting his worldly wealth?" asketl Don Mike. She flushed as she answered in the affirmative and John Parker look of one who knows his superior strength.

property of California's foothill valleys in the late afternoon; the world seemed very distant and not at all desirable, and to Kay there came a sudden, keen realization of how this man beside her must love this darkling valley with the hills above presenting their flower-clad breasts to the long spears of light from the dying

Don Mike had caught the spirit of the little choristers of his hidden valley, she heard him singing softly in rather a pleasing baritone voice:

> Pienso en ti, Teresita mia, Cuanda la luna alumbra la tierra He sentido el fuego de tus ojos, He sentido las penas del amor.

"What does it mean?" she demanded imperiously.

"Oh, it's a very ordinary little sentiment, Miss Kay. The Spanish cavalier, having settled himself under his lady's window, thrums a preliminary chord or two, just to let her and the family know he's not working on the sly; then he says in effect: "I think of thee, my little Tessie, when the moonlight is shining on the world; your bright eyes have me

going for fair, kid, and due to a queer pain in my interior, I know I'm in love."

"You outrageous Celt!"

He chuckled. "A Spaniard takes his love very seriously. He's got to be sad and despairing about it, even when he knows very well the girl is saying to herself: 'For heaven's sake, when will this windy bird get down to brass tacks and pop the question?' He droops like a stale eschscholtzia, only, unlike that flower he hasn't sense enough to shut up for the night!'

Her beaming face turned toward him was ample reward for his casual display of Celtic wit, his knowledge of botany. And suddenly she saw his first real smile—a flash of beautiful white teeth and a wrinkling of the skin around the merry eyes. It came and went like a flicker of lightning; the somber man was an insouciant lad again.

A quarter of a mile across the valley they found the torn and

mutilated carcass of a heifer, with a day-old calf grieving beside her. "This is the work of our defunct friend, the panther," Farrel explained. He had made his kill on this little heifer and eaten heartily. It occurred to me while we were chasing him that he was logey. Well—when Mike's away the cats will play."

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He reached down, grasped the calf by the forelegs and drew the As it stretched forlorn little animal up before him on the saddle. out quietly across his thighs, following a half-hearted struggle to escape, Kay saw Don Mike give the orphan his left index finger to

the calf. "Coyotes would have had you to-night if I hadn't passed by." 'Not much sustenance in it, is there, old timer," he addressed

"What a tiny calf." Kay observed, riding close to pat the sleek head

"He's scrubby and interbred; his mother bore him before she had her own growth and a hundred generations of him got the same poor start in life. You've seen people like this little runt.

He really isn't worth carrying home, but

It occurred to her that his silence was eloquent of the inherent generosity of the man, even as his poetic outburst of a few minutes before had been eloquent of the minstrel in him. She rode in silence, regarding him critically from time to time, and when they came to the tree where the panther hung he gave her the calf to hold while he deftly skinned the dead marauder, tied the pelt behind his saddle, relieved her of the calf and jogged away toward

"Well," he demanded presently. "you do not think any the less of me for what I did to your father this afternoon, do you?"

Of course not. Nobody likes a mollycoddle," she retorted. "A battle of finances between your father and me will not be a very desperate one. A gnat attacking a tiger. I shall scarely interest him. I am predestined to defeat."

"But with Mr. Conway's aid-

"Bill's aid will not amount to very much. He was always a splendid engineer and an honest builder but a poor business man. He might be able to maintain work on the dam for a while, but in the end lack of adequate finances would defeat us. And I have no right to ask Bill to sacrifice the profit on this job which your father is willing to pay him, in return for a cancellation of the contract; I have no right to ask or expect Bill Conway to risk a penniless old age for me. You see, I attacked him at his weakest point—his heart. It was selfish of me."

She could not combat this argument so she said nothing and

for a quarter of a mile her companion rode with his chin on his breast, in silence. What a man of moods he was, she re-

flected.

"You despair of being able to pay my father the mortgage and regain your ranch?" she asked at length.

He nodded.

"But you'll fight to win-and fight to the finish, will you not?"

she persisted.

He glanced at her sharply. "That is my natural inclination, Miss Kay-when I permit sentiment to rule me. But when I apply the principles of sound horse sense-when I view the approach of the conflict as a military man would view it, I am forced to the conviction that in this case discretion is the better part of valor. Battles are never won by valorous fools who get themselves killed in a spectacular manner."

"I see. You plan to attempt the sale of your equity in the ranch before my father can finally foreclose on you."

No, that would be the least profitable course to pursue. A hundred thousand acre ranch is not sold in a hurry unless offered at a tremendous sacrifice. Even then it is of slow sale. following reasons: Within a few years, what with the rapid growth of population in this state and the attrition of alien farmers on our agricultural lands, this wonderful valley land of the Rancho Palomar will cease to be assessed as grazing land. It is agricultural land and as a matter of equity it ought to pay taxes to the state on that basis. And it will. I do not know—I have never heard of—a cattleman with a million dollars cash on hand. and if I could find such a cattleman who was looking for a hundred thousand acre ranch he would not want half of it to be agricultural land and be forced to bankrupt himself paying taxes on it as such.

"I think I understand. The ranch must be sold to some per son or company who will purchase it with the idea of selling half of the ranch as grazing land and the valley of the San Gregorio as

agricultural land."

"Quite so. I would have to interest a sub-division expert whose specialty is the sale of small farms, on time payments. Well, no business man ever contemplates the purchase, at a top price, of property that is to be sold on mortgage foreclosure; and I think he would be an optimist, indeed, who would bid against

"Of course," he continued patiently, "when the ranch is sold at auction to satisfy the mortgage your father will bid it in at

the amount of the mortgage. It is improbable that he will have

to pay more."
"Am I to understand then, Don Mike, that for approximately three hundred thousand dollars he will be enabled, under this atrocious code of business morals, to acquire a property worth at least a million dollars?

"Such is the law-a law as old as the world itself."

"Why, then the whole thing is absurdly simple, Don Mike, All you have to do is to get a friend to bid against my father and run the price up on him to something like a half-way decent sum. In that way you should manage to save a portion of your equity.

He bent upon her a benign and almost paternal glance, "You're tremendously sweet to put that flea in my ear, Kay, It's a wonderful prescription but it lacks one small ingredientthe wealthy, courageous and self-sacrificing friend who will consent to run the sandy on your astute parent, as a favor to me.

She gave him a tender, prescient little smile—the smile of one who sees beyond a veil objects not visible to the eyes of other

Well, even if he is my dear father he ought to be nice about it and see to it that you receive a fair price for your equity." She clinched her little fist. "Why, Don Mike, that's just like killing the wounded.

"My dear girl, I do not blame your father at all. What claim have I on his sympathy or his purse? I'm a stranger to him. One has to be a sport in such matters and take the blow with a smile."

"I don't care. It's all wrong," she replied with spirit. "And I'm going to tell my father so.

"Oh, I've thought up a plan for escaping with a profit," he assured her lightly. "It will leave you folks in undisputed possession of the house and the ranch, leave Bill Conway free to proceed with his valuable contract and leave me free to mount Panchito and fare forth to other and more virgin fields-I trust. All of this within a period of forty-eight hours.

Was it fancy, or had her face really blanched a little. "Why-why, Don Mike! How extraordinary!

"On the contrary, quite ordinary. It's absurdly simple. I need some getaway money. I ought to have it—and I'm going to get it by the oldest known method—extortion through intimi-Your father is a smart man and he will see the force of dation.

my argument."
"He's a very stubborn man and doesn't bluff worth a cent,"
she warned him and added. "Particularly when he doesn't like one or when he is angry. And whatever you do, do not threaten him. If you threaten him, instantly he will be consumed with curiosity to see you make good."

"I shall not threaten him. I shall merely talk business to him. That's a language he understands.

How much money do you expect to realize?"

"About half a million dollars.

"In return for what? "A quit claim deed to the Rancho Palomar. He can have a title in fee simple to the ranch by noon to-morrow and thus be spared the necessity for a new suit to foreclose that accursed mortgage and the concomitant wait of one year before taking possession. He will then be free to continue his well-drilling and dam-building in Caliente Basin; he can immediately resume his negotiations with Okada for the purchase of the entire valley and will be enabled, in all probability, to close the deal at a splendid Then he can proceed to erect his hydro-electric plant and sell it for another million dollars profit to one of the parent power companies throughout the state; when that has been disposed of he can lease or sell the range land to Andre Loustalot and finally he can retire with the prospect of unceasing dividends from the profits of his irrigation company. Within two years he will have profits of his irrigation company. Within two years he will have a profit of at least two million dollars, net, but this will not be possible until he has first disposed of me at a total disposing price of five hundred thousand dollars.'

"Please explain that."

"As I think I have remarked in your presence once before, there is extreme probability that the State of California will have passed additional anti-Jap legislation, designed to tighten the present law and eliminate the legal loop-holes whereby alien Japanese continue to acquire land despite the existing law. If I stand pat no Jap can set foot in the San Gregorio valley for at least one year from date and by that time this legislation may be in force, in which event the Jap deal will be killed forever. Also, there is always the off chance that I may manage, mysteriously to redeem the property in the interim. It would be worth quarter of a million dollars to your father this minute if he could insure himself against redemption of the mortgage; and it would be worth an additional quarter of a million dollars to him if he

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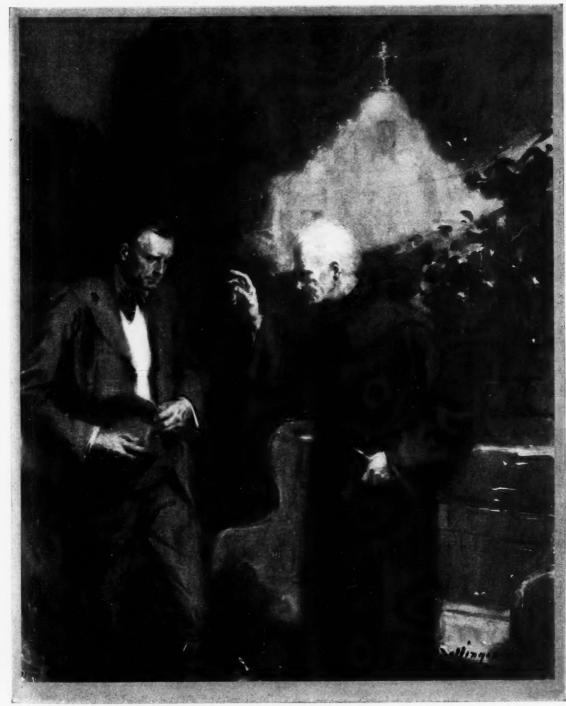
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"Not since my confirmation have I asked it," said Don Mike, while the Padre Dominic asked the blessing of God upon the last of the Farrels.

were free to do business with Okada to-morrow morning. Okada is a sure-fire prospect. He will pay cash for the entire valley if I permit the deal to go through now. If, however, through my stubbornness, your father loses out with Okada, it will be a year hence before he can even recommence work on his irrigation system and another year before he will have it completed. Many things may occur during those two years—the principal danger to be apprehended being the sudden collapse of inflated war-time values, with resultant money panics, forced liquidation and the destruction of public confidence in land investments. The worry and exasperation I can nand your respected parent must be as seriously considered as the impending tremendous loss of profit."

"I believe you are a very shrewd young man, Don Mike," the girl answered sadly. "I think your plan will be much more

likely to produce half a million dollars of what you call 'getaway money' than my suggestion that a friend run up the price on father at the sale. But how do you know Okada will pay cash?"

"I do not know. But if your father's attorneys are Californians they will warn him to play safe when dealing with a Jap." "But is it not possible that Okada may not have sufficient money to operate on the excessive scale you outline?"

"Not a chance. He is not buying for himself; he is the repre-

sentative of the Japanese Association of California."
"Well, Don Miguel Farrel," the girl declared as he ceased speaking, "I have only known you twenty-four hours, but in that time I have heard you do a deal of talking on the Japanese question in California. And now you have proved a terrible disappointment to me."

"In what way?" he demanded and pulled his horse up abrupt-He was vaguely distressed at her blunt statement, apprehensive as to the reason for her flushed face and flashing eye, the slightly strident note in her voice.

I have regarded you as a true blue American-a superpatriot. And now you calmly plan to betray your state to the enemy for the paltry sum of half a million dollars!"

 He stared at her, a variety of emotions in his glance. "Well," he replied presently, "I suppose I shall deserve that, if I succeed with my plan. However, as a traitor, I'm not even a runner-up with your father. He's going to get a couple of million dollars as the price of his shame! And he doesn't even need the money. On the other hand, I am a desperate, mighty unhappy ex-soldier experiencing all of the delights of a bankrupt, with the exception of an introduction to the referee in bankruptcy. I'm whipped. Who cares what becomes of me? Not a soul on earth except Pablo and Carolina and they, poor creatures, are dependent upon me. Why should I sacrifice my last chance for happiness in a vain effort

to stem a yellow tide that cannot be stemmed? Why do you taunt me with my aversion to sacrifice for my country—I who have sacrificed two years of my life and some of my blood and much of my happiness:

Suddenly she put her little gauntleted hand up to her face and commenced to weep. "Oh, Don Mike. please forgive me. I'm sorry. I-I-have no right to demand such a sacrifice, but oh, I thought-perhapsyou were different from all the others—that you'd be a true—knight and die—sword in-hand-oh, dear, I'm such a-little ninny

He rode close to her, reached over and gently drew one little hand from her crimson face. "You're a dear girl, Kay," he murmured huskily. "Please cease weeping. You haven't insulted me or even remotely hurt my little feelings. God bless your sweet soul!

If you'll only stop crying I'll give you Panchito. He's yours from this minute. Saddle and bridle, too. Take him. Do what you

please with him, but for heaven's sake

don't let your good mother think we've been quarreling—and on the very second day of our acquaintance."

He bit his lower lip but could not quite conceal a smile

"You mean you didn't think I was a quitter!" His voice was grim and crisp. "Well, in the dirty battle for bread and butter there are no decorations for gallantry in action; in that conflict I do not have to live up to the one that Congress gave me. And why shouldn't I quit? I come from a long line of combination fighter-quitters. We were never afraid of hardship or physical pain, danger or death, but—we couldn't face conditions; we balked and quit in the face of circumstance; we retired always before the economic onslaught of the Anglo-Saxon."

"Ah, but you're Anglo-Saxon," she sobbed. "You belong to the race that doesn't quit—that somehow muddles through.

"If I but possessed blue eyes and flaxen hair-if I but possessed the guerdon of a noble lady's love-I might not have disappointed you. Kay. I might still have been a true knight and died sword in hand. Unfortunately, however, I possess sufficient Latin blood to make me a little bit lazy-to counsel quitting while the quitting is good.

'I'm terribly disappointed," she protested. "Terribly." "So am I. I'm ashamed of myself, but -a contrite heart is not

hockable at the only pawnshop in El Toro. Buck up, Miss Parker. You have called me Kay three times this afternoon, Mig"Miguel, are you plotting against the whites?" asked Mrs. Parker. Miguel looked up with a nod.

She dashed the tears away and beamed up at him. "You give Panchito to me! You don't mean it!

"I do. I told you I might give him away to somebody worth

"You haven't known me long enough to give me valuable presents, Miguel," she demurred. "You're a dear to want to give him to me and I'm positively mad to own him, but Mother and Dad might think-well, that is, they might not understand. Of course we understand perfectly, but—well—you understand, don't you, Miguel?"

"I understand that I cannot afford to have your father suspect that I am unmindful of—certain conditions," he answered her, and flushed with embarrassment. "If you do not want Panchito as a gift I shall not insist—"

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chito as a gift I shall not insist-

"I think it would be a good idea for you to permit Dad to buy him for me. He's worth every cent of five thousand dol-

"I'll never sell him. I told you this afternoon I love him. I

never sell a horse or a dog that I love or that loves me. I shall have to take him back, Kay—for the present."
"I think that would be the better way, Miguel." She bent upon him an inscrutable smile but in the depths of her brown eyes he thought he detected laughter.

"You'll buck up now?" he pleaded.
"I'm already bucked up."

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we've very As they rode up to the great barn, Kay dismounted. "Leave the old trifler at the door, Kay," Farrell told her. "Pablo will get him home. Excuse me, please, while I take this calf over to Carolina. She'll make a man out of him. She's a wonder at inducing little mavericks like this fellow to drink milk from a

He jogged away, while Panchito, satisfied that he had per-formed throughout the day like a perfect gentleman, bent his head and rubbed his forehead against Kay's cheek, seeking some evidence of growing popularity with the girl. To his profound satisfaction she scratched him under the jawbone and murmured audibly:

"Never mind, old dear. Some day you'll be my Panchito. He loves you and didn't he say he could only give you away for love?"

Dinner that night was singularly free from conversation. Nobody present felt inclined to be chatty. John

"Hello!" her husband declared. "So you've come up for air, eh, Katie?"

"Oh, I'm feeling far from chatty, John. But the silence is op-

pressive. Miguel, are you plotting against the white?"
He looked up with a smiling nod. "I'm making big medicine, Mrs. Parker. So big, in fact," he continued, as he folded his napkin and thrust it carefully into the ring, "that I am going to ask your permission to withdraw. I have been very remiss in my social duties. I have been home twenty-four hours and I have passed the Mission de la Madre Dolorosa three times, yet I have not been inside to pay my respects to my old friends there. I shall be in disgrace if I fail to call this evening for Father Dominic's blessing. They'll be wondering why I neglect them."

"How do you know they know you're home?" Parker demanded suspiciously. He was wondering if Don Miguel's excuse

to leave the table might have some connection with Bill Conway and the impending imbroglio.

Brother Flavio told me so to-night. As we rode down the valley he was ringing the Angelus; and after the Angelus he played on the chimes 'I'm Nearer Home To-day.' May I be excused, Mrs. Parker?"

"By all means, Michael."

"Thank you." He included them all in a courteous nod of farewell. They heard the patio gate close behind him.

"I wish I dared follow him," Parker observed. "I wonder if he really is going down to the Mission. I think I'll make certain."

He left the room, went out to the patio gate, opened it slightly and peered out. His host's tall form, indistinct in the moonlight, was disappearing toward the palm-lined avenue, so Parker, satisfied that Don Mike had embarked upon the three mile walk

to the Mission, returned to the dining-room.
"Well, Mr. Sherlock Holmes?" Kay queried.
"I think he's headed for the Mission, after all, Kay."
"Unever doubted it."

"Because he wouldn't tell a trifling lie to deceive when there was no necessity for deceiving. His plans are fully matured and he will not act until morning. In that three mile walk to the Mission he will perfect the details of his plan of attack."

"Then he is plan-ning—but you said his plans are fully ma-tured. How

do you know, Kay?" "He told

me all about them as we were riding in

this evening. Both Parker and his wife raised interrogatory "Indeed! evebrows. Mrs. Parker murmured. "So he's honoring you with his confidences already?"

The girl ignored her mother's bantering ones. "No, he didn't tell me in confitones. "No, he didn't tell me in confidence. In fact, his contemplated procedure is so normal and free from guile that he feels there is no necessity for secrecy.

suppose he feels that it would be foolish to conceal the trap after the mouse has been caught in it."
"Well, little daughter, I haven't been caught—yet. And I'm not a mouse but considerable of an old fox. What's he up to?"

"He's going to sell you his equity in the ranch."
Her father stared hard at her, a puzzled little smile beginning to break over his handsome face.
"That sounds interesting," he replied dryly. "What am I

going to pay for it?"

"Half a million dollars."

Nonsense.

"Nonsense."
"Perhaps. But you'll have to admit that his reasoning is not so preposterous as you think." And she went on to explain to Parker every angle of the situation as Don Mike viewed it.

Both Parker and his wife listened attentively. "Well, John,"

the good soul demanded when her daughter had finished speaking. "What's wrong with that prescription?"

"By George, that young man has a head on his shoulders. His reasoning is absolutely flawless. However, (Continued on page 150)

Parker was wondering what Miguel Farrel's next move would be, and was formulating means to checkmate it; Kay, knowing what Don Mike's next move would be and knowing further that she was about to checkmate it, was silent through a sense of guilt; Mrs. Parker's eight miles in the saddle that afternoon had latigued her to the point of dissipating her buoyant spirits, and

Farrel had fallen into a mood of deep abstraction.

"Are we to listen to naught but the champing of food?" Mrs. Parker inquired presently.

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Wildebeest form the nearest living prototype to the herds of bison which once blackened our prairies.

Hunting the

Ku-hà-va Days spent thrillingly in trailing the wildebeest with the world-famous hunter, humorist and novelist—

George Agnew Chamberlain

Illustrated with photographs taken by Charles Anderson Cass and The Author

HE long day was over, the camp newly set; sick-parade and an excellent dinner eaten with enormous appetite had consumed their accustomed hour. Conversation was running on the phenomena of the distribution of game, how it is only the novice who thinks of unknown places as the sure Eldorado of a variety of fresh meat, the veteran having learned too often by the costly experience of a lost shooting-season that where game has been shot, it will be shot again.

trouble

Generally speaking, the prevalence of drought is the greatest single factor which can come to the assistance of the sportsman, as it tends to localize game of every species near the remaining water-holes. Under such a condition, if the camp is correctly placed, one can do all one's shooting in the early morning and late afternoon with comfort and profit, as it leaves ample time for supervision of the preparation of trophies. Quite aside from this feature, it is always easier for a shooting safari to get manual aid and keen cooperation from a population which is on the verge of famine than from one which is temporarily fat and lazy from overabundant crops; to which consideration should be added the feeling of satisfaction rising from the knowledge that

however many tons of meat may fall to your gun, every morsel will swiftly disappear down some half-starved gullet. When rain has fallen in great quantities, however, all conditions and consequently the methods of procedure are reversed. In 1917, tremendous floods inundated the group of valleys centering on the Inhasune. Careful estimates made by the former administrator of the district showed that between twenty-five and forty per cent. of all the myriads of heads of game in the Panda country perished either by drowning or by seeking refuge on the few remaining hillocks and rises where the congregated Kafirs took a devastating revenge for the long years during which they have been deprived by the government of firearms. With assegais, knobkerries, axes, and hastily cut clubs they laid low major and minor antelopes to an aggregate of many thousands.

The waters of this unprecedented flood have not yet been entirely absorbed or evaporated, and throughout our trip we were constantly coming upon rivers, ponds, and even astonishingly large lakes in districts which one remembered as bone-dry wilderness. The inevitable result of widely distributed water is to draw out the game into a very thin layer spread over a vast extent of country, making it impossible to locate herds with accuracy, and forcing the huntsman to take up the first fresh spoor he comes upon in the early morning and follow it doggedly hour after hour, with only a brief stop for rest and lunch, if he wishes to secure even his bare allotment of heads.

As we left the table, with its clean white cloth and shining silverware, to stretch full-length in hammock-chairs and light our pipes, Magudogudo, Madada, and Maoia appeared for the



Edy, the final standby in any trouble.

The interpreter, Five, holding Hawthorne, the horse ridden by Mr. Chamberlain.

Prize Idiot of Big Game

nightly indaba, the consultation which not only reviews the luck of the day but establishes the nature and many of the details of the campaign of the morrow, so that no part of the precious early hours shall be lost. Mats were brought for the three trackers, and they were granted the privilege of squatting tailor-

fashion before us on covered ground, while behind them were grouped standing the remaining members of the strictly hunting fraternity—local chief, local guides, gun-bearers, certain special retainers of our huntsmen, and anyone bringing news of interest. The faces of the principal huntsmen presented an interesting

study at any time, but most especially during these conferences when they were alight with attention and expression. All three had a peculiarly Mongolian type of countenance On moving day with high, prominent cheek-bones, deepthe entire ly indented temples, flat but thin-winged noses, long, stringy, establishment melts away drooping mustaches, and eyes which met those of the observer with a level, fearless gaze. Their intelligence was far above that of

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Hunting the Prize Idiot of Big Game

The eyes not only of the trackers but of all their retinue study our faces shrewdly to see whether we are making fun of this most treasured of all native accomplishments, the forecasting of for-tune by the skilful reading of omens. Seeing us quite grave and intent on an answer, the faces of Maoia and Magudogudo take on an added dignity beneath the solemn and respectful gaze of all their retainers. The old men are proud of their reputation with the divinatory bones, of their skill at reading accurately the complicated ritual of the dozens of concave shells cast from both hands on an open mat where all the assembly may comment upon and criticize freely their interpretation. They look at each other as though in silent consultation, and finally Magudogudo

We entered a region dotted with milala palm. the source of sura wine.

the average Kafir; they had been so fre quently in contact with the white man that they had acquired some appreciation of his directness, and, at least in matters of the chase, would sometimes respond readily to a leading question without the usual interminable palaver in the Socratic method. Even so, it must not be imagined that they could be rushed into any statement of fact.

The interpreter having taken his position. and the usual questions of courtesy and salutation being summarily disposed of, we made a start with the following opening gambit:

Tell Magudogudo that he is undoubtedly a great hunter. The fact is so well estab-lished that all the game have talked among themselves about his coming and have

withdrawn to parts unknown.' Oue! exclaims Magudogudo: his face lights up with appreciation of the humor, and during the general laugh he clasps the hand of his lifelong friend, Maoia, and sways it to and fro. This peculiar hand-shake does not have the significance of a greeting as with us, but expresses merely agreement or mutual satis-The two friends are the only makhehla in our large party; that is, they are the only wearers of the shidlodlo, the highly polished crown of black wax which is a

symbol of dignified maturity and immunity from ever carrying

a load. It gives them all the distinction of a halo.
"We know," we continued through the interpreter, "that Magudogudo and Maoia have undoubtedly rolled the bones, that they have already cast the lot of this safari and have seen whether the miserable 'mpunzi is to cross the way of the great njovu, and whether the shell representing the white-man hunter still stands among the overturned shells of the game. We know that they have read how many tiva, kongoni, pala-pala and mposo shall lie dead on the plains and in the forest. What does Magudogudo say?

says, with serene faith in his prediction,

Cass's half of what seemed an absurdly large

cortège: Magudogudo, chief tracker, Bongo,

the second tracker, horse Bertie

'The malungo speaks truly;

have read the bones and have seen that if the malungo holds the gun straight the game will fall." We ponder this reply for a moment, and then, with added respect for the brain behind the bones, proceed directly to the business of the meeting. It is necessary to establish our itinerary so that there will be no needless travel with loads or retracing of long marches. If Magudogudo, setting out on a journey, wished to see first wildebeest, then sable, eland, invala, lion, and finally

Would visit. Ma the tr to be the t

Temporarily fat and lazy from over-abundant crops.

cision or action was called for, the older men immediately turned to him.

Madada took upon himself without hesitation the burden of answering the white man's question. He was dressed from the hips up in a thin white jersey, which clung to his slim torso, emphasizing its slenderness and the length of his arms. He was a born orator, and began slowly and in a low voice which gradually increased in power as his gestures grew wider until, drawing his left elbow level with the shoulder and extending his right arm to its full length, he took the pose of one about to shoot an arrow and, with chin, eyes, and both hands all in one eloquent alignment, carried the imagination of his hearers to a sequence of pictured horizons. As he named each locality famous as the resort of some species of major game, the thumb and fingers of his left hand would snap with the crack of a percussion-cap. He pointed only with doubled fist or drooping hand or by his entire pose; never by any chance did he extend the index-inger, as to aim it at a person even inadvertently is to incur the risk of a lawsuit.

Waterbuck we had killed, and wildebeest we knew to be near by; we should have our fill of them on the (Continued on page 128)

-English.
the horseboy,
and Guambe, the
camera carrier.

elephant in the exact order named, how would he walk, which places would he visit, where would he set his camps?

Il fall."

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> Madada was the youngest by far of the triumvirate of trackers, and it was to become more and more noticeable as the trip progressed that whenever de-

The motive power was supplied by six boys and seven women.

You Have to Choose

What Happened to a Man Who'd Always Been Too Busy to Have Any Fun

BvFrank R. Adams

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

HEN he was twenty, Henry Field came to a fork in the road. He was in college: he was in love, and he was in the full enjoyment of rather roseate youthful prospects. Two vears more and he would have been graduated, married, and on the first step of the ladder to success as an engineer. For Henry had talent and, more than that, a way with him that made people care about having him linked up with

But the heart-muscles of Russell Field, whom the accidents of nature had made Henry's father, suddenly ceased to pump one morning. And quite unexpectedly and almost painlessly, Heary became the head of his family

He went home to the funeral expecting, to be back at Ann Arbor in about a week. Coach Yost of the football team needed him badly, but, of course, a thing like a death in the family made it imperative that even a star tackle like Henry Field be

excused from practise for a few days.

Henry telephoned to Ellen at her sorority-house canceling their engagement for the informal hop the following Saturday, but assuring her that he would see her on Monday at class. far as he knew, he would take up the next instalment of the same life he had been living, after a brief interlude of necessary sorrow. Do not think by this that Henry was callous or even heedless. He was merely youthful, and youth must look forward, must be selfish if the race is to continue.

But the following Monday he was not back at class nor was he at afternoon practise on the football field. Instead, he was sitting in his father's insurance office up over the photographer's shop at Iola, Iowa. There was no fire in the stove, had not been since his father had left his desk six days before. The atmosphere was chill and still retained a slight acrid odor of wocdsmoke. It was raining and, in the absence of a draft, the outside air was being driven down the flue. Henry, not seeing the



high shelves of letter files before him, sat at the desk, his hand folded in his lap.

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The funeral had been only Saturday, and yet it seemed ago Upon Henry, as the successor to the headship of his hou had devolved the necessity of investigating his father's affair It had not taken him long. Besides his home and some posumably worthless oil stock, there was nothing in the way tangible assets. Russell Field had made a splendid income b there were five children in the family, besides Mrs. Field's age mother, to support. One need not have a college education understand what had become of the insurance-agent's money

There were still five children in the family, besides Mrs. Fi and her mother. Henry faced this fact squarely. His broth Charles was in high school, would enter college next year. Rose just turned fifteen, was making wonderful progress with h singing, was planning to study in Chicago as soon as she was able to leave the home nest. The other two, Tommy and Ame were still unambitious but voracious entities

There were two things that Henry could do. One was to ! back to college, work his way through the remaining two year which would not be difficult for a man who was rather essential to the Western championship, and, after graduating, carry his original program on a slightly modified basis. It meant the he would have to delay a couple of years his proposed married to Ellen. But she would wait for him.



Henry broke through
the line of dancers
and took the girl
by the arm,
pushing the
young man aside
savagely. "Don't
ask any questions,"
he ordered.
"Come with me."

Under this scheme, his mother could doubtless worry along somehow by taking boarders, especially if Charles should quit school and get a job in the tannery. Of course, they would not be able to live so well, and Rose would have to give up her idea of continuing music lessons, but it could be done. And as soon as he, Henry, was on his feet in three or four years, he could begin sending them money to help.

The other alternative stood before him in the box letter-files arranged in orderly fashion upon his father's shelves. The business was there. Russell Field had monopolized practically the entire insurance field in the county. Henry had helped him during the summer months and knew something about the routine of the office. Energy and a quick application of his ability to win people would make it possible for him to retain practically all the business that his father had painfully built up. Henry knew this. If he made this office his office, if he became the narrow, one-ideaed snail inside of this shell, his mother could keep up the old house, Charles could go to college next year, Rose would have her chance to become the concert singer which she thought she was destined to be.

It seemed as if there were really only one course open to him. But youth rebelled, and the mind of twenty dwelt longingly upon the path that had always lain ahead. Even that path was not an easy one. But on it were all the things he wanted to do, duties that he would shoulder willingly, his

own duties, not the left-over responsibilities of a previous generation.

And there was Ellen. He recollected painfully her delicate beauty, the tawny monochrome of her skin, eyes and hair. Ellen was like a warm sepia print, toned from the rich cream of her checks to the châtaine of her hair. Ellen was merry and clever. But she would not transplant to the homely kitchen-garden patch of Iola. Outside of the hothouse she would die, or, at least, wither up and cease to bloom.

And there was the life of an engineer, out in the open, directing some stupendous public-service project or, in a modern, well-equipped, efficient office estimating construction-costs, juggling with stresses and strains, the joy of overcoming nature's forces with a slide-rule and tables of logarithms. Henry's very soul thrilled to the problems of the engineer.

And, in a minor way, there was college, too. Henry was popular, as any man was bound to be who had put so much zest into undergraduate activities. It was a long step from being the idol of a university to becoming merely a cog in the machinery of a small town's almost stagnant business.

So Henry, the incarnation of youth, tall, straight, perfectly muscled, alert, clear of mind and eye, sat in the early dusk of that Monday afternoon in November, 1905. A ray of light from a suddenly switched on street-lamp found a target in Henry's faintly curly russet hair and the honest flecks of freckles

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Mrs. Field His brother year. Rose with hor as she was

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on his nose and cheeks. On his cheeks, too, were a couple of large, wet tears

Henry was only twenty!

And he had just made up his mind to detour from the cement highway to a rough dirt road. He had to choose that path or make up his mind to be haunted all the rest of his days by the consciousness of a duty undone.

With a sigh he arose, turned on the desk-lamp and began

building a fire in the stove.

Right here the story ceases to be the kind of one you thought it was, and becomes something entirely different.

Fifteen years slipped over the reel like a ten-word subtitle. Henry was thirty-five, and he had all the roads in the world

to choose from.

His mother had rounded out her days in ease and plenty; Charles was moderately successful as an attorney in a near-by town; Rose had sacrificed her musical career to natural impulses, as most of them do; Anne was married, too, and Tom was coming along under full sail as manager of the insurance office.

Henry was thirty-five, and there wasn't a soul depending on him for anything. Even more than that, his father's longabandoned oil company was resurrected along with the current boom, and there was a lot of magic dollars pouring in from it

every week or so.

But Henry, with the harness slackened and the load lifted, had nothing to do with his suddenly acquired leisure and money His was now a swivel-chair figure; his hair was never mentioned by anyone except his barber, who was professionally optimistic, and his tummie thought it ached every time Henry ate a piece of pie for dinner.

In general, Henry was rated in the office of Cupid & Co. as

a very bad risk

Not that he had any matrimonial intentions, but a single man is never master of his own destiny so long as he can get about

in a wheeled chair and sign checks.

Ellen, of course, had married some one else. Henry could not even remember the name of the chap whose last name she shared. He had no left-over longings in that direction, anyway, Ten years before, when he had seen her last, she had bulged about eight inches beyond his ideal. Frankly, his tastes had not developed along with him. He had never outgrown his school-day notion of what was desirable in a woman.

What Henry thought he was going to do was to absorb all the books he had been wanting to read for the past fifteen years, go to most of the football games during the season, and hunt

up the old friends he had lost touch with.

The only unfortunate part of this program was that it wouldn't jell. Half an hour of reading, and his attention would wander one game of football as a spectator, and he managed to contrive an excuse to stay in a warmer place the following Saturday, and his old friends had become transformed into strangers wearing masks of absent-minded cordiality.

Life for Henry had become very bilious. He had leisure un-limited; all roads to pleasure lay open, but he had no inclina-

tion to do a blessed thing.

He arrived unannounced one evening at the Jersey home of his sister Rose. It was after dinner, and he found the usually well-ordered house in an uproar. There was a masquerade at the country club, and the Keatons-that was Rose's married name—had half a dozen week-end guests from town. Everyone was dressing; so Henry did not even meet them but, certain of his welcome, sent word to his sister that he was there and settled down in the library to read the paper and consume some of Frank Keaton's rapidly diminishing private stock. After a while. Rose, all ready for the party, came in to bestow

a sisterly kiss of greeting.

"Better come along, Hal," urged Rose with well simulated enthusiasm. Once she had called him "Hank," but not since mingling in Eastern society. "We've got lots of extra costumes,

and Frank has made out a ticket in your name."
"No, thanks. Rose," he refused tolerantly. "I decline to flirt with your married friends, even when they are thinly disguised as Columbines and Carmens. By the way, what are you?" He as Columbines and Carmens. turned her around to inspect the well filled and overflowing kilts and plaids.

"I'm supposed to represent Mary Queen of Scots."

"I didn't know she ever wore anything like that. Besides. it was her head that was cut off, I believe, while in your cutting you have gone to the other extreme.

"Never mind teasing me. I know this kilt is short, but I don't believe anyone will guess who I am. I've left off all my jewelry and other identifying-marks, including my wedding-ring. This is to be a very large affair. I think you'd relly have a good time if you came. Shan't we expect you?'

Hm," said Henry noncommittally. His mind was reverting

to his newspaper.

"All the servants are off to-night except H'wang, the new Chinese butler, but he will see that you are comfortable if you don't come. We've got an entire new household staff, and they

are wonders all but the lady's-maid, and she's too pretty."
"That's a terrible crime," growled Henry.
"Just the same, I don't trust a girl who is too good-looking. They require too much. I'm letting this one go to-morrow.

Cat!

"I'm not. I've got some other perfectly good reasons, too, but they're none of your business. Good night, and take good care of the house.

"Hm. Good night." Henry had already slipped back into

the comfortable mind-grooves of his paper.

In half an hour he had finished the day's news and was out of a job. He looked hesitatingly at a couple of current novels on the library table, finally picked up one, and decided to take it to bed with him. Henry was bored

At the top of the stairs, he noticed through the partly opened door to his sister's room that there was a light on. Henry had been trained in the school of economy to turn off lights when he saw them burning, and he mentally berated his sister for her extravagance, as, with unintentional noiselessness, he pushed the door open.

The light was from a floor-standard reading-lamp with a flexible arm. Just now, the hooded radiance was turned away from the door and downward toward the top of the dresser.

In the illumination was a pair of slender-fingered hands. were cupped together, and in the hollow lay a flashing collection

of diamond and emerald-studded jewelry

Henry stood watching those hands, not knowing exactly what do. The picture seemed theatric—he even remembered something rather like it in Sir Henry Irving's production of "The Bells

Finally he shook himself out of his surprised inactivity and pressed the electric switch which was just inside the door at his

left hand.

The girl who looked up, not very much surprised, was dressed in a maid's black costume with an insignificant lace apron and a tiny cap of service pinned to a severely ordered coif of warm-

tinted blonde hair. There was a great deal of hair and not so very much girl. She was the fragile type of blonde, with sensitive nostrils and patches of color in her cheeks. Her eyebrows and lashes were very dark, which might have been artificial, but her eyes were dark, too, obviously so intended by nature. Henry was slightly disconcerted by the equanimity of her gaze. She was slooking at him inquiringly and directly, not the least bit abashed by the fact that she had been caught red-handed.

"So" said Horry forally. "Teol are a third."

"So," said Henry finally, "you are a thief."

A change of expression flickered across the girl's face for a second, then she returned with a shrug of her shoulders, "Not now.

"But you would have been if I had not caught you just when I did.

"Who knows?"

Her lack of fear annoyed him. She did not even offer to lay down the booty

Rose was right—the girl was too darn pretty for a lady's-maid. Those jewels would look well on her. Henry had to admit, though, that she needed little in the way of adornment. He could not imagine her looking any more attractive than she was now in this absolutely plain costume.

"You had better give me the plunder," suggested Henry

kindly, advancing and holding out his hand.

She made no move. "Who are you?"

He laughed. Of course she didn't know who he was.

"I am Mrs. Keaton's brother. Hand over the junk."
Reluctantly she obeyed. He dropped the baubles carelessly into his vest pocket.

"Now, why did you do it?" he asked. People always ask that question of criminals just as if they expected the truth for an answer.

The girl shrugged her shoulders again.

"Why do people always do this sort of thing?" she countered.
"I don't know," confessed Henry. "I never did it." "Well," suggested the girl, "sometimes because one is hungry."

SHOT MICESICAND

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"But you've never been hungry?"
"Don't you think so?" And then she continued, "Sometimes a robbery is committed in order to save some one else from privation or disaster."

Henry was anxious to believe well of this altogether too goodlooking lady buccaneer.
"Perhaps that was your case?"

The girl nodded slowly, and, as she did so, a large tear escaped

from either eye.

"My mother," she faltered, "very ill," she ended helplessly.
Henry was all sympathy at once. He felt himself suddenly changing sides and taking the point of view of the enemy of

"But couldn't you get the money honestly?"



"I'm supposed to represent Mary Queen of Scots," said Rose, "but I don't believe anyone will guess who I am. I've left off all my jewelry and all identifying-marks, including my wedding ring.

The girl shook her head.

'I've only had one day's work in the last three months."

Henry recollected that Rose had said the entire household staff was new. Further, she had intimated she was going to discharge the lady's-maid. He wondered if the girl knew that. "It seems as if you could get money some other way," he

suggested.

I could," she replied disdainfully, "but I would rather steal than sell my honor." It sounded a trifle strong, and Henry looked at her to see if she were smiling. But no; her face was straight, and she had drawn herself up to her full height, exactly, he imagined, as she had seen some actress do it.

Henry sighed.

"I suppose I've got to turn you over to the police."

Unexpectedly the girl sank to her knees and held up her hands imploringly. If she had not been so pretty, he would have laughed. As it was he kept his face set, and said, perplexed, "Well, what do you suggest that I do?"

"If you knew how I longed for pretty things, for a good time," she said brokenly, "you-

His eye lighted suddenly on a jeweled pin clasped over her left breast.

Where did you get that?" he demanded accusingly. "Is

that Mrs. Keaton's too?"

It is not," she returned. "That's mine."

"You're a college girl?" he asked incredulously. of Kappa Kappa Gamma?" "A member

"We had money once," she said. "That's why it's so hard to be without things now," she pleaded wistfully. "Can you imagine how difficult it is for a girl who has had the advantages of wealth to be suddenly precipitated into poverty, to have nothing, never to associate with people of refinement and education, never to go to dances, just as I used to once, never to have the companionship of men who are respectful, who treat me as anything except so much merchandise to be bought?"

Henry had an uneasy feeling that he was being led away from the subject of her guilt by an elaborately embroidered fiction. But, distrusting her inwardly, he nevertheless enjoyed to the full the pleasant sensation of having an undeniably beautiful So he thought that he would play the game girl in his power. a little bit further. Shucks! What did it matter, anyway? She hadn't gotten away with anything, and he would be hanged if he would turn her over to the police. Besides, Henry was romantic, in spite of years and shape. His sense of adventure had never been satiated, and remained exactly where he had chopped off suddenly fifteen years before.

"Do you really care about masculine admiration and clothes and to go to parties and all that sort of thing?" he asked.

You haven't any idea how much. Just to see people getting ready like to-night and to help them into their fine costumes and not to be able to go oneself, even when you know that you can dance as well as anyone and you're not bad-looking and that you've had the same training as everyone else and-"You want to go to that party?" Henry asked. Hi

His awakened spirit of adventure prompted him to utter this idea which

he instantly wished he had smothered.

The girl clasped her hands fervently and moved her lips sound-

lessly as if in prayer.

"Then I'll take you." Henry decided. He was in the darn thing now on his own proposition, and he couldn't back outespecially since this good-looking young person seemed so set on it. "There are some extra costumes in the house and I've got a ticket. If you will promise not to lift any jewelry off from the other guests, I'll take you, and we can stay until it is time to unmask. Do you promise?" Still wordlessly, the girl crossed her heart. "Come on, then." He led the way to the room of his brother-in-law.

True enough, several costumes lay on the bed, one mercifully lomino which would fit any figure. The only feminine appeara domino which would fit any figure. ing one was so insignificant that Henry's bachelor eye couldn't

tell what it was.

"Can you wear this?" he asked.

The girl, with sparkling eyes, nodded.

"Then put it on in Mrs. Keaton's room. But you must promise you won't steal anything if I let you dress in there."
"It won't be necessary to promise," the girl decided briefly.
"With that costume on, you'll be able to see if I've stolen anything."

thing.

Later, when she came back dressed in it, he was compelled to admit that she was right. It purported to be a harem dress, but it wouldn't have been warm enough in any harem where there was a draft.

But the girl appeared well under the rather trying scantines She was surprisingly rounded for one who had looked thin in black. Henry took one gasping look, hoped that it was pink silk he could see under the gauze bloomers, and turned away. He hoped, also, she would not be conspicuous at the party, but he had misgivings

Strangely enough, when they got to the country club, Ro Keaton was not there. Henry was quite positive of this, b cause, even in that crowd he would have had no difficulty if recognizing the slightly too bonnie knees (Continued on page 178) LARE EAMES, who has scored a conspicuous success in John Drinkwater's new play, "Mary Stuart."

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of Kappa Kappa Gamma?"
"We had money once," she said. "That's why it's so hard to be without things now," she pleaded wistfully. "Can you imagine how difficult it is for a girl who has had the advantages of wealth to be suddenly precipitated into poverty, to have nothing, never to associate with people of refinement and education, never to go to dances, just as I used to once, never to have the companionship of men who are respectful, who treat me as anything except so much merchandise to be bought?

Henry had an uneasy feeling that he was being led away from the subject of her guilt by an elaborately embroidered fiction. But, distrusting her inwardly, he nevertheless enjoyed to the full the pleasant sensation of having an undeniably beautiful girl in his power. So he thought that he would play the game little bit further. Shucks! What did it matter, anyway? She hadn't gotten away with anything, and he would be hanged if he would turn her over to the police. Besides, Henry was romantic, in spite of years and shape. His sense of adventure had never been satiated, and remained exactly where he had chopped off suddenly fifteen years before.

"Do you really care about masculine admiration and clothes and to go to parties and all that sort of thing?" he asked.

You haven't any idea how much. Just to see people getting ready like to-night and to help them into their fine costumes and not to be able to go oneself, even when you know that you can dance as well as anyone and you're not bad-looking and

that you've had the same training as everyone else and—"
"You want to go to that party?" Henry asked. His awakened spirit of adventure prompted him to utter this idea which

he instantly wished he had smothered.

The girl clasped her hands fervently and moved her lips soundlessly as if in prayer.

"Then I'll take you." Henry decided. He was in the darn thing now on his own proposition, and he couldn't back outespecially since this good-looking young person seemed so set on it. "There are some extra costumes in the house and I've got a ticket. If you will promise not to lift any jewelry off from the other guests. I'll take you, and we can stay until it is time to unmask. Do you promise?" Still wordlessly, the girl crossed "Come on, then." He led the way to the room of her heart. his brother-in-law.

True enough, several costumes lay on the bed, one mercifully a domino which would fit any figure. The only feminine appearing one was so insignificant that Henry's bachelor eye couldn't

tell what it was.

"Can you wear this?" he asked.

The girl, with sparkling eyes, nodded.

"Then put it on in Mrs. Keaton's room. But you must promise you won't steal anything if I let you dress in there."
"It won't be necessary to promise," the girl decided briefly.

"With that costume on, you'll be able to see if I've stolen anything.

Later, when she came back dressed in it, he was compelled to admit that she was right. It purported to be a harem dress, but it wouldn't have been warm enough in any harem where there was a draft.

But the girl appeared well under the rather trying scantiness of it. She was surprisingly rounded for one who had looked so thin in black. Henry took one gasping look, hoped that it was pink silk he could see under the gauze bloomers, and turned He hoped, also, she would not be conspicuous at the away. party, but he had misgivings.

Strangely enough, when they got to the country club, Rose Keaton was not there. Henry was quite positive of this, be cause, even in that crowd he would have had no difficulty in recognizing the slightly too bonnie knees (Continued on page 118)



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SHOTS

Illustrated by

Howard Chandler Christy

T is one thing to be a hero because you are born to be a hero. It is another thing to be a hero. And it is still another thing to run a very fair chance of being shot, stabbed, kicked, sandbagged, or burned to death every time you go about your daily job to earn your daily bread. In this last event, the story might be worth half a column in the morning paper, but nobody would think much of it, and all judicious persons would smile at the very idea of pinning laurel wreaths round these police fellows just for working at their trade.

With a regard for the above facts, it will be well to state at once that we have no hero at all in the present tale, which concerns Joseph Nassmyth, first-grade patrolman.

It was, and it remains, a difficult matter to fix any picture of Nassmyth. There are men almost impossible to distinguish beyond their conformity to a type. He bore the usual record, he made the usual figure. His credits and discredits, mental index, efficiency ditto, even his physical measurements must have read like a composite at headquarters. Thus you might learn that his age was forty-seven; height, five eleven; hair and eyes, gray; weight, one hundred and ninety pounds, and service with the force, seventeen years—all without seeing much of Nassmyth. Probably you have seen him; very likely you have been aware of him scores of times, but only as a vague presence—a sort of dark-blue adumbration.

He was not fat, or comic, or insolent. He never wore shoe-brush mustaches or number-fourteen shoes. He did not take graft or frequent back doors or talk like an Irish stage comedian.

Trim, solid, and steady-going, trained in his work, poor if, but and because honest, in his business hours a moderate terror to evil-doers, and a reasonable defense against all wickedness from public riot to an idle banana-peel; in his hours of privacy an obscure citizen with an insufficient income and a share of human ills—he was the sort of man that could have passed for anything between a bank president and a bricklayer if he had not revealed in everything he did or thought just what sort of man he was—an ordinary bull cop on the hoof.

And he employed in the conduct of his affairs exactly as much heroism—the quality thus recognized—as the banker and the

bricklayer do in theirs.

He made that point himself quite early in the mess at Number Thirty five Ringrow Street. He made it in so many words; and he had a first-rate illustration right on tap, for the halls were still recking with powder-fumes and the tenement block still hummed with something like panic. He borrowed a grim emphasis from



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that scene of violence and horror, with the pallid jets of gas standing thin, like exclamation-marks, and the bullet-holes on the door showing even sharper punctuation.

You might almost have imagined that the whole episode had been furnished as a demonstration for the special enlightenment of young Simson. You might—unless you had been acquainted with young Simson. In which favored state, you must have dismissed any such fantasy. Young Simson knew so much already.

Simson arrived at the third-floor landing four steps at a time, slightly winded, but otherwise primed and confident; doubtless that is the year he will arrive at the Last Ludgment.

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"Hol' on a shake, bo!" he exhorted. "Hol' on before you take any chances makin' a grand-stand pinch in this case, friend. It ain't worth it. Before you go bustin' any doors—get this: That bad gink in there is only a dinge. You hear me?"

The shadowy, uniformed bulk that had climbed the stairs

The shadowy, uniformed bulk that had climbed the stairs perhaps two or three minutes ahead of him was standing outside a dim passage, one shoulder against the wall as if braced



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The shadowy, uniformed bulk that had climbed the stairs perhaps two or three minutes ahead of him was standing outside a dim passage, one shoulder against the wall as if braced

for attack on the inner defenses. Simson hailed it with entire assurance; he came up impatient at the other's delay in answering-until the level, low-pitched voice met him.

"I hear you, Simmy. Always ready to hear you, Simmy-you know that. What's your notion this time?"

Whereupon Simson, in truth, was somewhat taken aback. He had been so far from foreseeing that the officer on the jobwhom he had looked, with laudable zeal, to impress and to patronize-might happen to be the one man in the world who was least impressed with him, perhaps, and certainly the least available for patronage by anyone of the name of Simson, the actual head of his family and his own maternal uncle-Joseph Nassmyth, the patrolman. It annoyed him for a moment.

But only for a moment. No able hand, of course, should ever allow these little coincidences to unsettle him. Simson peered at the leathery, expressionless face and the beefy frame which were so familiar—which had been associated with so many of the checks and ironies of his ambitious youth-and he peered sharply and skeptically, as if to identify a mug for the rogues'

gallery, in the very best professional manner.

"That you, Joe?" he inquired, laconic. "Well, it's lucky, too. I got the right steer for you, Joe. I'm up the street here when this gun-play breaks loose, and I grabs a guy runnin' past and chokes the story out of him-forthwith. It's only a nigger mess. Joe-some dinge gone crazy on coke and booze-shooting Nassmyth seemed to ponder.
"Oh, is that all? So you thought you'd stop and give me the news, ch?"

"Well, nacherally I stopped to tip whoever was on the beat. I forgot it was your beat, y' see—it's so long since I seen you. But it's all the same.

"Thanks. And what did you say was your notion about it,

Simmy?

"Why, I wanted to head off anybody—any cop, y' know—from pullin' any poor plays," returned Simson. "Of course—why, if you wasn't hep this was a dinge case, you might take a chance on a pinch and go buttin' right in there yourself—mightn't you? And you might get hurt. And what for? Why, for nothing! There's never no credit for anybody in a dinge case you know that yourself. Joe.

Perhaps it was admiration that held Nassmyth, and made a slow-spoken man slower than ever in framing his replies-and

"Credit?" No—I guess that's a fact. They teach you pretty fast at Rooney's Service Gymnasium, don't they, Simmy? 'Forthwith' and everything. Not that you need much teaching. But you're still at Rooney's, I suppose. You ain't in uniform yet?" then again, perhaps it was not. "Credit?" No-I guess that

"I will be in two weeks," said Simson, baffled out of his able ose. "I been passed for the force."

It seemed to him his uncle Nassmyth had always had that habit of taking him down-of flattening any situation-with a power of commonplace applied like a club. His own conception of the behavior fitting to a police emergency was quite cool and

cryptic, too, but nothing so stolid as this.

About them, the house was fallen to a heavy silence, but farther away—at the bottom of the stair-well, at the deep rear of the hall, by the open slit of an air-shaft—they could sense the zone of local excitement. The whole block had been aware of a blue uniform the very instant a blue uniform entered Number Thirty-five, and, with characteristic resilience, had already begun to temper its emotion to the immediate sporting interestlistened and wondered, and even laid a few hasty bets.

And Simson wondered on his own account, though carefully,

not excited in the least.

He was one of those youngsters specifically developed, it would seem, to be the police of a new, a swifter, and a more machinemade decade, such as you begin to notice nowadays-frequently in the Traffic Squad, as cycle-men or mounted-brisk, hard-cut, chaps with the American chisel-jaw, and narrow eyes, curt and self-sufficient, without undue scruples and with no illusions to

He began to wonder what uncle was up to. Not that he im agined anything wrong, not that he imagined uncle to be capable of anything except the usual small-time stuff. But he could never be sure when the old cuss might be trying to get a dig at him in his dull, deliberate, unsmiling way; and he had never seen the old cuss more dull, deliberate, and unsmiling than he was this

minute as he went on to say:

"You're certainly coming on fast, Simmy. But I can tell you a better reason—a whole lot better reason why I wouldn't want

to go butting in there, like you so kindly mention. you heard about is Casco Charlie, the worst nigger in the belt. Six and a half foot high and two hundred and fifty pounds of dynamite. He used to be a killer with a rep,' and now he's a plain homocidal nut-broke out of hospital somewhere to-night He's got a razor, a and came back to pay a few calls. sawed-off shotgun, and a thirty-eight-caliber revolver. He's just croaked three people, and he's laying inside for the next that comes handy. How about it?"

Then Simson flushed. He saw how the veteran had scored, leading him on to display his talents only to show him up for a

"How'ja get all that dope?" he demanded.
"Everybody knows Casco Charlie," ret
"I only needed one look at him."
"You seen him?" returned Nassmyth.

"Just now-before you came up."

"Where is he?"

"Behind that door."

They were standing one against either wall, well apart. There was no need to enforce caution; half a dozen impromptu loop-holes commanded the passage. The light that gleamed through those splintered panels issued from the chamber of death, and the door itself had the menace of a known ambuscade, mute and

"It's enough," conceded Simson. "'S all the same—so long

as you wasn't startin' in after him."

"Thanks," acknowledged Nassmyth again, and added, "You wouldn't start in after him, would you, Simmy?"

"Me?" exclaimed Simson. "Nix!"

"Simmy, what would you do?"

"What would I do?" echoed Simson, startled. "Suppose this was your case?"

"Why-I'd call the station-quick."

"Call the reserves?"

"Forthwith! I'd get help enough to drive that moke out or blow him to bits-all safe.'

"Anybody would do that, wouldn't they?" "I sh'd hope so-the way you tell it.

"Nobody would expect one man to try."

"Of course not. Why, you know that as well as me, Joe. You just said so yourself," returned Simson, more and more amazed. "What's loose? What's bitin' you, anyhow?"

"Well, I wanted to be sure—with your new-fangled notions."

about 'credit'—whether you had the plain sense of the layout," said Nassmyth quietly. "I wanted to see if you had enough savvy to get the point, Sim. Because—I'm going in after that guy, after all."

Perhaps ten minutes had passed since the first bursting rattle of shots, but no alarm had gone out beyond the block. The block cultivated a healthy discretion in such matters. used a telephone. It had no public crier. When guns began to pop and knives to play, it preferred to take shelter, to lay low, and to leave the rest with destiny. For the time being, that compact community in the center of the city remained completely ringed and isolated; destiny stood aside there with a finger at her lips while Patrolman Joseph Nassmyth continued his demonstration on the subject of heroism.

Simson's natural reaction was galvanic.

"You're goin' to do what?" he cried. "You're crazy!"

"No," said Nassmyth; "no—it ain't my brain gone wrong.
Only my heart. Simmy, I got a rotten heart. Been liable to snap like a thread any time these six months—so the doc' tells me." Low and colorless as ever unhurried him to the said of the said o me." Low and colorless as ever, unhurried, his voice ran on to the single whistling murmur of the gas-jets. "A funny thing you may have noticed yourself, Simmy—how happenstance will up and slug a man. Take me. I never guessed any trouble till I went for examination last year. Jim Garrity was the doc'a lad I used to know when he was knee-high to a pup, a little redheaded devil soaking me with a bean-shooter over the back fence, and a good friend of mine he's been-I'll say so. Well, he monkeys round and listens at my chest. 'When do you apply for retirement, Joe,' he says, looking kind of queer.

"I didn't make him all at once. 'Retirement?' I says. 'You're kidding me, Jim. Half-pay? Not with my family. Not with all I got to do before I peg out.'

"Whatever that is, you better do it soon,' he comes back, the sharp way he has. 'You're plumb pegged, Joe.'
"'Jim,' I told him, 'I can't afford to die. I got a wife and I got kids-three kids, Jim. And one of them is Danny. A smart boy is my boy Danny-too good to be another cop in the family. I know something about kids-he's the stuff to make a way-up

h

Nassmyth merely drew his regulation old blue-steel thirty-eight, opened and spun the full cylinder, and closed it. "I won't let you!" declared Simson, and laid hold of him, aware, in that contact of a hundred ties between them, "I won't have nothing to do with no such madness, nor you, either!"

lawyer if he gets the schooling. I'm bound to hang on till I fix it right for Danny, Jim.'

There's your pension,' he says.

"There's your pension,' he says.
"The pension won't do it, either,' I says. "They couldn't nardly live on the pension.' And I gave him a spiel about losing my house and everything else I had in that real-estate smash two years ago—you remember, Simmy?"
"It's my duty to report you unfit,' Joe says.
"I can't help that,' I says. 'It can't be done. I'm the last man on earth for retiring, or dying—either one. You come and see my Danny, and you'll say the same. I couldn't think of it, Jim.'
"So it seems,' he says, at last. 'I tell you what, Joe—I'll do what I can. I'll take a chance. I'll pass you. Get out of here about your business and 'tend to it while you can. But, Joe,'

here about your business and 'tend to it while you can. But, Joe,' he says, and nails me with the gimlet eye of him, 'one thing,' he

says: 'I suppose you know there's a whole lot of people who believe a policeman earns his four dollars a day by getting hell ham-mered out of him every night. They do, and, what's more, they went and backed up their belief once upon a time with a thumping

went and backed up their beneficieres once upon a time with a thumping big fund for deserving policemen—to encourage him.

"'Well, Joe—a deserving policeman is a dead policeman—know that, too, don't you? Anyway, his widders and orphans draw a fine graft from the fund.

"'So Joe,' he says. 'There's something you might think about. What a handy cure it would be to get yourself made a blamed fool of a hero—what? I'd prescribe that for you, Joe. You won't forget it.' won't forget it.'

I've had it in mind pretty near every

"I didn't forget it. minute. Right up till I seen Casco Charlie just now through that door. And then you come along, Simmy."

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"You see, a man can't make no mistake in this sort of a play he's never coming back to get a second try. He needs somebody on hand—somebody to tell the papers and the coroner and the trustees of that fund—to tell and show 'em all how bold and daring he was, and the rest of the bunk. He needs a witness. Get me? And that's where you're elected."

"Me?" Simson cried. "Don't you believe it! Nothing doin'.

You ain't goin' on with this, Joe!"
"Simmy, I'm bound to. It's a chance I couldn't miss—it wouldn't happen again. It's a chance that couldn't a' been bought, you to fix everything right for Danny and the rest." The speaker straightened with a quiet movement of decision, of resolution, and turned toward the door. "I'm going in there alone, and I'm going in now to get it over and done with."

"He'll kill you!" exclaimed Simson, and, in the next gasp,

"You're gonna let him kill you?

Nassmyth merely drew his regulation old blue-steel thirty-

eight, opened and spun the full cylinder, and closed it.
"I won't let you!" declared Simson, and laid hold of him, aware, in that contact of a hundred ties between them-the pull of race that made this man, all else aside, a very near part of himself. "I won't have nothin' to do with no such madness,

nor you, either!"
"Stt!" warned Nassmyth. Through the oppressive suspense that hedged them, some sound had penetrated. inner fastness of the flat; that remained as silent as ever. But the block had begun to grow restless. The block expected quick action in these matters, and, when the same failed to develop, was just about ready to inquire the reason why. "Time's up we'll have more witnesses than we want sniffing round here in a minute-

Joe," pleaded Simson, "remember the folks."

"What else am I doing but remembering 'em? Do you see any other way yourself, Simmy—for a cop—for a man who's come to my age and place? Tell 'em the story—except just what's passed between you and me here, you understand. One thing: you always was good at the talking part-and there'll likely be some credit in it, too. So talk it up. Hand-to-hand struggle with a bloody maniac. Patrolman saves many lives at cost of his own. Noble hero in discharge of his duty. And when you give 'em the spiel, Sim, tell 'em-tell 'em how you saw

With a gesture so sudden and so easy as to paralyze Simson, he brushed him off, sent him spinning backward across the landing. "Like this. Good-by, Simmy!"

Before the bewildered youngster could recover, he stepped straight up the passage, glanced through a broken panel to get his bearings, pulled the knob, whisked inside-and drew the door behind him.

Wop—wop! Wop—wop! The pistol-shots were spaced to double hand-claps. Then a pause, and one last explosion like double hand-claps. that loosed a fierce, bubbling, dwindling yell like the echo of

every nightmare Simson had ever dreamed.

When he broke through upon the scene, with hair tingling on his scalp and eyes starting in his head, he found very nearly all his imagination had prepared him for-a dingy tenement kitchen, wrecked as by a troop of furies, shattered relics of furniture, and splashed and riddled walls, bullet-scars everywheresmall and vivid hell lighted by the crude yellow flare of the single jet. At the side toward the window, half sitting and half propped against the wainscoting, where it had fallen the instant before, he saw the figure of Nassmyth. At the other side, near the sink, stripped to the waist, and fully extended like a gigantic carven image for some ancient sarcophagus, lay the body of Casco Charlie, the killer—a meaningless, distraught, and fearsome unit of human energy in his life; in death, composed, impressivealmost majestic.

Simson perceived these things, and, in spite of his awe and his shocked astonishment, he was conscious of them-of the whole situation set out for him there like a tableau in waxwhole situation set out for min there mingled a certain tribute, a cer-with a thrill in which there mingled a certain tribute, a cergink had done it. No mistake. Had made a clean job of that

big finish!

With consciously professional interest, he paused beside the body of the murderer. Casco's right fist still held a cheap thirtyeight caliber revolver hugged across the breast in a gesture of bravado and defiance; but the manner of his taking-off was plain enough. The great muscled torso, smooth and gleaming like polished black marble, showed one clean chip-had been drilled through the heart by a single bullet.

Shrinking, not entirely without emotion but decidedly curious,

eager to note the precise details, to complete for himself an exact picture of the catastrophe, Simson crossed over to his uncle.

Nassmyth lay collapsed, with his hat off and his head leaning wearily, as if he had slid to that position for a moment's rest.

Simson looked for his wound.

Somehow, he could not find it. He slipped a hand under one shoulder and gently eased it from the awkward angle of the wainscoting, and under cover of his ministration he was still looking. And still he could not find it. There was no stain. There was no rip in the coat, none in the flesh. There was no mark of any

Strangely disturbed—with a strange conviction impendinghe sought Nassmyth's old blue revolver. He found it some feet away, where it had dropped from a nerveless hand, and, when he broke it, he found that two of the cartridges had been fired. Two! But he had heard at least five shots. Nassmyth—he was sure of it now-Nassmyth himself without a scratch! Casco

dead! Then where—and how——

"Missed!" said a low voice—his uncle's voice, though hollowed and stricken—and he whirled with a spasm of nerves to meet a living gaze in a face writhed with agony. "Missed—he missed me, Simmy!" Simson had a singular sense of disaster. "I gave him every chance. I fired wild myself—two shots. But he missed me, and then shot himself!" "Shot—himself?" stammered Simmy.

"With his last cartridge, I guess-saved it for that. More happenstance, and—and the toughest joke ever played on a man. My heart." whispered Nassmyth. "It cut me down. It's got me this time."

The glaze and the damp of death were on him, and the youngster knew he spoke truth-knew, and suffered the reaction of his years.

"But Joe," he cried, "you can't let it. For God's sake, you can't give up and go to work and die now-like this. You've fumbled the job. Where's your case for the Fund? Floppin' this way! Why-why-there's no hero to it. Heart-failure! They won't give a cent. Not a cent—and your whole play—no use. No use to anyone, Joe."

Glibly he pleaded—actually it was as if he pleaded with naive eagerness—to stay the dying man on the border-line. And Nassmyth stayed. He had sunk lower against the wall. His breath was coming with a rattle. But carefully, slowly, and grimly, as he had done everything in his life, he dragged himself

back to make his last effort.

"Unless you make it good for me. Unless you save the case for me—and you got to save it, Sim."
"Me?" gabbled the other, "What can I do?"
"Come through. Come through once for all. You hear me?"

"Yes.

"That dinge-he's got a thirty-eight. Same size gun as mine."

"Well-he's plugged. Now take my gun and plug me." "P-plug you!

"Through the heart, Simmy-send me clean-and that settles everything! Blamed fool of a hero! Killed in discharge of duty. Benefit for the family, and everybody satisfied. Be quick! There's some one on the stair!"

Simson recoiled in sick revolt. "I can't do it! I can't do it!"

"It would work, Sam. You could make it work."

"Not enough 'credit' in it?" whispered Nassmyth.
there's manhood." "But

No-no! "Going to be an able hand? Now's your time."

"No!

"Going to be a policeman? Going to qualify? Now's your time.

'I can't!"

But Nassmyth would not let him go. "Going to fail at the pinch, Simmy? It's the last call. Whatwhat are you aiming to make of yourself, if you quit now?'

And Simson dropped to his knees, overmastered, finding the strength he needed at the urge of that undeviating will and the pressure of that lonely, indomitable soul so near its journey "I won't quit, Joe. I'll try," he nodded, choking. "I'll f

right-the evidence-the benefit and all. I'll come through for you, Joe. Take that word with you!"

Nassmyth's fingers closed on his.
"You'll do, Sim. You'll make a policeman—a good policeman
I'll say so. But Danny," he added, in waning whisper, "my -I'll say so. boy Danny—he won't have to—because his father—do you see?—his father died a hero!"

For the only time in Simson's knowledge of him, Patrolman

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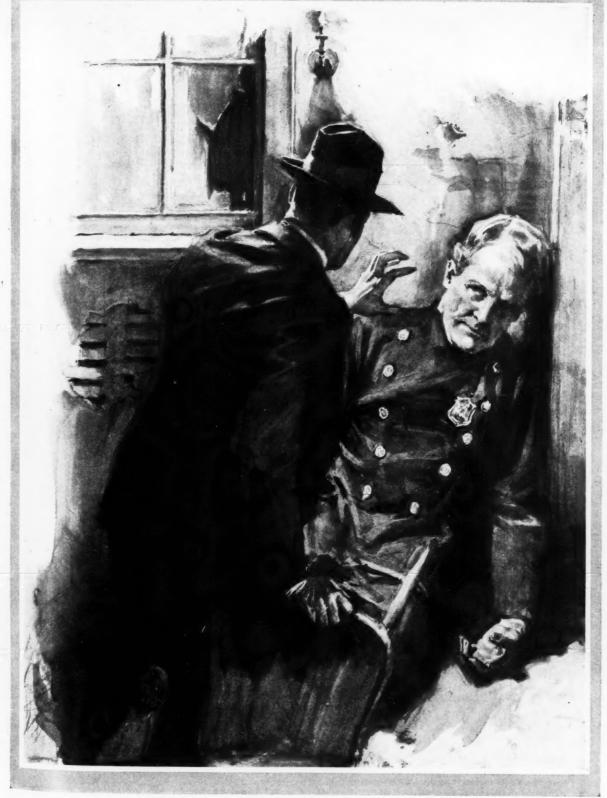
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Simson dropped to his knees overmastered, finding the strength he needed at the urge of that undeviating will and the pressure of that lonely, indomitable soul, so near its journey.

Joseph Nassmyth smiled. The smile set as the fingers relaxed—

and a murmur of voices began to gather in the stair-well.

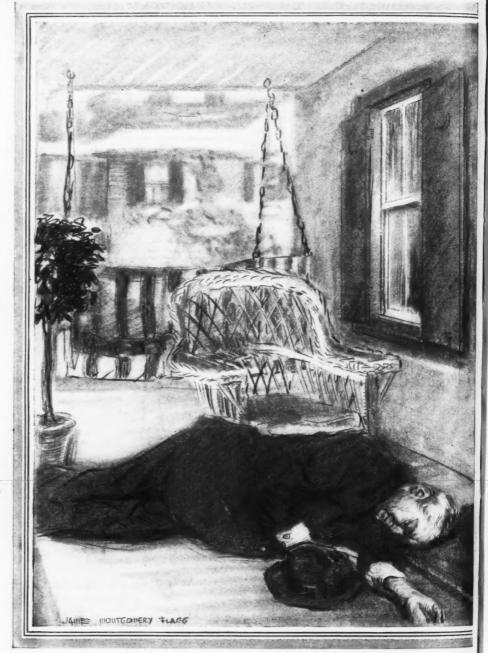
Simson swayed to his feet. Stumbling and shaking, with a face as gray as that of the moribund, he still had force enough to take up the revolver. To point it. To stoop. To hide his

eyes against his sleeve-and to fire twice before he dropped the

weapon and ran from the room.

"Help—below!" he called. "Fetch a doctor, somebody; it's all over! There's a policeman been shot up here. But he got his man," he was able to add, "He got his man, all right!"

A novel that will take its place as one of the greatest of its time



Josiah had dragged himself home and fainted at the door, and Jennie was so alarmed

The Empty Sack

XII

EELING that an explanation of her presence in the studio should come from herself, Jennie faltered, "I—I only looked in to say that if you hadn't found a

model for—for the picture you wanted to paint, I might
—I might be able to pose."

Though she hadn't advanced and he hadn't moved, the extraordinary light in his eyes made her heart thump more wildly.

"You'd do it"—he held up the sketch—"dressed like that?"
She remembered what he had said about the business of a

She remembered what he had said about the business of a model. "If I'm that kind of model, I must be that kind of model—and do what's expected." she said to herself.

The process of starving-out being so far successful, Wray felt it well to push it a little more. He rose with an air of distress.

"I wish you could have told me this last week, Jennie."

"You've got some one else?"

"Not definitely. I've tried out three—two of them no good, though the third might——"

"Might do as well as me?"
"Perhaps better in some ways. I mean," he added hastily, as she seemed about to go, "that she's a real professional model and for this kind of job, of course, a professional would be-let us say, more at her ease."

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So many good things had, during the past few days, swum into Jennie's vision, only to swim out again, that she had grown almost used to this fading of her hopes. Nevertheless, the bliss of loving Hubert and getting twenty-five thousand dollars for it had seemed tolerably sure. To lose it now would be hard; but



The People in the Story:

JENNIE FOLLETT: an artist's model who has just married Bob Collingham against her inclinations but immediately separated from him, by mutual consent, until his return from South America.

BOB COLLINGHAM: only son of the head of a banking firm; he is about to sail without telling his family of his recent marriage.

MRS. COLLINGHAM: who has heard of her son's marriage from Jennie herself and offered the girl \$25,000 to furnish Bob cause for a divorce.

HUBERT WRAY: an artist friend of the Collinghams for whom Jennie and who is much nearer the girl's ideal of a lover than Bob.

JOSIAH FOLLETT: Jennie's father, one of life's failures, who has recently been discharged from the banking firm of Collingham & Law and who is in dire financial need.

TEDDY FOLLETT: Jennie's young; brother, who has taken twenty dollars from his employers, Colling-ham & Law, and given it to his mother upon seeing her distress over the cutting off of the gas-and been unable to return the money since.

that she forgot to telephone her inability to keep her appointment at the studio.

A thoughtful, masterly study of the American family of to-day by Basil King

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

harder still, for the moment, at least, was this tone of detachment, of indifference. Her lip trembled. She was about to turn away with that collapse of the figure which marks the woman who has lost all hope.

He hurried up to her, laying his hand on her arm in a way that

made a thrill run through her frame.

"Wait a minute, Jennie! I'd like to talk it over. If you want me to try you out......." me to try you out-

"What does that mean—try me out?"

"Oh, simply that you'd take the pose, so that I could see how nearly you'd come up to what I want."
"When would you do it?"
"Oh, right now. As soon as you like."
She leaded at him is maintain but there was nothing in his

She looked at him inquiringly, but there was nothing in his

eyes to answer the question she was asking.
"Oh, very well," she said dully, and once more turned toward the little door.

She had taken a step or two when he said suddenly,

'Jennie, what made you come back?

She paused, turned again, and pulled herself together. "Oh, I don't know," she threw off carelessly. "I the might as well."

Might as well what?"

"Oh, go in for the whole thing. As you say yourself, if you're a model, you must be a model—"
"And was that all?"
"'All?' It was a good deal, I should say."

"It was a good deal, yes-but I asked if it was all."

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ollars for i e hard; but 'Well, ask away, my boy. I don't have to answer you or go to jail, now do I?"

Extraordinary the relief of falling back on studio badinage! It took her off the Collingham stilts, away from the high-wrought Collingham emotions. She began to see what the trouble was with Bob. His touch wasn't light enough. He was too purposeful. He seemed to think you must mean something all the time. Mrs. Collingham, too, seemed to think so. It was not in Bob's language so much as in his cast of mind; but it was in his

mother's cast of mind, and in her language, too.

Jennie thought of this as she stood before the pierglass in the little dressingroom, first taking off her jacket, and then unpinning her hat. She would have to do her huir on the top of her head like the girl in Hubert's sketch. "And that's all the clothes I shall need to put on," she tried to say flippantly. She tried to say it flippantly, because that, too, would be along the line that people took who weren't Collinghams.

People who weren't Col linghams! That meant all the people in Indiana Avenue, all the people in Pemberton Heights, the vast majority of the people in the United States, not to speak of any other country. Jennie had a good many acquaintances, and the family, taken as a whole, had more but she couldn't think of anyone in their class who took life as more than a skimming on the surface. Outside the bounden duties which they couldn't avoid, they chiefly liked being silly.

She thought of that, too, loosening her hair and letting it fall in amber wavelets over her shoulders and down her back. Mrs. Collingham had said that it was lovely hair, but she hadn't really seen it. There was so much of it that, when she piled it up like the girl in the sketch, it almost overweighted her delicate, little face.

No; whatever you could say about people like the Collinghams, you couldn't say they were silly. They had motives, opinions, points of view. They had minds, and they used them. They might not use them well, but to use them at all was better than to let them grow atrophied.

She threw off her blouse and lingered again to examine her arms and bust. She lingered on purpose, putting off the extraordinary

thing she had to do to the latest possible minute. At Collingham Lodge, she had caught glimpses of books, papers, and magazines. Even in the bird-cage they were lying on the table and chairs. The Folletts hardly ever read a book. The only work of the kind she could remember the family ever to have bought was one named "Ancient Rome Restored," which her mother had subscribed for in monthly parts when an agent brought a sample to the house. It was at a time when Lizzie was afraid that her children—they were children still—would grow up

without cultivation. "Ancient Rome Restored," being abundantly illustrated, called out in the young Folletts the almost extinct Scarborough tradition. Having no other important picture book to look at, they pored over the glories of the Forum, of Hadrian's Villa, of the Baths of Caracalla, till an odd, incipient love of classic beauty began to stir in them. But the their cultivation ended. In the papers they studied only the murders, burglaries, and comic cuts. In the way of general entertainment, the movies formed their sole relaxation, but unless the play

was silly they complained. Anything that asked for thought they kicked against, and Pemberton Heights kicked with them. Was that why there was a Pemberton Heights and a Marillo Park? Did the power of thought con-

trol the difference between them? Was it that where there was little or no power of thought, there was little or nothing of anything else?

She unhooked her skirt and let it slip down to a circular heap about her feet. She wondered if the girl who would, in some ways, do better than herself were as lithely built as she. Mrs. Collingham

had likened her to—oh, what was it? It was a spire. It sounded like a chapel. She had tossed it off as something that everybody knew about. So she had tossed off other names, taking it for granted that Jennie would have them at her fingers' ends.

Poor Bob—sailing away to the south, thinking that where he left her there he would find her! Little he knew! If he could only see her now! If he could only dream of what she would be doing in ten minutes' time! If he only—

Something made her shudder. She felt cold. Perhaps the wind had changed outside, as it often did in May. She stooped, picked up her skirt, and mechanically hooked it round her. Still feeling chilled, she crossed her arms and hugged herself. A minute or two later, she had put on her blouse and her jacket. She meant to take them off again as soon as she stopped shivering. Already Hubert would be cursing her delay.

She thought of the light in his eyes when she told him that, after all, she had come to pose. The memory of it made her heart jump again, with a great, single throb. It was the caveman's light. She never saw it in Bob's, and never would. Bob's eyes were twinkling and kind. She didn't suppose she would ever see such kind eyes in anyone else. If kindness were what she wanted—

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Beginning to feel warmer, she noticed how grotesque her hair was with her spring sport-suit. She had stuck through it a great skewer, with a handle of artificial jade, which she had used with some other costume. But the high crown of hair was so little in keeping with the rest of her that she pulled out the skewer and the other pins, again letting the glinting cataract tumble down.

the other pins, again letting the glinting cataract tumble down.
Why had Bob never asked her if she loved him? Hubert had done it a hundred, perhaps a thousand times. Bob had seemed to think that his loving her covered all possible conditions.



Jennie was not angry at him; she was only excited and a little amused.

What he had to give her was always the theme of his enthusiasm, as if she were a beggar who could give nothing in return. With Hubert, it was what he was to get from her. She was the richly dowered one who could offer or withhold. He would take all—

and give nothing.

Well, let him! It was what she wanted—to be drained dry. If she was to give herself up, she would give herself up. When Hubert had done with her, he would chuck her on the scrap-heap like her father. That was the way she loved him. That was the way to be loved. Cavemen didn't watch

lest you should get damp feet, or have their lives insured for you. Their love was passion, a fire that burnt you up, and left you a white bit of ash.

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> And yet to be burnt up and left a white bit of ash was something for which she was not yet prepared. She didn't say this to herself. All of a sudden, she was terrified. Whatever instinct governed her went into the nimbleness of her fingers as she began flattening her hair so as to put on her hat. She didn't know why she was do-ing this. She didn't even know

that she wanted to get away. It was just a wild impulse to be back as the everyday Jennie Follett. The girl in the Byzantine chair was out of the question-for to-To-morrow, perhaps!probably-quite surely! But for to-day she must still belong for few more hours to herself. Hubert might come thumping any minute on the door, and if he found her dressed for the street-

And just then he did come thumping on the door. "Jennie, for God's sake, what's

the matter? Are you dead?" She gasped. It would have been a relief if she could have fainted. All she could do was to thrust the last pin into her hat, and go to the door and open it.

Hubert stood aghast.
"Well, by all the holy cats—!"

"I'm not well, Mr. Wray," she pleaded, with sudden inspira-

"Ah, go on, Jennie! You were well enough twenty minutes ago."

"Yes; but since then I've been feeling chilled."

Hestrode into the dressingroom, which he was not supposed to do.

"Chilled-hell! Why, this hole's as hot as blazes.'

It isn't that. think it's a germ-cold I'm taking."

"See here, Jennie," he said sternly. "You're going to funk it. All right! It doesn't make much difference to me. The other it's Emma Brasshead—you know!—she was the middle one in Sims' three nudes—perfectly stunning hips—
"I'll be here to-morrow—right on the dot."

He wheeled away as far as the space of the dressing-room would permit.

"Oh, well, Jennie, I don't know that it would be of much use after all. Emma's the type, you see. You'd be too——"

"You can't tell that till-till you've tried me out."

"I can try you out right through your clothes. What's a man a painter for?"
"If you can do that, why did you want me to——"

He turned sharply.
"Jennie, you're not straight with me."

"Oh, but I am! I'm as straight with you as—as you are with me. But I can't help being sick."
"You can't help being Jennie," he muttered brokenly, "the

girl I worship and who worships me. Jennie! Jennie! Jennie!"

"Oh, don't, Hubert; don't!" she begged. "To-morrow! I'll come tomorrow, and then—"

But he smothered

these protests.
"You wildcat! You adorable ti-gress!"

"Yes, Hubertbut to-morrow-"No, no!"

His kisses, his brutalities were agony to her, and yet they were bliss. She didn't know why she fought them off, or what instinct led her to defend herself, or how she found herself out on the stairs.

She went down slowly. She was not angry; she was only excited, and a

little amused. Sex-fury was less romantic than she had sup-posed; but as an exhibition of the

human being at his most animal, it was "some curtain-raiser." If she had to go through it again . . .

But as she jogged toward the ferry in the street-car, this d passed off. She mood passed off. grew sick with a sense of failure. Love and twenty-five thousand dollars were at stake, and she had funked the game. She was not a sport; she wondered if she were a woman. If she couldn't play up better than this, she would have Bob back on her hands again, and be shamed forever before Mrs.Collingham, who had been so good to her. Moreover, if she con-tinued to play fast and

loose with Wray he would certainly return to Miss Brasshead. She dreaded reaching the ferry and having to go on the boat. The river was now haunted by Bob, like the sea by a phantom ship. While crossing, she sat with her eyes closed so as to shut

out this memory by not looking at the water.

Arrived on the New Jersey side, she was so much earlier than she usually returned, and so dispirited, that she decided to walk home, threading the way through sordid streets till she climbed the more cleanly ascent to the Heights. The Heights has a



"You wildcat," Hubert muttered. "You adorable tigress."

JAMES HONTGOHERY FLAGE

common as well as a square, and Jennie's way took her through the great shady grass-plat, where men were lounging on benches. nurses wheeling their babies, and boys playing baseball. Round the common are the civic monuments of Pemberton Heights, the bank, the post-office, the hospital, the engine-house, and the public library. Jennie looked at this last as if she had never seen it before.

As a matter of fact, she never had seen it before. looked at it more times than she could count, but with the eyes only. Now, for the first time, it occurred to her that here was

a place where a reader could find book With no very clear idea in mind, she stepped within.

terior was hushed, rather awesome, yet sunny and sweetly solemn like the temple of some cheerful god. Finding herself confronted by a kindly, bookish little lady seated at a table behind a wooden barrier, it was obviously Jennie's duty to address her.

I wonder if-if I could borrow a book. She was informed that she could borrow three books at a time, as soon as certain inquiries as to her identity and residence were carried out, and this would take a few days. But in a few days. Jennie knew that her desire to read might be dead, and said so. The object of the library being to encourage young people to read rather than to be too particular about their addresses, the kindly little lady, after some consultation with a kindly little gentleman, filled out Jennie's card.

"What sort of book were you thinking of? A novel?"
Jennie said, "Yes," if it was a good one.
"This is one of the best," the little lady went on, pushing forward a volume that happened to be lying at her hand, "if you'd care to take it.

It was "The Egoist," by George Meredith, and Jennie accepted it as something foreordained.

"You could have two more books if you wanted them-now that you're here.

Jennie made a plunge.
"Have you anything about—about spires?"

The lady smiled gently. "About church spires?"

The girl thought it was-chapel spires-especially French ones. The kindly little gentleman, being accustomed to this kind of search, was called into counsel.

In the end, she selected a work on the old churches of Paris, which she thought might give her the information she desired. "And now a third book?"

Here she was on safer ground. The English name had caught her ear with more precision than the foreign ones

Have you got anything about a Lady Hamilton?"

"You mean Romney's Lady Hamilton?"

Again there was an echo from Jennie's memory. was the man who couldn't paint her because he was too Georgian. She began to see how Mrs. Collingham could play with names as she might with tennis-balls. Since there was everything else at Marillo Park, there must also be a public library

Arrived at home, she secreted her volumes under her bed. She could read at night, and by scraps in the daytime. If Ted or Gussie were to learn that she was trying to inform her mind, they would guy her with as little mercy as if they caught her in that still more offensive crime, the improvement of her speech.

XIII

THAT Bob Collingham was at ease in his conscience as to sailing to South America and leaving behind him an unacknowledged wife will hardly be supposed; but the true situation did not present itself to him till after he and Jennie had said their good-bys. He had tried to see her again on the following day to take counsel as to the immediate publication of their marriage, and only her refusal to meet him had frustrated that intention. But the more he pondered the more the thing he had done seemed little to his credit. On the morning of the day on which he sailed, he rose with the resolve to tell the whole truth to his father.

Had he known the facts, that Jennie had actually been to Collingham Lodge, that his mother knew of the marriage, that his father, without knowing of the marriage, was aware of his infatuation, he would have made a clean breast of it. But the habit of domestic life being strong, it seemed impossible to spring the confession in the middle of a peaceful breakfast. His mother had come down to the table for this parting meal and was already half in tears; his father concealed a genuine emotion behind the morning paper; Edith said she wondered what would happen to them all before they met again. The possibilities evoked were so significant that the mother said sharply,

"I hope it may be God's will that we shall meet exactly as we -a united family

are—a united family."
"We could still be a united family," Edith ventured, "and

not meet exactly as we are."
"Edith—please!" her mother had begged, and Bob felt it out

of the question to add to her distress Edith having driven to the dock with his father and himself, there was only the slightest opportunity for a private word between the father and the son. That came at a minute when Edith was talking to Mr. and Mrs. Huntley on the deck of the Deme-

"Dad," Bob asked, awkwardly and abruptly, "do you feel quite at ease in your mind as to old man Follett?
"Why do you ask?"

"Because I don't."

"You don't with regard to my stand-or with regard to your

The boy looked his father in the eyes.

"With regard to yours, dad. "That's very kind of you, Bob; but may I suggest that you'll

have all you can do in repenting of your own sins without trying, in addition, to repent of mine?

Nevertheless, when the minute came, the parting was affectionate. Neither father nor son was satisfied with a hand-shake. Throwing their arms about each other, they kissed as in the days when Bob was a little boy.

Perhaps it was the warmth of this farewell that induced the father, on arriving at the bank, to ask Miss Ruddick to invite Mr. Bickley to the private office in case he should look round that Mr. Bickley did look round that afternoon and was afternoon.

accordingly ushered in. He was a delicately built man whose appearance produced that effect of accuracy you get from a steel trap. Constructed to do a certain kind of work, it can do that work and no other.

minutes after Bickley had looked at a man, he knew both his weak points and his aptitudes, and could tell to a nicety the job it was best to put him to. Forehead, nose, jaws, lips, eyes, and ears were to him as the letters of the alphabet. More than once he had transferred a teller to the accounting department, or made an accountant a detective by his reading of facial lines.

Having put his man in an armchair and given him one of the Havanas he kept for social intercourse, Collingham waited for the mellow moment when the cigar was smoked to half its length. "Do you know, Bickley," he said then, "I've never been quite

at ease in my mind about the way we shelved that old fellow, Follett. It seems to me we showed—well, let us call it a want of consideration.'

Bickley's eyes measured what was left of his cigar as he held it out before him horizontally.

"Consideration for whom, Mr. Collingham?"

"For the old man himself.

"Oh, I didn't know but what you were going to say for your stockholders." Before the banker could parry this thrust, the Before the banker could parry this thrust, the expert went on: "I looked in yesterday at the court-room where they were trotting out that fellow Nicholson of the Wyndham National. If they'd ever asked me, I could have told them long ago that they'd lose money by him in the end."

Oh, but Follett isn't in that box.

"He is, if you drop money by him. I'm speaking not of the ways you drop money by a man, but only of the fact that you drop it. Your business, I suppose, Mr. Collingham, is to make money for your shareholders and yourself. It's to help out that, I take it, that you send for me and go by my advice."

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Then you'd class Follett and Nicholson together?" "I don't class them at all. Whether a man steals the bank's money or you give it to him as a gift isn't to the point. My job is over when I tell you that he gets what he doesn't earn. The is over when I tell you that he gets what he doesn't earn. rest, Mr. Collingham, is up to you-or the district attorney, as

the case may be. "I'm afraid I don't see it that way."

"It's your affair, Mr. Collingham, not mine. I only venture to remind you that we've had this little tussle over almost every man we've ever bounced. It does great credit to your kindness of heart, and if you want to go on supporting Follett and his family for the rest of your life-

Collingham winced at this hint that his kindness of heart was greater than his business capacity. It was a point at which he

always felt himself vulnerable.

"Speaking of Follett's family," he said, gliding away from the main topic, "we've got that boy of his here. How is he getting

My first "Ah, there you have a horse of another color.

JAMES MONTECHERY FLACE

"Father," said Edith, "how far are children obliged to marry or not to marry in deference to their parents' wishes, and how far have fathers and mothers the right to interfere?"

report on him was not so favorable; but now that we've knocked the high jinks out of him-

"Oh, we've done that, have we?"
"He's on the way to become a valuable boy. Good worker, cheery, likable. If he can get over his one defect, he'll be worth hanging on to."

And his one defect is-

"Liable to get excited and lose his head. Type to see red in a fight, and do something dangerous."

Unaware of the effort which his former employer's good will as vainly putting forth on his behalf, Josiah arrived in front of his pair of grass-plats in Indiana Avenue. It was a trim little place, meeting all the wishes for a roof above his head which his soul had ever formed. He stood and looked at it, thinking of the days when little Gladys used to play "house" beneath one of the umbrella-shaped hydrangea bushes.

That was not so long ago—only six or eight years. It was nine since he had bought Number Eleven, paying out three thousand dollars that had come to him from a matured twenty year's endowment policy, together with another thousand Lizzie had inherited from an aunt. They had thought it a good investment, because, if the worst ever came to the worst—and they didn't know what they meant by that—they would always have a home. Now the home was in danger, because he couldn't raise a hundred and forty-seven dollars and sixty-three cents. He had been everywhere trying to borrow more, and he had failed. He had got to the point where his acquaintances in the different offices were putting him down as an "old bum." To Josiah, knowing all the shades of meaning in the term, it was a dreadful name as applied to himself; and he had heard it that very afternoon. An old friend, who had promised to lend him five of the hundred and fifteen already raised, had said on seeing him approach:

"Here comes that old bum again."

Josiah had turned about there and then. Giving up trying any more to raise the hundred and forty-seven, he had wandered home. He, Josiah Follett, an old bum!

Having hidden her three volumes under the bed, Jennie looked out and saw him. He didn't look specially dejected, yet she knew he was. She knew it by the way he stared at the hydrangea bush, or by the fact that he had renounced his search for another job so early in the afternoon. Like herself, he seemed thrown on his own resources for company, finding little or nothing there. She ran down to meet him. She would do that rare thing in the

Follett family, take him for a walk.

He turned with her obediently. It was a relief to him not to be obliged to go in at once and tell Lizzie he had no good news.

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Lizzie was still his great referee, as he was hers. The children were still the children, not to be taken into confidence till there

was nothing else to be done.

But this afternoon life, for the first time, looked different. It was as if, unaided, he couldn't carry the burden any more. There were younger shoulders than his, and perhaps it was time

now to call on them to share the task.

"I'm an old man, Jennie," he said, as they began to move slowly toward Palisade Walk. "I haven't felt old till lately; but now—now I'm all in. I don't suppose I'll ever get a chance to do a day's work again."

When she rallied him on this, he told her the story of his day, omitting the "old bum" incident. He must spare his children

that, even if he couldn't have been spared himself.

This tale, delivered without emphasis, was more terrible to Jennie than all the pangs of conscience. Had she but been true to the promises made to Mrs. Collingham, she could have said, "Father dear, you'll never have to worry any more." hours earlier, twenty-five thousand dollars had been within her grasp, and she had let it go. "All that money," she sighed to

herself, "and love!"

But since it would be within her grasp to-morrow, a new thought came to her. The hundred dollars she would ultimately return to Bob need not be in exactly the same bills. There was no reason why she should not use this amount and restore it from the wealth to come. Bob couldn't possibly tell the difference between the paper that made up one sum of a hundred dollars and the paper that made up another. She would have preferred to hand it back without touching it, but, in view of the family need, fastidiousness was out of place.

As they emerged into Palisade Walk and the vast panorama

lay below them, she slipped her arm through his.
"Daddy," she said caressingly, "what should you say if you saw me with a hundred dollars?"

"What should I say, my dear? I should say you couldn't have come by it honestly."

"Oh, but if I could?"

"It's no use talking about that, my dear, because I know you couldn't. If you had a hundred dollars, some man would have given it to you, and no man would give it to you unless

He didn't finish the sentence, because she hurried on ahead. He reached her only when she stood still, looking down on the river, to spring the question prepared on second thoughts.

"But, daddy, if I had a hundred dollars, you'd use it for the taxes-wouldn't you?-even if I hadn't got it honestly.

A spasm crossed his face. He laid his hand on her shoulder She could think of nothing but the stern father of a wayward girl as she had seen him pictured in the movies. She

hadn't supposed that such dramatic parents existed off the screen.
"Jennie, you haven't got a hundred dollars! Tell me you haven't! Don't let me think that the worst thing of all has

overtaken us.

Amazed as she was, her feminine quick-wittedness came to

her aid.

"Oh, you funny daddy!" she laughed, drawing his hand from her shoulder and again slipping it through her arm. "You're not a bit good at making pretend."
"Excuse me, my dear," he said humbly, as they strolled on

once more; "I'm a little nervous. I don't suppose I'll ever get a chance to do a day's work again."

Palisade Walk is protected by a row of small, irregular, upright boulders like the Dragon's Teeth. At a spot where a low flat stone forms a seat between two granite cones, Jennie sat down sidewise to the river, to think her situation out. Josiah, too, came to a standstill, leaning on the stick which lifelong British habit put into his hands whenever he went out of doors, and gazing at a scene whose very mightiness smote him through and through with a sense of his futility.

It was a view of New York which few New Yorkers know to

exist, and which those who know it to exist mainly ignore. Rio from the Pao d'Assucar, Montreal from Mount Royal, Quebec from the St. Lawrence, are all of the earth, earthy. Manhattan as viewed from the Hudson's western bank is like the city which rose when Apollo sang, or that beheld in the Apocalypse of John.

From the Dragon's Teeth, the precipice broke in terraces and shelves hung with ash, sumach, and stunted oak. Wherever there was a hand's breadth of soil, a dandelion or a violet, a buttercup or a lady-fern, nestled in the keeping of the cliff as a bird's nest on a branch. Creepers and vines threw their tangles of tassels down to where the chimneys, clustering along the river's brink, blackened them with smoke. Small water-worn docks, sheltering nameless craft, battered, ancient, and grotesque, crept in and out among factories and coal-yards, linking up with each other in a line of some twenty miles. Straight as the cut of a knife, the river clove its tremendous gash from Adirondacks to Atlantica leaden, shimmering, storied streak, too deep within its bed to catch the westering sunlight. The westering sunlight itself was silvered in the perpetual misty haze hanging over the island like an aureole, through which the city glimmered in mile after mile of gable and spire, of dome and cube, silent, suspended, heavenly.

There is nothing in the world like this cloud-built vision, garlanded along the sky. No sound breaks from it; no sign of our earth-born life. The steel-blue-gray of a gull's wing swooping above the water is gross as compared with its texture. The violet and the lady-fern are not so delicate as the substance of its palaces. It might be dream; it might be mirage; it might be the city which came down from God as a bride adorned for her husband. Beginning too far away for the eye to reach, and ending where the gaze can no longer follow, it is immense and yet aërial, a towered, battlemented, mighty thing, yet spun of the

ether between the worlds.

Though Jennie and her father had looked at this mystic wraith of a city so often that they hardly noticed it any more, they were never free from its ecstatic influence. That is, it moved them to aspirations without suggesting the objective to which they should aspire. Caught in the web of daily circumstance, entangled, enmeshed, helplessly captive amid hand-tomouth necessities, their thoughts were rarely at liberty to wander from the definite calculation as to how to live. They didn't so wander even now. Even now, lifted up as they were among spiritual splendors, food, clothes, gas, taxes, and the mortgage were the things most heavily on their minds; but something else stirred in them with a sluggish will to live.

Jennie, do you believe in God?' For a minute, Jennie gazed sidewise at the celestial city in the air and made no answer. Josiah himself hardly knew why he had asked the question unless it was because of vague new fears as to Jennie's associations.

"I don't know that I do," Jennie said, at last. She added, after another minute's thought, "What's the good of God, any-

"People say he can take you to heaven when you die, or send you to the other place."

"I'm not worrying about what will happen when I die; I've got all I can attend to here. Can God help me about that?

It was the test-question of Josiah's inner life. His faith stood or fell by it. He would have been glad to tell his child that she could be aided in her earthly problems but, unlike Job, hadn't he himself served God for naught?

"He don't seem able to do that, my dear," he sighed, as if the confession of unbelief forced its way out in spite of himself. "Well then"—Jennie rose, wearily—"what's the use? If

can put me off till I die, I suppose I can put him off in the same way, can't I? Do you believe in him yourself, daddy?"

"I used to."

And that was all he could say.

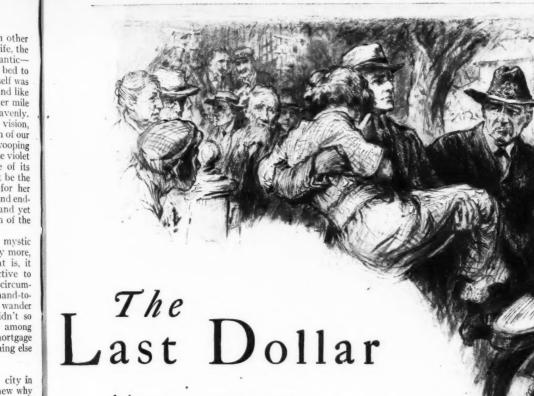
As the sun sank further into the west, the Celestial City which had hitherto been of a luminous white was shot with rose and Within its heart lay Broadway, Fifth Avenue, Wall Street, and the Bowery, shops, churches, brothels, and banks, all passions, hungers, yearnings, and ambitions, all national impulses worthy and detestable, all human instincts holy and unclean, all loveliness, all lust, all charity, all cupidity, all secret and suppressed desire, all shameless exposure on the housetops, all sorrow, all sin, all that the soul of man conceives of evil and goodand yet, with no more than these few miles of perspective and this easy play of light translated into beauty, uplifting, unearthly, and ineffable.

For a minute longer, Jennie and her father stood looking on the vision as it melted from glory to glory in this pageantry of sky. Then, with arms linked as before, they turned their backs on it.

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FOR the next twenty-four hours, Jennie did her best to suspend the operation of thought. Thought got her nowhere. It led her into so many blind alleys that it made her head ache. She had once heard a returned traveler describe his efforts to get out of the labyrinth at Hampton Court, and felt herself now in the Each way seemed easy till she followed it, and same situation. found herself balked.

But the fact that her head ached gave her an excuse for going to her room and locking herself in. She could thus pull her books from beneath the bed without fear (Continued on page 139)



A home-town mystery story

William Dudley Pelley

tone he usually employed for calling such community tragedies

to our attention.

Silence greeted the declaration. Finally, with puzzled features, the proprietor removed the cob pipe from his mouth.
"I thought Amy Patterson was in St. Louis with the Thorne girls," he said.

"Sure; that's where she was killed. A trelley-car struck an automobile containing the crowd of 'em. Alice and Jane Thorne never got a scratch, but Amy got bumped off-cold. I just heard it from her dad himself over to the Western Union. Patt's gone nearly bughouse over it, though the full sense of his loss ain't struck him yet. He's still stickin' to his job, but he'll

"Young man," ordered the editor, "stop referring to death in terms of 'bumping off!" Then in softer, sadder tone he added: "So Amy's little peacock career is ended? Gad, that's tough! She was the one big thing in her dad's monotonous life."

The boys and girls of the office continued grave when the passing of the Patterson girl was later confirmed for she had been

ing of the Patterson girl was later confirmed, for she had been a popular little local princess, despite her lack of character. The Thorne girls were the daughters of old Jim Thorne, wealthy owner of the knitting-mills up here in Paris, Vermont. But that made small difference to Amy. She traveled with the best, and, in some way-the whole town wondered how-old Patt paid the bills on a salary of a hundred dollars a month.

Sam Hod, our editor-proprietor, put on his hat and went down to the telegraph office. He found the bereaved father at his desk.
"It's the judgment of God upon me, Hod," he declared. "If I'd shot straight with Larry Hamilton, I wouldn't have lost my

"What's Hamilton got to do with it?"

"Everything in the world, Hod; everything in the world!"
"Explain what you mean, Patt," the editor suggested.
"I can't, Hod; I can't! Nobody but myself and God will ever

And—I'll probably never be given the chance to atone. "Patt, what on earth are you talking about? Do you know who shot Jim Bartlett?"

"No, no! But—Hod, don't bother me with any catechism just now. I'm going through hell!"

The girl was carried

out by Larry and lifted

into the automobile amid a crowd of the mor-

bidly curious in yard and street.

"I know, Patt. I'm sorry. But, of course, any reference to the Bartlett murder case or its solution is bound to make most of us take notice. There's every indication that Ann Bartlett is going to be found guilty of shooting her brother."

"For God's sake, don't I know it? Talk of something else! I never want to hear of Hamilton or the Bartletts again!"

Half an hour later, Sam returned to the newspaper office and dropped into a chair. The moth-eaten scribe who records this strange narrative of the pied skein of life in an ordinary little New England town entered shortly after.

"Rill, I've stumbled onto a new wrinkle in the Bartlett shooting case," Sam Hod announced. "I've just learned that old Patterson s connecting himself somehow with Larry Hamilton and the

By the end of another half-hour, we had made nothing of the disclosure. We agreed, merely, on a policy of watchful waiting. Perhaps later, after the girl's funeral, after the paralyzing shock of the father's grief had passed, the old telegrapher might talk. But a policy of watchful waiting was hard. Ann Bartlett, in

Illustrated by F. C. Yohn HE boy who collected three-and-four-line bits of town gossip up and down Main Street for the "Personal Mention" column of our Vermont town daily, entered the newspaper office with serious face.

"Amy Patterson's dead!" he announced, in the pseudo-tragic

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ed it, and

the local jail, was awaiting trial in the coming sitting of December County Court. If Patterson knew anything which might clear her, he should disclose it. But he did not disclose it.

It was three weeks ago last night that Amy Patterson was killed by that St. Louis street-car. The Bartlett trial came to an end with the verdict which the jury brought in at three o'clock this morning. Not until this afternoon has the tangle been unsnarled; we have only just learned how old Patterson conceived that his daughter's tragic end was connected with Larry Hamilton or that young man's luckless fiancée.

On the twenty-third day of last June, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, Fred Babcock, the local real-estate man, thrust his hatless head in our office door.

"There's been a murder up on Pine Street!" he cried. "The Bartlett girl's shot that brother of hers who works in the papermill. My car's out here, and I'm going up. If anybody here wants a ride, come along!'

The Bartlett house stands at the far end of South Pine Street where the town runs out in rolling open country. It is a small white cottage facing east, with the veranda hidden behind frowsy woodbine and ragged ivy. Beyond the rear yard is an expanse of plowed land reaching away to Bancroft's woods. During the summer, this is a spacious field of waving corn.

Michael Hogan, local chief of police, was mounting the steps when we newspaper folk arrived. Larry Hamilton, however, had reached the place first, and we found him in the front parlor with his arm about Ann Bartlett, whispering words of solace and assurance. Larry was a big-bodied, clean-cut young fellow who owned the sporting-goods store in the Norwalk Block.

"In there—in the back room," he directed us, as we entered.

We followed Mike. Off the sitting-room was a chamber with two low windows opening toward the west. Between the bed and the wall, his feet protruding, so that the door opened with difficulty, Jim Bartlett was lying, face downward. He had been shot three times in the chest. "This is a bad business," announced the

grim-faced old police officer, as we rejoined Larry and the girl in the front room. He looked at Ann. "Did you do it?" he demanded.
"Me? Me shoot Jim? Oh. God! Certainly I didn't shoot Jim! Why should I shoot—my—only—brother?"

"Then who did?"

"I don't know. I swear I don't know! Oh. Larry, don't let them think that I did it! Make him stop asking me questions!"

The young man properly protested. "If you're going to charge Ann with this awful thing," he con-

tended, "she's got the right to talk through counsel, Chief!"

"But I've got to question her Larry. If anybody else did it, they may be gettin' away while we're standin' here talkin'." He turned to the crowd. "Anybody here know anything about this mix-up?

Tom Wilson, the boy who drove team for the Red Front Grocery, volunteered the damaging information:

"I do. It was me that 'phoned for

"Well, what about it?"

"Jim Bartlett passed me down Pine Street about a half-hour ago. I thought it was kind o' queer that he should be comin' home from work so early-besides, his face looked as though he was bothered about something, like he'd heard bad news. When I said, 'Hello!' he never enswered. He kept right along and finally turned into this gate." finally turned into this gate.

"You saw him come in?" "I sure did! But, for a time, I kept

deliverin' my orders. I got as far as Mrs. Maynard's when I heard sounds of quarreling over here. Then came two quick shots and, after a while, a third. Just then, round the corner come Dave Harriman, the letter-man. I told him what I'd heard, and he come over with me."
"What did you find?"

"First, we knocked on the front door, but nobody answered. We waited a spell. It was awful quiet. Then we thought we heard a woman crying, and we crept in. All the rooms seemed right excepting the back bedroom, and we couldn't open the door.

"Why not?"

"On account of Jim Bartlett's legs. But I got my head in and see Miss Bartlett sittin' in a chair, bent over the bedroom table with an automatic in her hand. It was still warm. When I finally pushed in, she dropped it. I picked it up-

"The girl's cry of despair interrupted young Wilson.
"I didn't do it! I swear I didn't!" she pleaded.
"Then who did?" demanded Hogan.
"I don't know. I was up-stairs when the shots were fired.

I thought it was some automobile back-firing out in the street. Then I thought I heard a voice that sounded like Jim's, calling out as if he were hurt. It was the first I knew of him being home from



"Take me!" she cried. "I'll go back and face it! Anything but being followed like this!"

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"He never spoke a word to me." And the Bartlett girl began weeping afresh "Somebody go see if there's any tracks outside the bedroom window!" Mike ordered. There may have been," returned Sam Hod, "but they're

work. I came down-stairs to see if anything had happened, and heard the cry again from the back bedroom. I found him in there—shot! He died as I bent over him. I picked up the gun lying in the center of the floor to see if there was any mark on it to show who owned it. But there wasn't any. Then I just to show who owned it. But there wasn't any. Then I just broke down and was crying by the table when Mr. Wilson and the letter-carrier found me." the letter-carrier found me.

'Did Jim tell who shot him?"

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gone now. A crowd of neighbors at each window, staring in at Jim's body, have trodden any such to clay."

"You're sure you heard sounds of quarrelin'?" Mike demanded of Tom Wilson.

"Then who was Jim quar-relin' with?"

The grocery clerk cast a helpless look at the girl.

It was a-woman," he stammered.

"'A woman!" cried Hogan, turning on the girl in Larry's arms. "And you say you was up-stairs and never heard a wordnever heard nothin' until the shots was fired!" "I've told the truth. I

was up in the attic all the afternoon painting some furniture, and the doors were closed. If you don't believe it, go up-stairs now and look.

"Would you say Jim was quarrelin' now with his sister?" the officer demanded curtly of the groceryman.

"I'm—I'm—afraid he was." Wilson looked the other way, because he could not meet Ann's eyes.

Hogan squared his burly shoulders.

"Well, looks as if I'd have to sort o' hold you responsible for this Miss Bartlett, much as I hate to do it," he announced.

The girl collapsed, and it was necessary to clear the house of people. Larry and we newspaper folk were permitted to await the

coroner's arrival.

Doctor Johnson having taken charge, the girl was carried out by Larry and lifted into the automobile amid a crowd of the morbidly curious in vard and street. A formal charge of murder was lodged against her, and

she was turned over to Sheriff Crumpett to await a hearing before the grand jury.

THE cleverest criminal lawyer in the state of Vermont is conceded to be old Theodore B. Batchman, of Rutland. "Batch" is fifty-eight years old, six feet two in height, and hard as iron, physically and professionally.

This venerable old war-horse of the Vermont bar appraised Larry Hamilton keenly, one morning in the following August, when the grim-lipped, haggard-faced fellow accepted the chair

indicated at the corner of the attorney's big desk.
"I gather from the correspondence," he observed, "that you and Bob Hentley want the assistance of my partners and myself in the Bartlett shooting case. We've followed most of the newspaper accounts," he went on, "and when we knew you were coming up, naturally we talked it over among ourselves. case does present some mighty interesting features. So we'll economize time by having it understood that we might be agreeable to helping Lawyer Hentley out if we're satisfied on one important point.

And that's what?" demanded Larry anxiously.

"I don't want to appear mercenary, young man; but it's self-

evident that, to acquit this girl. there must be a lot of investiga-

tion. How about the money to finance it?"

"The last penny I've got and all I can raise shall go to clear her."

promised the young man huskily. "We—we were to have been

"Unfortunate!" sympathized Batchman. "You're in a nasty hole, young man or, rather, your girl is. Well, if you've got the money to finance the proper investigation and defense, we're not against helping out Bob if we can. Wait, and we'll have my

The partners were summoned. Tait was a stocky, middle-aged young man with perpetually rumpled hair but a clear, cool eye. Caspar Morrison was a wizened little man with sharp features, huge, bony hands, and a leaning toward a cob pipe. He reviewed

the features of the case and cited the facts.
"The main question, of course," he began, in his slow drawl, his eyes fixed on the distant sky-line, "is whether Miss Bartlett is telling the truth and if so, what became of the strange woman whom we might call Madame X. But, we understand some more facts have come to light further to incriminate Mis; Bartlett. For instance, we understand that James Bartlett was summoned home from his work on this particular afternoon by his sister, according to the telephone girl at the paper-mill who answered the ring and sent down into the mill for him. That looks bad."

"Ann swears she never called her brother on the 'phone that

afternoon, and I believe her."

"Well, assuming she didn't, then Madame X did it, impersonating the sister. Very good. Put it.down as Madame X, desiring to get Bartlett home where she could talk to him. How long a time passed between the shots and the moment when young Wilson and Harri-

clutched in her hand? "Maybe five or ten min-

man found Miss Ann with the weapon

utes.

Tait considered this with one eye closed and the stem of the pipe tapped against his teeth.

"Well, it's reasonable that, in such a length of time. MadameX would have the chance to make her escape. If Miss Bartlett was in the attic and came down after the shots were fired. Madame X might have heard her investigating and fled through one of those low west windows. In that way, Miss Bartlett, coming

down the front stairs, have missed her. But what became of this strange woman?

"She could have crossed the plowed field and reached Bancroft's woods.

"And yet nobody recalls noting a strange woman about the Bartlett cottage that day, and no one saw such a person fleeing across to the woods."

"It's true that no one saw her. But that doesn't prove that a strange woman didn't do it."

"What do you know about the past history of Miss Bartlett and her brothe

especially her brother?'

'Jim was boss paper-maker at the Raven & Gates mill. He came to Paris from a little town out in southern Ohio. Before that, he held different positions. One was in New Hampshire. Another was in northern New York. He even lived, for a time, away out in southern California, where tissue was manufactured for fruit-wrappers. Ann kept house for him. She came to live with him from New York shortly after Jim tost his wife. They were greatly attached to each other. I'm sure Ann didn't quarrel with him. She's not the quarreling kind."

'You're sure there's no other sister of Bartlett's in existence who might have called him that afternoon on the 'phone?"

"If Jim had another sister, I'm certain Ann would have to'd

Old Batchman eyed Tait keenly.

"Assuming the sister is telling the truth—and I, for one, am inclined to believe she is—it seems to me it's safe to build a hypothesis on the existence of this unknown second woman who had some sort of score to settle with Bartlett and shot him as part of such settlement. The fact remains that nothing's been discovered yet but what permits the presence of this second woman. It looks to me as if we might find the motive for the deed as well as the real criminal in an investigation of the dead man's life prior to his advent in Vermont.

"It'll cost money to trace his history in all of those places,"

reminded Morrison.

"All I've got shall go toward Ann's defense," Hamilton reiterated.

All right," said Batchman; "we'll proceed to use some of it." Until one o'clock that afternoon, the session continued. Larry

was finally forced to leave to catch his train back to Paris.
"On your way out," suggested old Theodore, "stop at Tait's desk and leave us your check for say-two thousand dollars. Five hundred will be all we'll ask at present, as a retainer for ourselves. We'll employ the balance to start the investigation we've worked out this morning. There's a firm of good detectives down in Boston. We'll put them on the trail. And Thursday I'll be down to Paris and have a talk with Bob Hentley and Miss Bartlett personally.

A sudden qualm seized Larry at the unexpected demand of two thousand dollars. He remembered that his balance in the People's National Bank of our town was a trifle over He remembered that his balance

Nevertheless, in the outer office, he wrote his check for the suggested amount and then hurried home to borrow the

It became public property about town before autumn that Hamilton was bleeding himself white to pay for the Bartlett girl's defense. She had no funds of her own, and was allowed none of her brother's property until his

estate had been formally closed. A strange feature of the case entered here, and one not without its effect later on. Ann claimed she knew posi-

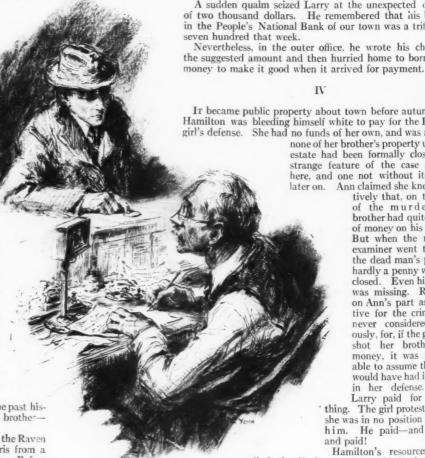
tively that, on the day of the murder, her brother had quite a sum of money on his person. But when the medical examiner went through the dead man's pockets hardly a penny was dis-closed. Even his wallet was missing. Robbery on Ann's part as a mo-tive for the crime was never considered seriously, for, if the girl had shot her brother for money, it was reasonable to assume that she would have had it to aid in her defense. But

Larry paid for everything. The girl protested, but she was in no position to stop him. He paid-and paidand paid!

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Hamilton's resources were limited. He borrowed from his bank until he could borrow no more. He was obliged to sacrifice some building-lots he had acquired in the eastern part of town to settle the note when due. Then, because his security was diminishing, he found himself unable to borron in the same place again. Subsequently came



"That silver dollar's my last bullet in the battle for Ann Bartlett's defense, Patt.

"Never mind now, Larry," she replied, to his bitter comment over the irony of his failure. "You have loved me. You have proved it by the things you tried to do."

the announcement that he had sold his store to Jack Rathburn. Privately, we learned that the consideration was approximately twenty-two hundred dollars. Steadily that sum melted away also. Then Larry began sloughing into debt.

After he sold his store, he took a position as bookkeeper in the Paris Machine Works, but we learned subsequently that he had been "laid off" because it was impossible for him to keep his mind upon his work. Three other positions he tried in those nightmare weeks. To none did he do justice. He could think of nothing but the white-faced, fear-prostrated girl held prisoner through those long and pleasant summer months in the gloomy jail under the town hall.

Hamilton loved the Bartlett girt with the mature affection of a one-woman man—not a soul in the community could doubt it. But, bluntly, the town-folk finally looked upon his devotion and money as being wasted. Half a dozen high-priced detectives, not stinting themselves on expense-money, had traveled the country for weeks, running down futile clues, prying out alleged facts regarding Jim Bartlett's past—one even journeying to distant California and remaining there a fortnight—for which Larry paid—but discovering or substantiating nothing. Both times,

when something promising was discovered, it was Larry who did the investigating. Perhaps it was because he was nearer the end of his resources than people imagined.

One forenoon in early November, old Jeff Hingham drove into Paris from his place in East Foxboro. Jeff is an illiterate who lives alone off on a deserted road. He had heard little about the Bartlett shooting at the time, and never read newspapers. But, this morning, some of the clerks in Ben Williams' clothing store were discussing "Larry's folly" as the quest was coming to be known, and Jeff manifested sudden interest.

were discussing "Larry's folly" as the quest was coming to be known, and Jeff manifested sudden interest.
"Gawd!" he ejaculated, when the details of the Bartlett affair had been told him. "Bet I know who shot that feller. Bet I had a hand in lettin' her escape. Maybe it was that little girl with the lame ankle. I give her a lift in my buggy one day last June. I carried her in my buggy from the town line near Gilbert's Mills to the depot at Foxboro Center."

Jeff was immediately hurried up to Lawyer Hentley's office, and there he told his story in detail.

"She was a little girl in a blue suit, pretty much tore by briars and brush," went on the farmer, "who came out into the road ahead o' me, limpin' like she's wrenched her ankle in the woods.

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And if you drew a straight line northwest from the spot where I picked her up, you'd come out in the corn field behind the Bartlett house. She was all upset and wanted to know would I lug her down to the station so's she could catch the six-o'clock

"Would you know her if you saw her again?" Jeff was

asked

'Think I would. I recollect she had a funny-lookin' blotch under her right eve—small birthmark or somethin'. An' she didn't have no baggage. I thought it was queer she was so scratched up. but she wouldn't give me no satisfaction. She seemed grateful when I got her to the depot just in time to make her train—not even time enough to get her ticket."
"Which may explain," commented Hentley, "why the ticket-

agent at Center Foxboro failed to report her before.

Hope ran high in Larry's heart when he was summoned.
"No more fancy detectives for me," he announced. "What money I've got left is going to pay for tracing that girl myself. He hired a livery rig to drive him over to Center Foxboro that

evening. It is to be recorded that the chronicler of this narrative accompanied him, partly in the interest of the local paper, partly because of a personal interest in Larry. The young man borrowed a hundred dollars before starting, to augment his slender finances, from the kindly and not overwealthy editor of the aforesaid local paper.

Then began a queer pursuit—a pursuit which lasted three weeks and carried us as far as Chicago before it was ended.

The trail was so cold when we reached Springfield, Massachusetts, that we were almost minded to give it up. spicuous little girl, in a plain serge suit with no more distinguishing marks than a facial blemish beneath one of her eyes. difficult to find in a city like Springfield as the proverbial needle in the hay. Finally, in desperation, Larry appealed to the Springfield newspapers. At the expense of alarming the fugitive and sending her onward, those papers printed details of generous length and, for once in the luckless Bartlett case, an element of luck assisted the distraught lover. A boarding-house keeper in the North End came forward with a story about such a girl having worked for her a matter of two weeks as chambermaid. Suddenly, she had fled the town upon receiving her wages.

"But afterward she sent one of my boarders two dollars to pay for a shirt-waist she'd left at a dry-cleaner's," declared the

woman. "I was asked to get it and send it on."
"Yes, yes!" cried Larry. "Where?"

"To a place in Syracuse, New York. Wait. I'll 'phone home and get the address."

The woman's description of the missing girl fitted Jeff Hingham's exactly. Larry and I left that evening for Syracuse.

Arriving in that city, we found the address in Springfield. "She went away from here weeks ago," declared the negress

who kept the place.

It was a discouraging setback. Convinced that the negress was telling the truth, we enlisted the aid of the police who spread a drag-net over the city to pick up any such girl answering the description of the one with the blemished face. News came from an unsuspected quarter. We learned, the following day, that such a person was receiving mail at the general delivery window of the post-office. A picture post-card bearing the cancellation-stamp of Paris, Vermont was even then in the office waiting to be called for. Because of the felony involved, permission was finally secured from the proper officials to permit the police to read the card, which was not to be delivered when asked forany person requesting mail under such a name was to be detained until an officer could be summoned. Scrawled in pencil on the card, we read:

I guess it is pretty well blown over by now but be careful what you write in my letters because pa sometimes opens my male.

"We're on the right track, sure enough!" cried Larry, and his enthusiasm was pathetic. "Funny it never occurred to us to suspect anybody right there in Paris!

The fifth day, after a fruitless search of the city's boardinghouses, we returned to our hotel to learn that some one at

the city hall had been trying to get us by 'phone.

"We almost got that dame you're after," announced the chief of detectives, when we went over quickly. "But, for the moment, I'm afraid she's slipped through our fingers. She came with another girl to the post-office and had the other girl ask for her mail. When our man nabbed the one that showed up at the window, the other vamoosed. The one we got don't know nothin'. She says she just rooms with the dame we want. But we've sent

a man up to the house where they stay, and we ought to have her before mornin'.

Tensely, we waited the ensuing night and all the next day. No arrest was made. Then, the day after, came news which surprised us. It was a post-card from Buffalo. The Springfield episode was almost duplicated. The girl wanted her late landlady to send on her meager personal property. left on the next lap of the trek for Buffalo. That night, we

It was in Chicago on a damp, soggy night in early winter, however, that we finally hunted down our quarry. Exhausted, hounded, broken-down, at the end of her pitiful resources, we traced her to the doorway of a cheap apartment-house off upper Michigan Avenue. She sank down, sobbing convulsively, on the broken wooden steps-a girl of eighteen-shivering with cold and

"Take me!" she cried. "I'll go back and face it! Anything but being followed like this! But if you'd known what I stood,

you'd run away yourself."
"Why did you shoot him?" demanded Larry. "What had he done to you?"

'Shoot him?'" cried the girl. "I haven't shot anybody! All ook was money. And I thought it was due me after all the I took was money. And I the work I'd done. He beat me-

"Who beat you?"

"My stepfather-John Hastings."

"Who are you, anyway?" demanded Larry hoarsely.
"I'm really Susie Allen. I ran away from my stepfather in June, because he whipped me so. He lives in Gilbert's Mills. took a hundred dollars of his cream-money that was in the kitchen clock. Wasn't that why you was followin' me—to arrest me for stealin'?"

"My God!" cried Larry. He sank down on the steps and

buried his face in his hands.

A telegram to Vermont next day established that what the

girl contended was true.

I thought, for a time, that Larry would break down physically before we started that disheartening return to Paris. But after we had purchased our tickets and found our places in the sleeping-car, he merely laughed grimly.

Till the last bullet is fired!" he murmured.

"What's that, Larry?"

"Once when I was a boy, Bill," he explained, "I read a story about a rifle-contest where the prize money was going to save the mortgaged home of a fellow's folks—old Sunday-school stuff, but good enough to illustrate the point. The chap kept ahead in the match until somebody tied his score. At last he turned away, sick and discouraged. He had just one shot left. That shot must decide everything. But he had no heart to shoot that bullet. What chance could it possibly have? Not one in a thousand that he could score with that one cartridge. But an old-timer near by braced him up with a sermon. 'Never give up, sonny,' said he, 'until your last round of ammunition is fired and your final bullet is exhausted, because you never can tell what that last bullet's goin' to do.' The boy took heart and staked everything on that one last shot. He made a bull's-eye and broke the tie. The other fellow never scored in the rest of the shooting, so that last bullet really brought home the bacon. I've often thought of that story, Bill."

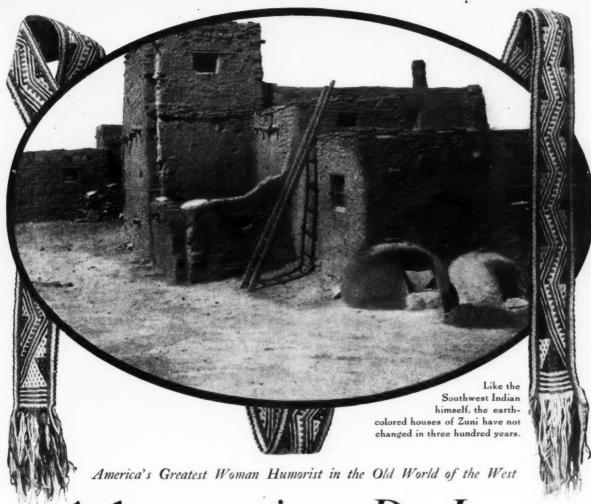
"What connection has this with the pretty fool's errand this chase had turned out?"

Larry put his hand in his pocket and pulled out all the money

it contained.

"Bill," said he, "I've begged, borrowed, or stolen every last cent in Vermont that I can lay hands on. This is what I've got left. When I've settled for what food I'll eat on this return trip I'm going back to Ann to report failure with about three dollars. But" -he stopped and laughed grimly-"one of these dollars may be my final bullet. At least I'm hoping."

LARRY HAMILTON returned to Paris with approximately the amount he had predicted. He walked the streets of our town and sought to raise more money to carry on the fight. But the townspeople had begun to pity him, and that meant that his credit as a borrower had departed. He was getting his room at Mrs. Ebenezer Matthew's on credit, and eating irregular and inadequate meals. This had its effect physically as the strain of the coming trial told on him mentally. Where Larry made his great mistake, in the first place, was in failing to take his attorneys into his confidence regarding his finances. Hentley never imagined how very near the (Continued on page 143)



Adventuring De Luxe

with Mary Roberts Rinehart and her joyous Desert Caravaners

HE irrigation ditch is a wonderful thing. From now on, here and there, we were to camp by irrigation ditches, and I developed for them a feeling akin to that one has for old mossy wells and the clear springs of one's childhood. It is true that we twice camped outside the back gardens of a surprised and interested town populace, but even there we found the irrigating ditch.

No longer does the babbling trout-stream hold my sole affection; the torpid movement of water in a ditch in a desert country thrills me through and through. One of the most touching pictures in my memory is that of the Head, crouched on a mud bank with a mirror between his knees, dipping his shaving-brush into the life-saving stream.

From Gallup, we started south. In the portion of New Mexico we were to visit lay the Zuni Indians, Inscription Rock, archeologists, the petrified forest, and more jewelry.

"Is there water?" I inquired anxiously of a driver who had lived there.

"About as much as a snake has hips," was his unexpected reply.

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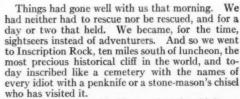
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We had not seen the trucks. They had passed like phantoms through Gallup and had gone on ahead, by a short route, to meet us at Zuni. So we were free, bathed, and cheerful.



What a queer world this was that the old Spanish conquerors visited! Desert plains and fantastic rocks and cliffs, and, opposing them at every step, painted savages. They came on, in spite of heat and thirst, wearing heavy mail, their horses protected by leather housings. And with them came always the Franciscan priests, in their gray cassocks, carrying the cross of their faith. They came for wealth, for conquest, but most of all out of that spirit of pure adventure which led Columbus across the sea. So the soldier adventurers came, conquered, and returned, but the priests stayed on, valiantly fighting for the savage souls, militantly baptizing and saying mass, dying by violence with the cross upheld and their eyes fixed on the pitiless burning sky.

And to the foot of this great rock had come the first soldiers and priests, and had there set themselves down to rest and to drink of its cool spring. Then, because they were surrounded by



enemies and might never get back home again, they carved on the cliff a permanent record:

"The Most Illustrious Sir and Captain General of the provinces of New Mexico for the King our Master, passed by here on his return from the villages of Zuni on the 20th of July, 1629; and them [the Indians]

asking his favor as vassals of His Majesty. And anew they gave obedience; of which he did with persuasiveness, zeal, and prudence, like a most Christian [the word is effaced] such a careful and gallant soldier of unending a n d exalted memory."

he put in peace at their request, they

I hope he did not carve that himself. And I am dubious, too, as to his methods of persuasiveness and as to how he put the Zunis into peace. There is a peace called death. I rather think he conquered them first and

In the petrified forest of Arizona lie ancient, shattered tree trunks turned to pure mineral of lovely colors. then made them vassals at their request and at the end of a sword. I may be doing him an injustice. But I will say this: whoever carved that inscription was a carver. It still stands, along with the records of those other gallant adventurers who likewise had brought along a carver, and who, too, left their names and the dates of their pass-

left their names and the dates of their passing. And all around, above and below and beside these extraordinary and precious records, are the reminders that vandals travel as well as brave Spanish gentlemen. "Joe Smith and wife," "John S. Robinson," and others of their ilk have

They must be chiseled away, and these records of our early history protected against sand and storm. The rock is our property as a nation, and it must be preserved. It bears even tragedy on its face, as thus: "Passed on 23d of March 1632 to the avenging of the death of Father Letra-do." And on the very And on the very top of the rock are the ruins of a prehistoric Indian village.

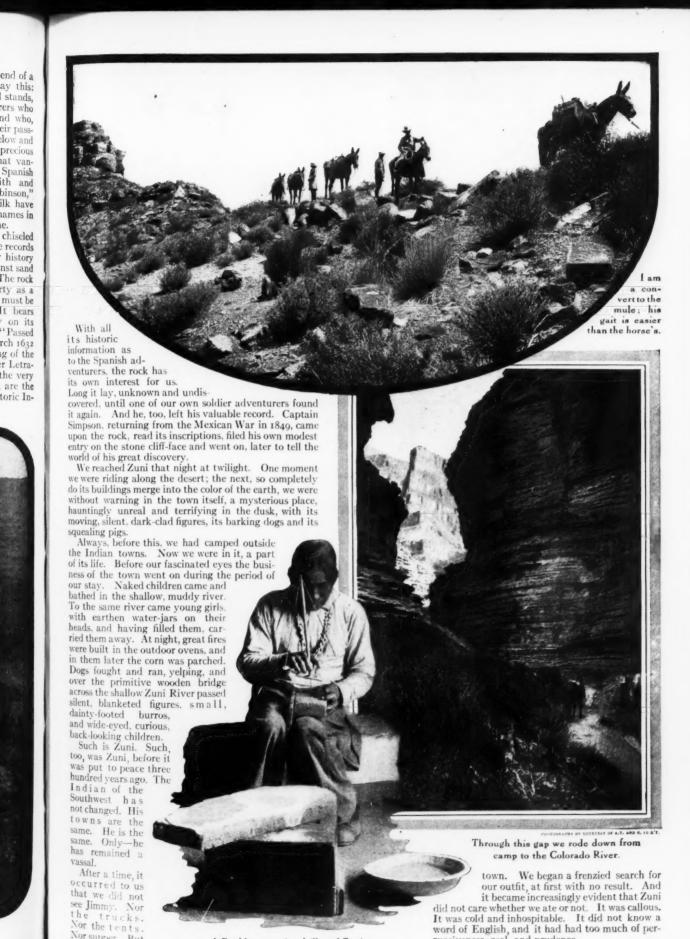
carved their silly names in

the pink sandstone.



"No. I am not the careless lady on the edge of this precipice in the Grand Cañon," writes Mrs. Rinehart.

But the Caravaners did visit this spot.



A Pueblo turquoise-driller of Zuni

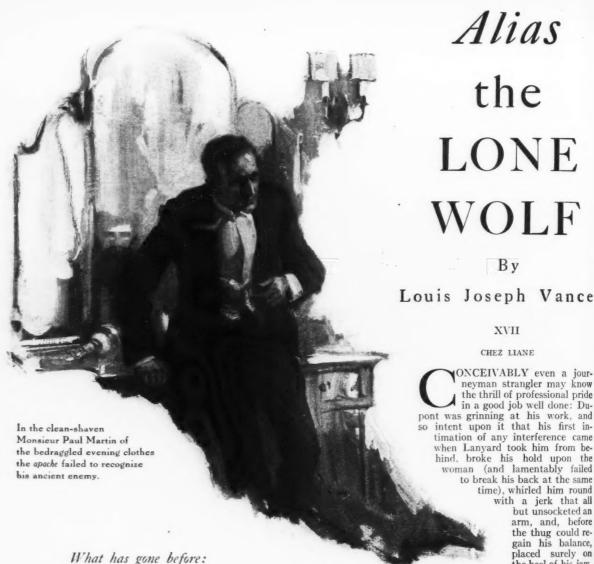
e.

Nor supper. But

Zuni is a largish

Then we found Jimmy. (Continued on page 124)

suasiveness, zeal, and prudence.



THE magnificent collection of family jewels, inherited by Madame Eve de Montalais, a young American whose husband has been killed in the war, are stolen from her château in the South of France.

That the jewels have aroused the cupidity of the underworld is evident from two occurrences that preceded the robbery:

First: an attack on the family by their new chauffeur, Albert Dupont, who turns out to be an apache;

Second: the suspicious visit to the château of an automobile party which seeks shelter from a storm.

The strange visitors make themselves known as Whitaker Monk, and Phinuit, both Americans, and the Comte and Comtesse de Lorgnes

Dupont's attack is frustrated by the timely appearance of "Andre Duchemin," whose real name is Michael Lanyard, alias "the Lone Wolf," a reformed criminal who has just

been discharged from the British secret service. Lanyard is wounded by Dupont and is cared for at the château; while he is there the jewels disappear

Realizing that he will be suspected, Lanyard reveals his identity to Eve, who expresses confidence in him.

In his plan to recover the jewels for her, Lanyard permits suspicion to rest on the fictitious "Duchemin," whom he causes to disappear at the time the robbery is reported: he then assumes the alias "Paul Martin."

The trail of the gems leads him late one night to the home of the beautiful Liane Delorme—where he arrives just as Dupont enters and attempts to kill her.

the heel of his jaw, just below the ear, a blow that, coming straight from the shoulder and carrying all Lanyard had of weight and force and will to punish, for all Dupont's heaviness fairly lifted him from his feet and dropped him backward across a *chaise-longue* from which he slipped senseless to the floor. It was just like that, a crowded, breathless

By

XVII

with a jerk that all but unsocketed an arm, and, before the thug could re-gain his balance, placed surely on

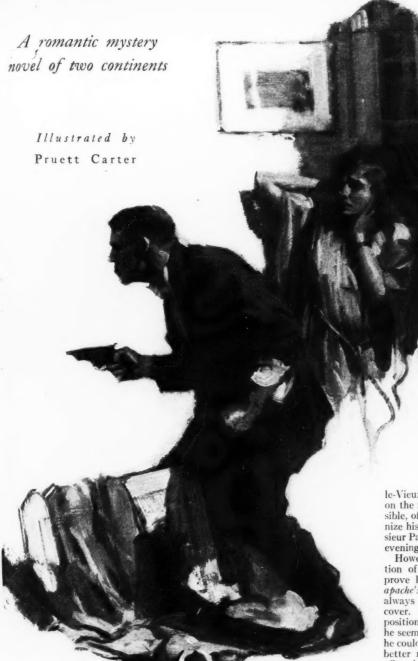
With bruised and aching knuckles to prove that the blow had been one to stun an ox, Lanyard believed it safe to count Dupont hors de combat, for a time at least. In any event, the risk had to be chanced; Liane Delorme was in a plight demanding immediate relief.

busines

In all likelihood she had lost consciousness some moments before Lanyard's intervention. Released, she had fallen positively inert, and lay semiprostrate on a shoulder with limbs grotesquely slack and awry, as if in unpleasant mimicry of a broken doll. Only the whites of bloodshot eyes showed in her livid and distorted countenance. Arms and legs twitched spasmodically. The ample torso was violently shaken by her laboring lungs

The twisted handkerchief round her throat had loosened, but not enough to give adequate relief. Lanyard removed it, turned her over so that she lay supine, wedged silken pillows from the chaise-longue beneath her head and shoulders, then reached across her body, took from her dressing-table a toilet-water bottle of lovely Italian glass, and drenched her face and bosom with its pungent contents.

She gasped, started convulsively, and began to breathe with That dreadful rattling in her throat was stilled. less effort. Heavy lids curtained her eyes.



Before Liane was brushed aside, Dupont had fallen back and worried a pistol out of his clothing

for symptoms of animation. He perceived them instantly. With inconceivable suddenness Dupont demonstrated that he was very much alive. An arm like the flexible limb of a tree wound itself affectionately round Lanyard's neck, clipped his head to Dupont's yearning bosom, ground his face into the flannel folds of a foul-scented shirt. Simultaneously the huge body heaved

prodigiously, and after a brief interval of fantastic floppings, fell like a young mountain on top of Lanyard.

But that was the full measure of Dupont's success in this strategem. If hopelessly victimized and taken

If hopelessly victimized and taken by surprise, Lanyard should have been better remembered by the man who had fought him at Montpellierle-Vieux and again, with the others assisting,

on the road to Nant; though it is quite possible, of course, that Dupont failed to recognize his ancient enemy in clean-shaven Monsieur Paul Martin of the damp and bedraggled evening clothes.

However that may have been, in the question of brute courage Dupont had yet to prove lacking. His every instinct was an apache's. Left to himself he would strike always from behind, and run like a cur to cover. But cornered, or exasperated by opposition to his vast powers—something which he seemed quite unable to understand—and he could fight like a maniac. He was hardly better now, when he found himself thrown off and attacked in turn at a time when he believed his antagonist to be pinned down, helpless, at the mercy of the weapon for which he was fumbling. And the murderous

fury which animated him then more than made up for want of science, cool-headedness, and imagination.

They fought for their most deeply rooted passions—he to kill, Lanyard to live. Dupont to batter Lanyard into conceding a moment of respite in which a weapon might be used, Lanyard to prevent that very thing from happening. Even as animals in a pit they fought, now on their knees straining each to break the other's hold, now wallowing together on the floor, now on their feet, slogging like bruisers of the old school of give-and-take.

Constrained to look to herself or be trampled underfoot, and galvanized with terror, the woman struggled up and tottered hither and you like a bewildered child, in the beginning too bemused to be able to keep out of the way of the combatants. If she crouched against a wall, battling bodies brushed her away from it. Did she take refuge in a corner, she must abandon it else be crushed. Once she stumbled between the two, and before

Lanyard continued to apply the toilet-water with a lavish hand. In time the woman shuddered, sighed profoundly, and looked up with a witless stare.

She said nothing, her look continued cloudy; but the dazed eyes followed him as he got up and cast about for a glass of water. But then he remembered Dupont, and decided that Liane could wait another minute while he made it impossible for the apache to do more mischief.

He moved round the chaise-longue and paused, looking down thoughtfully. Since his downfall Dupont had made neither moan nor stir. No crescent irises showed beneath the half-shut lids. He was so motionless, he seemed hardly to breathe. Lanyard dug the toe of a boot into his ribs none too gently, but without satisfaction of any doubts. The fellow gave no sign of sensibility, but lay utterly relaxed, with the look of one dead.

Dropping to his knees, Lanyard bent over the body to search

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Lanyard could thrust her aside, Dupont had fallen back half a

dozen feet and worried a pistol out of his clothing.

He fired first from the hip, and the shot shattered the mirror of the dressing-table. Trying for better aim, he lifted and leveled the weapon with a trembling arm which he sought to steady by cupping the elbow in his left hand. But the second bullet plowed into the ceiling as Lanyard, in desperation, cuted a coup de pied in la savate and narrowly succeeded in kicking

the pistol from Dupont's grasp.

Bereft thus of his last hope—they were too evenly matched, and both too far spent for either to force a victory with his naked hands the apache swung round and ran, at the same time throwing a heavy chair over on its back in the path of pursuit. Unable to avoid it, Lanyard tried to hurdle the obstacle, caught a foot on one of its legs and, as Dupont threw himself headlong down the stair-, crashed to the floor with an impact that shook its beams.

Main will-power lifted him to his knees before he collapsed, his last ounce of endurance wasted. Then the woman, with flying draperies, a figure like a fury, sped to the banister-rail and, leaning over, emptied the several shots remaining in Dupont's automatic down the well of the staircase. It is doubtful if she saw anything to aim at or accomplished more than to wing the apache's flight: Dupont had gained the second story while Lanyard was still fighting up from his fall. The last report and the crash of the front door slammed behind Dupont were as one heart-beat to the next.

Lanyard pillowed his head on a forearm and lay sobbing for breath. Liane Delorme turned and ran to a window in the front of the house.

Presently she came back drooping, sank into a chair, and with lack-luster gaze regarded the man at her feet.

"He got away," she said superfluously, in a faint voice. "I saw him in the street-staggering like a sot-

At that moment Lanyard could not have mustered a show of interest had he been told Dupont was returning at the head of a horde. He closed his tired eyes and envied the lucky dead whose rest was independent of bruised flesh and aching bones. Neither, he supposed, were dreams poisoned by chagrin when what was mortal no longer mattered. Three times had he come to grips with Dupont and, though he had been outnumbered on the road to Nant, in Lanyard's sight the honors were far from easy. Neither would they ever be while yet the other lived or was at

The bitterness of failure and defeat had so rank a flavor that nothing else in life concerned him now. He had forgotten Liane Delorme for minutes, when he felt her arm pass beneath his shoulders and try to lift them from the floor. He looked up then with listless eyes, and saw her on one knee by his side, giving him in his turn that confident and reassuring smile with which he had greeted her reviving senses—a long, long time ago, it seemed.

"Come," she said; "sit up, monsicur, and take this drink. It will lend you strength. You need it."

She put a knee behind his shoulders for support, and he rested his head back upon it and drank deep from the glass which she held to his lips. Nectar of Olympus was never more divine than that deep draft of brandy and soda. He thought he quaffed life itself in its distilled quintessence, its pure elixir. His look of gratitude had almost the spirit and the vigor of himself renewed.

He offered to rise, but was restrained by kindly hands. "No; rest there a little longer. Give yourself a little time to recuperate before you try to get up."

"But I shall tire you."

But I shall tire you."

No. And if you did, what of that? It seems to me, my

"To me it seems you do," he agreed. "But such a debt is

always the first to be forgotten, is it not?"
"No," the woman insisted; "you do reproach me. heart you have said: 'She has forgotten that, but for me she would have been dead long years ago. This service, too, she will presently forget.' But you are wrong, my friend. It is true, the years between had made that other time a little vague with old remoteness in my memory; but to-night has brought it all back, and-a renewed memory never fades.

"So one is told. But trust self-interest at need to black it out."
"You have no faith in me!" she said bitterly.
Lanyard gave her a weary smile.

The cruel agony stabbed his side again and again as he, not unaided, got upon his feet; and though he managed to gulp down

his groans, no grinding of his teeth could mitigate his recurrent pallor or the pained contraction of his eyes. Furthermore, he wavered when he tried to walk, and was glad to subside into the chair to which the woman guided him. fetched him another brandy and soda, put a lighted cigarette between his lips, picked up a chair for herself, and sat down, so close to him

that their elbows almost touched. "It is better, that pain, mon-

sieur?

He replied with an uncertain nod, pressing a careful hand to his side.

"The wound that animal gave me a month ago.

"Which animal?"

"Monsieur of the garotte, Liane; recently the assassin of de Lorgnes; before that, the ex-chauffeur of

Château de Montalais. "Albert Dupont?"

"As you say, it is not a name."
"The same?" Her old terror revived. "My God! What have I ever done to that one that he should seek my life?'

Her eyes turned away, she sat for a moment in silent thought, started suddenly to speak, but checked the words before one passed her lips and—as Lanyard saw quite plainly—hastened to substitute others.



"I have sent for clothing for you." Liane told him. "It should be here any minute.

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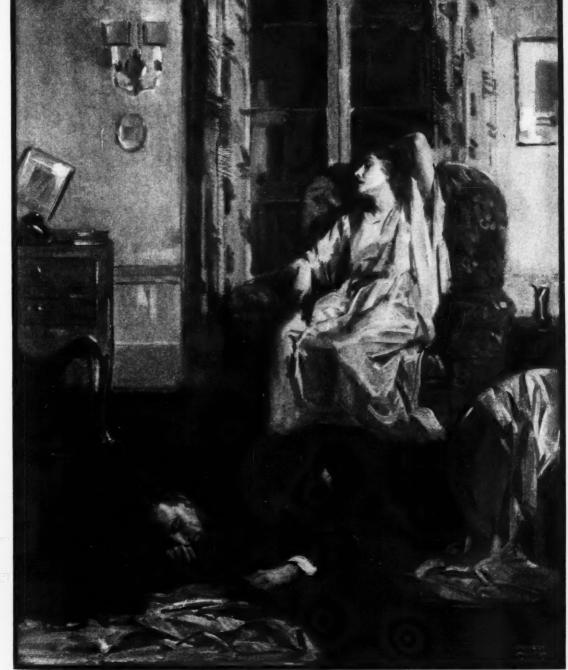
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"He got away," Liane said in a faint voice. "I saw him in the street, staggering . . ." But Lanyard could not have mustered interest had he been told that Dupont was returning at the head of a horde.

"No; I do not understand at all. What do you think?" Lanyard indicated a shrug with sufficient clearness, meaning

to say she probably knew as much as if not more than he.
"But how did he get in? I had not one suspicion I was not alone until that handkerchief——"

"Naturally."

"And you, my friend?"

"I saw him enter and followed."

This was strictly within the truth. Lanyard had now no doubt Dupont and the man who had reconnoitered from the servicedoor were one. But it was no part of his mind to tell the whole truth to Liane. She might be as grateful as she ought to be, but she was still Liane Delorme—a woman to be tested rather than

"I must tell you. But perhaps you knew there were agents

de police in the restaurant to-night?" Liane's head described a negative; her violet eyes were limpid pools of candor. "I am so much a stranger in Paris," Lanyard pursued, "I would not know the part I thought you perhaps..."

them. But I thought you, perhaps—"
"No, no, my friend; I have nothing to do with the police. I know little about them. Not only that, but I was so interested in our talk, and then inexpressibly shocked, I paid attention to nothing else."

"I understand. Otherwise you must have noticed who followed me."

"You were followed?"

And she had found the effrontery to chide him for lack of faith in her! He was in pain—for all that the moment seemed amusing.
"We were followed, I assure you," Lanyard replied gravely.

"One man or two-I don't know how many.-in a town car."

"But you are sure?"

"All we could get was a hansom drawn by a snail. The automobile, running without lights, went no faster, kept a certain distance behind us all the way from the Place Pigalle to the apartment of Mademoiselle Reneaux. What have you to say to that? Furthermore, when Mademoiselle Reneaux had persuaded me to take refuge in her apartment-who knew what they designed?-one man left the automobile as it passed her door and stood on watch across the way. Could one require better proof that one was followed?"

"Then you think somebody of the Préfecture recog-

nized Duchemin in you?"
"Who knows? I know I was followed, watched. If you ask me, I think Paris is not a healthy place for me." "But all that," Liane objected, "does not bring ou

'Patience. I am well on my way."

Lanyard paused to sip his brandy and soda, and, under cover of that, summon ingenuity to the fore; here a little

hand-made fabrication seemed required.

"We waited till about half an hour ago. So did the spy. Mademoiselle Reneaux then let me out by a private way. I started to walk to my hotel, the Chatham. There wasn't a taxi to be had, you understand. Presently I looked back and saw I was being followed again. make sure, I ran-and the spy ran after me. I twisted and doubled all through this quarter, and at last succeeded in shaking him off. Then I turn down this street, hoping to pick up a cab in the Champs-Elysées. sudden I see Dupont. He is crossing the street toward this house. He does not know me, but quickens his pace, and hastily lets himself in at the service-entrance. cidentally, if I were you, Liane, I would give my staff of servants a bad quarter of an hour in the morning. The door and gate were not locked; I am sure Dupont used no key. Some person of this establishment was careless or—worse."

"Trust me to look into that," said Liane Delorme

with ominous quietness.

"Enfin, in his haste, Dupont leaves the door as he found it. I take a moment's thought; it is plain he is

here for no good purpose. I follow him in. of this room tells the rest."
"It is no matter." The woman reviewed The woman reviewed the ruins of her boudoir with an apathetic glance which was, however, anything but apathetic when she turned it back to Lanyard's face. Bending forward, she closed a hand upon his arm. Emotion troubled her accents. "My friend, my dear friend, tell me what I can do to repay you?

"Help me," said Lanyard simply, holding her eyes.

"How is that-help you?"

"To make my honor clear." Speaking rapidly and with unfeigned feeling, he threw himself upon her generosity. "You know I am no more what I was once, in this Paris—when you first knew me. You know I have given up all that. For years I have fought an up-hill fight to live down that evil fame in which I once rejoiced. Now I stand accused of two crimes

'Two

"Two in one, I hardly know which is the greater: that of stealing, or that of violating the hospitality and confidence of those good ladies of Château de Montalais. I cannot rest while they think me guilty-and not they alone, but all my friends and I have made good friends in France and England. So, if you think you owe me anything, Liane, help me to find and restore the Montalais jewels."

Liane Delorme sat back, her hand lifted from his arm and fell

with a helpless gesture. Her eyes mirrored no more guile than a Yet her accent was that of one who remonstrates, but

with forbearance, against unreasonable demands. But how can I do that?"

And she had protested her gratitude to him! He knew that she was lying. Anger welled in Lanyard's heart, but he was able

to choke it down and let no sign of it show in manner of expression. "You have much influence," he suggested, "here in Paris, with people of many classes. A word from you here, a question there, pressure exerted in certain quarters, will help me more than all the powers of Préfecture and Surété combined. You know that."
"Let me think." She was staring at the floor. "You must give me time. I will do what I can, I promise you that. Per-

-she met his gaze again, but he divined something crafty



Lanyard was indifferent to the looks of triumph exchanged yourselves at my expense and

in her smile-"I have a scheme already in mind. We will discuss that in the morning, when I have slept on it."

"You give me new hope." Lanyard finished his drink, and made as if to rise, but relapsed, a spasm of pain knotting his face.
"Afraid I must have a cab," he said in a low voice. "And if you could lend me a coat of some sort to cover these rags-

And indeed his ready-made evening clothes had fared badly

in their first social adventure.

"But if you think I dream of letting you leave this house-in pain and perhaps to run into the arms of the police—you little know me, Monsieur Michael Lanyard!"

"Paul Martin, if you don't mind."
"The guest-chambers are there." She waved a hand to indi"The guest-chambers are there." You will find cate the front part of the house on that floor. everything you need to make you comfortable for to-night, and in the morning I will send to the Chatham for your things. Or, perhaps, it would be wiser to wait till we are sure the police are

not watching there for your return. But if they are, it will be a simple matter to find suitable clothing for you. Meanwhile, we You comprehend, shall have arrived at an understanding. monsicur, I am resolved; this affair is now arranged?"

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"I am well content, Liane." And that was true enough. Whatever she had in mind for him, she was only playing into his hands when she proposed to keep him near her. He managed to get out of the chair, and accepted the offer of her arm, but held back for a moment.

"But your servants "Well, monsieur, what of them?"

"For one thing, they sleep sincerely."



above his head. "Obviously," he observed, "you have not lured me aboard this yacht merely to amuse then knock me on the head."

"There are sound-proof walls between their part of the house and this. More than that, they are forbidden to intrude, no matter what may happen unless I summon them"

matter what may happen, unless I summon them."
"But in the morning, Liane, when they regard this wreckage.

I am afraid they will think me a tempestuous lover!"
"They will find me a tempestuous mistress," promised Liane Delorme, "when I question them about that open door."

XVIII.

BROTHER AND SISTER

The storm had passed off, an ardent noonday sun was collaborating with a coquettish breeze to make gay the window-awnings of the chamber where Lanyard, in borrowed pajamas and dressng-gown of silk, lay luxuriously bedded, listening to the purr of wide-awake Paris and, with an excellent cigar to chew on, rumitating upon the problematic issue of his latest turn of fortune, and not in the least downhearted about it.

The morning papers were scattered over the counterpane. Lanyard had diligently scanned all the stories that told of the identification of the murdered man of the Lyons rapide as the Comte de Lorgnes; and inasmuch as these were of one voice in praising the Préfecture for that famous feat of detective work, and not one line suggested that it did not deserve undivided credit, Lanyard had nothing to complain of there.

As for the Montalais robbery, it was not even mentioned. The restricted size imposed upon French newspapers by the paper shortage of those days crowded out of their columns everything

but news in true sense, and there could be none of that in connection with the Montalais affair until either André Duchemin had been arrested or the jewels recovered from the real thief or thieves. And Lanyard was human enough to be almost as willing to have the first happen as the last if it were not given to him to be the prime factor in their restoration.

While it was true he did not as yet know what had become of the Montalais jewels, he had gathered together an accumulation of evidence which. however circumstantial and hypothetical, supported acceptably to his intelligence a number of interesting inferences, to wit:

That Dupont had not left the neighborhood of the Château de Montalais, after haunting it for upward of a month, without definite assurance that he would gain nothing by staying on, or without an equally definite objective, some motive more inspiring than such simple sensuousness as he might find in assassinating inoffensive folk indiscriminately;

That his attempt upon the life of Liane Delorme within

That his attempt upon the life of Liane Delorme within twenty-four hours of the murder of de Lorgnes indicated conviction on his part that the two were coupled in some enterprise inimical to his personal interests;

That, in spite of his mask of a stupid pig, Dupont was proving himself mentally as well as physically an adversary worthy of all respect, and was—what was worse—still to be reckoned with; That, as Lanyard had suspected all along, the Monk party had

That, as Lanyard had suspected all along, the Monk party had been visited upon the Château de Montalais, through no vagary of chance whatever but as part of a deliberate design whose ulterior motive had transpired only with the disappearance of the jewels—to Dupont's vast but understandable vexation of spirit;

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That the several members of the Monk party had been working in entire accord, as a close corporation; in which case, the person whom the Comte de Lorgnes had expected to meet in Lyons must have been Monk, Phinuit, or Jules;

Consequently, that at least one of the last three named had been the actual perpetrator of the robbery; and by the same token Liane had lied in asserting that Monk and retinue had sailed for America nearly a week prior to its commission;

That Liane herself had not so suddenly decided to leave France, where she was after a fashion somebody, and journey to America, where she would be nobody, except in stress of mortal fear lest the fate that had befallen de Lorgnes befall her in turn-

as would surely have been the case last night but for Lanyard; That she must therefore have had a tolerably accurate knowledge either of Dupont's identity or of the opposition interests which that one so ably represented, and thus was better informed than poor de Lorgnes, to whom Dupont had been unknown, which argued that Liane's rôle in the intrigue was that of a principal, whereas de Lorgnes had figured only as a subordinate

That even if the woman did mean well toward Lanyard she was bound by stronger ties to others, whom she must consider first, and who were hardly likely to prove so well disposed, that her protestations of friendship and gratitude must be valued

Summing up, Lanyard told himself he could hardly be said to have let the grass grow under his feet since leaving Château de Montalais.

Now he found himself with a solitary care to nurse, the ques-

tion: What had her pillow advised Liane Delorme?

He was going to be exceedingly interested to learn what she, in the maturity of her judgment, had decided to do about this man who ingenuously suggested that she requite him for saving her life by helping him recover the Montalais jewels.

On the other hard, since Lanvard had quite decided what he meant to do about Liane in any event, her decision really didn't matter much; and he refused to fret himself trying to forecast it. Whatever it might turn out to be, it would find him prepared; he couldn't be surprised.

There Lanyard was wrong. Liane was amply able to surprise Ultimately he felt constrained to concede a touch to genius in the woman; her methods were her own and never

poor in boldness and imagination.

It was without ceremony that she walked in on him at length, having kept him waiting so long that he had begun to wonder if she meant to try on anything as crude as abandoning him, and posting off to Cherbourg without a word to seek fancied immunity in New York, while he remained in an empty house without money, papers of identification, or even fit clothing for the street -for, on coming out of his bath, Lanyard had found all of these things missing, the valet de chambre having made off with his evening clothes, presumably to have them pressed and repaired.

Liane was dressed for traveling, becomingly if with a sobriety that went oddly with her cultivated beauté du diable, and wore, besides, a habit of preoccupation which, one was left to assume, excused the informality of her unannounced entrance.

"Well, my dear friend!" she said gravely, halting by the bedside.
"It's about time," Lanyard retorted.

"I was afraid you might be growing impatient," she confessed. "I have had so much to do.

No doubt. But if you had neglected me much longer, I should have come to look for you regardless of consequences.

"I have sent for clothing for you," she said absently. "It should be here any minute now. We only wait for that."
"You mean you have sent to the Chatham for my things?"
"But certainly not, monsieur!" Liane Delorme lied without perceptible effort. "That would have been too injudicious. It appears you were not mistaken in thinking you were recognized as André Duchemin last night. Agents of the Préfecture have

been all day watching at the Chatham, awa'ting your return."
"How sad for them!" Inasmuch as he had every reason to
believe this to be outright falschood, Lanyard didn't feel called upon to seem downcast. "But if my clothing there is unavailable,

I hardly see-

"But naturally I have commissioned a person of good judg-ment to outfit you from the shops. Your dress clothes—which seemed to suit you very well, last night-gave us your measurements. The rest is simplicity: my orders were to get you every-

thing you could possibly require."
"It's awfully sporting of you," Lanyard insisted. "Although it makes one feel—you know—not quite respectable. However, if you will be so gracious as to suggest that your valet de chambre return my pocketbook and passports-

"I have them here." The woman turned over the missing ticles. "But," she demanded, with an interest which was unarticles. dissembled if tardy in finding expression, "how are you feeling

"Oh, quite fit, thank you."

"In good spirits, I know. But that wound-

Lanyard chose to make more of that than it deserved; one couldn't tell when an interesting disability might prove useful.
"I have to be a bit careful," he confessed, covering the seat of

injury with a tender hand, "but it's nothing like so troublesome

as it was last night."
"I am glad. You feel able to travel?"

"I am glad. You feel able to travel?"
"Travel?" Lanyard made a face of dismay. "But one is so delightfully at ease here, and since the Préfecture cannot possibly suspect— Are you, then, in such haste to be rid of me, Liane?"
"Not at all. It is my wish and intention to accompany you."

"Well, let us trust the world will be broad-minded about it. And-pardon my not rising-won't you sit down and tell me what it is all about?"

"I have so little time, so many things to attend to."

Nevertheless, Liane found herself a chair and accepted a

'Does one infer that we start on our travels to-day?"

"Within the hour; in fact, as soon as you are decently clothed."
"And where do we go, mademoisel!e!"

"To Cherbourg, there to take passage for New York." Fortunately it was Lanyard's cue to register shock; it would

have cost him something to have kept secret his stupefaction. He sank back upon his pillows and waggled feeble hands, while his respect for Liane grew by bounds. She had succeeded in

startling and mystifying him beyond expression.

What new dodge was this that cloaked itself in such anomalous semblance of good faith? She had not known he was acquainted with her plan to leave France; he had discounted a hundred devices to keep it from his knowledge. And new she not only confessed it openly, but invited him to go with her! In the name of unreason—why? She knew, for he had owned, his possessing purpose. He did not for an instant believe Liane Delorme would fly France and leave behind the Montalais jewels.

But conjecture was too idle. Liane was too deep for him. Her intent would declare itself when she willed it should, not before, unless he could lull her into a false sense of faith in him,

trick her into betraying herself by inadvertence-

But, my dear friend, why America?

"You recall asking me to help you last night? Did I not promise to do what I could? Well, I am not one to forget my promise. I know something, monsieur.'
"I believe you do!"

"You gave me credit for having some little influence in this world of Paris. I have used it. What I have learned—I shall not tell you how, specifically—enables me to assure you that the Montalais jewels are on their way to America."

"And I am to believe you make this journey to help me regain

What do you think, then?"

"I do not know what to think, mademoiselle. I am overwhelmed-abashed and humbled by contemplation of such generosity."

"You see, you do not know me, monsieur. But you shall

know me better before we are finished." "One does not question that." Nor did one! "But if I am to

sail for America to-day

"To-morrow, from Cherbourg, the first thing in the morning."
"Well, to-morrow, then. But how am I to get my passport

"I have seen to that. If you will look over your papers, monsieur, you will see that you are no longer Paul Martin alias André Duchemin, but Paul Delorme, my invalid brother, still suffering from honorable wounds sustained in the great war and ordered abroad for his health.'

To this Lanyard, hastily verifying her statement by running an eye through the passport, found nothing more appropriate than a wondering "Mon Dieu!"

"So, you see, everything is arranged. What have you to say?"
"Only that mademoiselle sweeps one off one's feet."
"Do you complain about that? You no longer doubt my de

votion, my gratitude?"

Do not believe me capable of such stupidity!

"That is very well, then. Now I must run." Liane Delorme threw away her cigarette and rose. "I have a thousand things Liane Delorme to do. And you understand, we leave as soon as you are dressed? "Perfectly. By what train?" (Continued on page 100 (Continued on page 106)



The story
of a masterpiece
that found a soul

By James Hopper

Illustrations by Herbert M. Stoops

HE sculptor and his wife had not always been sculptor and wife. When first she knew him, he was but a boy—and there, perhaps, lay some of the later unfairness. He was at that time but an active and gay lad, utterly devoid of any austere ambition. It was only now and then that his fingers, working without knowledge of his will, kneaded whatever was at hand—wet clay, or even bread-crumbs—into shapes of men or beasts. When some one, watching, cried out, he shook his head as if awakening, laughed, and with the flat of his strong palm, crushed out the forms which, for a moment, had trembled on the verge of life.

And she was but a girl. A joyous and tender girl who to his

And she was but a girl. A joyous and tender girl who to his love gave hers without question, as a flower turns its blue-eyed face to the sun.

That summer, the boy, just out of college, was working on a newspaper in a city, while the girl, with her mother and her sisters, was passing the hot days in the country. His "day off" was on Sunday and every Sunday he went up to her.

He took a train very early, and rose still earlier, passing the intervening time in an ecstasy of preparation which included an arranging and rearranging of his meager baggage—the pajamas, the swimming-suit, the flannels, the razor, the brushes, and the box of candy. The train went first across colored marshes still swept by the morning fog's light gossamers, then traversed a golden plain drenched with clear sunlight, then climbed into the hills. It was a slow little train. It puffed and lurched along its narrow-gage track; it advanced uncertainly along the high trestles, swaying from side to side like a man walking a slack wire; it scratched and screeched round the curves and was long in the black tunnels. But the boy felt no impatience, only a

calm and sweet certitude. Once well within the hills, the stops came more often. Gay tents showed among the trees; the station platforms were thronged with light-gowned maidens and bare-armed lads come for the mail, or for some visitor; and all this happy agitation went well with the holiday spirit that filled the boy's whole being.

Finally, though, his heart began to beat hard. The train hal-

Finally, though, his heart began to beat hard. The train hallooed across a road, checked with a hiss, then clanging came to a halt. There was no platform here. Only a stile opening on a wide yellow field. But the girl was at the stile. Her widebrimmed hat was like a halo about her gentle face, and her blouse was low; and the boy felt like a ship which has traveled far seas and drops anchor in the home lagoon.

They crossed the yellow field toward the high blue trees beyond, and when they had reached the first tree, stopped for their first kiss.

They might have remained there forever, beneath that first tree, had not a bell sounded down into the cañon, rung by the girl's mother, vigilant for the comfort of the guest. Lunch had been set out upon the veranda, beneath the azaleas and the sky, above the river's murmur. The boy's and the girl's eyes met often across the red and white cloth. Each time this happened, their throats tightened a bit. They spoke little, a dreaminess heavy upon them.

They lingered a while afterward to be polite, sitting in the hammock and swinging their feet till they thought surely a decent time had passed, then slipped down to the canoe and the river.

The river wound along the bottom of a deep canon. The boat, sliding along together with the lustrous green sheet, brushed the

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Delorme d things ressed?" page 106)

wet rock and the long dripping Then the river opened ferns. out to the blazing sunlight and the boat went dancing down rippling shallows till it was seized by another deep pool where, left to drift with poised paddle, it circled slowly, with a smooth, fatal motion.

The boy and the girl wan-dered thus down river, landing now and then on small explorations. She was wise in all things that grow; and while he took in landscapes in large sweeps, she, peering smilingly about her, saw beauty in small details. She loved all things that were small —small beasties and flowers. She called them "baby" things -a baby bird, a baby roseeven a baby star.

They came thus to the island they called their island. It had a doll-size beach upon which the canoe grated to a standstill, immediately disappearing then within the droop of the long ferns that grew in the wet rocks to the left and the right. One tree rose in the center; its branches spread low, almost to the ground, and met there the lush grass which grew high. Once under the tree, down in the grass, the boy and the girl vanished.

About the secret, shadowy retreat, the yellow afternoon blazed; it passed in long palpitations of heat and light.

In the evening, the boy and the girl walked to the village for the mail. The mountain road wound between high blue trees dripping with fog, but sometimes the sky was clear and the stars flashed strangely between the high shafts. The boy and the girl stopped now and then and stood still, clasped in the immense night, and trembled a little to the almost unbearable ecstasy of their happiness.

The boy slept in the cottage that night. It was delicious, after the noisy black week in the city, to sleep in the cottage, in the small room with its fresh piny smell, with its white curtains flapping to the mountain wind so that, in the deepest of one's slumbers, one was still conscious of a light, cool caress. there was something else upon which the boy did not allow his mind to dwell, which he kept in a white vagueness. Her room was next to his. Only a thin partition was between them. while he heard small rustlings as of a bird in a cage. And when he turned to sleep against the partition, she was on the other side; across the partition they slept heart to heart.

The next morning, after the early rising and the early breakfast, there remained still two hours before his train.

They tried to pass this time as they had the yesterday. a torpor now was upon them, a heaviness of dim pain; their gestures were slow and their enterprise gone.

Above their heads, within their hearts, a shadow grew. Finally,

it was so black and so near that they must speak.

"There is only half an hour," he said. "I must pack."

"Yes; you must pack," she echoed desolately.

She helped him pack his bag. He said good-by to the mother and the sisters. Then slowly the two went across the clearing the clearing so golden yesterday, so gray to-day-and reached the stile where yesterday she had waited so happily. waited now in silence, their throats a little tight.

The train came yelling around the curve, roared across the long trestle. It stopped before them; the boy got on; it started puffing away.



"Oh, dear, don't you see-don't you see?" she wailed. "Don't you see my lamp lit at night? I have read and read, but can't forget."

"Good-by!" the boy cried from the platform. "Good-by!" the girl cried, and threw him a kiss with both her hands.

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Such was that summer—that brief summer.

They did not question; they did not think. In their love there They felt their bodies and was no turbulence and no stress. their souls being brought smoothly and strongly together by an irresistible power-by that same calm insistence which rules the movement of the stars.

The boy and the girl were married, and for two years were Then there came to him the sculpturing madness.

Beautiful He dreamed all of the time of carving and molding. shapes sprang before his eyes, remained a while as if in invitation, then, neglected, vanished. He ached to give them perma nence; in his fingers was the feel of plastic clay. And he hated his daily work, and a somber resentment grew in him at the thought of his daily life.

Finally he could stand it no longer and confided in his young

"I am going to leave this work," he said. "I hate it; I'm smothering. I want to mold and carve; I want to create.

Up to this time, whenever he had proposed anything, she had chimed in with a sort of passionate gladness.



A tremendous disappointment in her filled him, and with a stubborn finality he decided that he would never let her see his work again.

now she hesitated. A little wind of fear seemed to breathe

upon her.
"Oh, Charles!" she murmured, breathless, and both her hands, telenched, pressed her breast. "Isn't it a risk?" she added. lenched, pressed her breast. "Isn't it a risk?" she added. Isn't it a great risk to take? We must think of Dolly now. It n't as before.

Dolly was their first chiid, and was now a year old.

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"I can't go on in this way," he said darkly. "I can't-any

She looked at him, silent for a moment, astonished at his

chemence, then understood.

"Why, dearest," she exclaimed, "I did not know—why, earest, I had not the slightest idea! Why, of course, if you are nhappy, we must change. Oh, I did not know at all that you ere unhappy!"

They made their plans to go out into the country, where a mple life, with few calls, might give him freedom for his new nture. And scheming thus, her old enthusiasm for his wishes turned, and soon, at the picture of their new life, she was incing like a child. ancing like a child. But, somehow, her moment of hesitation ad pricked his heart, and, later, he remembered it.

The enterprise from the first was an easy success. He molded aceful statuettes which won almost immediately the popular over. They sold readily; he produced easily; the sculptor and his wife were almost rich. Every morning, as he set hungrily to his work, he thanked the courage which had led him to follow his instinct and to answer the call within him. Then, insensibly, he passed on into another phase.

Disquiet again possessed him; he suffered with a dissatisfaction which, although dim at first, stirred uneasily within He lost taste for what he was doing; he began to dislike what he was doing.

It all seemed to him weakly pretty-pale, pink, and soft. He hated it.

New visions came obscure and tormenting. Of a another sort of beauty. Of a hard splendor kneaded out of the very bone and blood of Life. Out of its terrors and its aches.

He ceased to work; for a long time he was inert, as if stunned.

Then, one day, he went out to a near-by quarry, and toiling all day like a demon possessed, he cut out for himself a block of stone which he dragged home as a caveman would drag a beast to his lair.

Early the next morning, he attacked the block of stone with hammer and chisel. For weeks, he worked in a whirl. And when he had finished, the thing he had done filled him with exultation and a kind of The figures dancing terror. round the core of stone were like nothing he had ever seen done by man. He felt at once like an angel and a fiend-like an angel working in the Pit. But it was beauty! Every drop in his veins sang that loudly. Delirious with joy, he called his wife with great shouts, and showed her what he had made.

This time, there was no doubt about it. Her eyes widened and widened as she looked. Her

two hands went to her breast, which shrank from their following Her lips parted, and she breathed fast. She was afraid. And then, in a tone part doubt, part fear, but still more a tender, a despairing remonstrance, she murmured, "Oh, Charles!"

A tremendous disappointment filled him, and at that very moment, with a cold implacability, and stubborn finality, he decided that he would never let her see his work again, that he would shut her out entirely from his work, from his plans, from his dreams, from the regions of his mind. He would never show her anything again; he would never speak to her of anything

This resolution he was unable to hold; their old habit of confidence was too strong. But it was the first of many which grew stronger and stronger. The second was made a little later. The dealer who had been buying his statuettes came down to see the new work. He walked around it several times, was evasive and non-committal, and a few days later wrote an embarrassed and tortuous rejection. When the letter came the young wife said tortuous rejection. nothing, was careful to say nothing. But this very care in some way linked her in his mind with this dealer who was denying him his rights, who denied him his right to follow his vision. It linked her with all the vast enmity which he now foresaw across his path.

He still could not hold himself from showing her what he was doing because of his yearning for some sort of reassurance. his vision was not yet clear; he strove in obscurity, urged by an inexplicable torment toward consummations only dimly divined.

He had a childish need of praise. But whenever he called her gladly into the big barn which was his studio, and with shining eyes lifted the veil, he felt he had been trapped, and swore to himself he would never be again. For in spite of what she tried to say in praise, or still more because of what she tried to say in praise, he saw clearly the doubt in her eyes, and the reservation, and distaste, and fear.

At last, one day, she broke down and began to weep.
"Oh, why—oh, why, lad dear," she cried, "don't you make
the pretty things you used to do? The gentle, the sweet things? We were all so happy then-so happy, so tranquil, and so safe!"

A helplessness made his arms fall limp down his sides. "'Safe?' he muttered. "'Safe?' Aren't we safe?" "Oh, dear, don't you see—don't you see?" she wailed. "Don't you see me worry and worry. Don't you see my lamp lit at night? I have read and read, but can't forget. And I have counted and counted, and it won't come right!"

She turned and ran away, then in a minute came running back, her apron full of small papers which she threw down before him: And looking gloomily, he saw that they were bills-tradesmen's bills, the bills of the butcher and the grocer and the baker—the petty symbols of life's inexorable exactions.

"Oh, dear, don't you see, don't you see why I worry so?"
Slie was almost kneeling to him now. "Oh, I have worried and worried! Please make some of the little statues that you used to make. Please! Some of the pretty ones that I

Compassion filled him at the thought of the trouble she had suffered so secretly, so much alone. He took her in his arms and begged her forgiveness. Soon she was laughing; she was the little girl of yore. And it was settled that he should let go his present work and start one of the old statuettes right away

He was still filled with tenderness and with remorse when he began. But, as he worked, this soon fell away. He disliked what he was doing; he hated the pink prettiness of it; he toiled in a sort of nausea. His mind kept going back with regret to the work at which he had been busy when interrupted, to the hot fever that had possessed him, then. But whenever in a rage he decided to drop the statuette and return to the big work, immediately he saw the army of bills spread like a barrier of small white fiends across his way.

Then a new picture came to him. It was of her. She stood out in front of that army of fiends. She was their spokesman;

she was their representative; she was their vicar.

He toiled on, darkly fuming, at the detested task and black-

ened his heart with bitterness of her.

He finished the statuette and sold it. Then he discovered that, to satisfy the tradesmen, he must make two more. And when he had finished these, and tried to return to his original project, he found his feeling for it gone and fretted in torment for several days before it came back to him.

Finally he was plunged once more in the absorption of his gropings toward a goal he did not yet clearly see. Here again was torment, squirmings as of one bound in ropes. sense of harmony with something deep-rooted within him-a

prefound satisfaction of some profound instinct

Out of this absorption he felt himself being slowly drawn, as at the end of a cable being wound, the diver gradually and irresistibly is drawn out of the sea. In spite of his resistance, the unhappiness of his small wife began to pry itself into his consciousness. Shutting tight his eyes, he still saw the harried expression, tears held back, the lamp burning at night, the haunted eyes. And then, finally, she was speaking of it again. Almost kneeling to him, she was begging, she was beseeching:

"Oh, dear, please stop making those terrible figures! Oh, dear, please work as you used to do-as you used to do when we were Please do something pretty, and gentle, and happy!"

Pity for her again surged in him. But this time, somehow, a part of his being was left above pity's high tide. That part of him watched her, detached, as she pleaded. She was pleading desperately. Not only as if some great danger threatened her, threatened them all, but as if she were seeking to save him from a peril particularly his. As if—yes, that was it!—as if she were wrestling with a demon for his very soul.

There was no other way. But what she asked must be done. Her voice was the voice of a thousand implacable necessities.

And this became their life—the life of those two who, not so

long ago, had been a boy and a girl playing along a stream, in the delicate ecstasies of a very simple love.

Their life became a fight. A ceaseless subterranean fight.

Their life became a fight. A ceaseless subterranean fight. A supreme passion had taken hold of him and of this passion she was the enemy. She stood ever across his path.

Or, rather, she was behind him, about him, always, plucking at him, holding him, diverting him to one side, to the other, paralyzing him.

"Boy, boy! Stop! Halt! Come back and do this; come back and do that! We need clothes, we need shoes! We need bread

and meat!'

Behind her were all the small yelling innumerable exactions of She was their voice; she personified them all. She was the head and forefront of the gigantic conspiracy against his dream. Thus, in his worse moments, he brooded-and in his best,

found dregs of the broodings still in his soul.

Even with some of her most innocent small ways, she fought

him—and forced him, in his ceaseless defense, to cruelty.

She had a habit of coming in on him in the morning as he worked. Seized with a sudden loneliness in the midst of her house duties, she rapped at his door and slipped in for a moment's

gav chat.

Once, in earlier days, when, with facile ambition, he worked easily, sure of himself, he had taken delight in those charming interruptions. But now he would be fighting with himself, toiling toward an effect of which he was not certain, almost beyond his strength, all his faculties stiffened in resistance to innumerable insidious whisperings which counseled surrender, which counseled renunciation, which said, "Quit; give up; return to the case, to the peace of former days." Her appearance at such a moment placed in him at once a panic and a rage. He felt, to this last dissolving factor, the fag-end of his resistance oozing out of him by every nerve-and quickly, harshly, before it would be too late, he rebuked her, rebuffed her, harshly and cruelly.

She could never understand this, could never learn; she always returned. She could not bear to be alone; and when, with the children gone to school, the house grew too silent, she made for him yearningly-to be rebuffed and rebuked, to have the door

shut upon her wistfulness.

Meanwhile, life was passing. After childhood, which is a delicious century, and after youth which, though a pause, already flows much faster, then life takes hold of you and simply whirls you down the years.

As if into a tunnel, you enter the absorption of your work— and lucky he whose work is a happy fever, or he whose work, even if a torment, is toward a great light. But whether it is or not, this is true: your work seizes you and all things grow dim. In action you cease to be.

And the months begin to go round fast as the paddles of a

paddle-wheel.

It is the period of things left undone, of gracious impulses left

"I have not seen him for a long time," you think of the friend.

"I must look him up." And you do not do it.

"He is old and alone," you think of an old teacher. "I tainly must go see him some day." And you do not do it. "I was unkind to her to-day. I must learn to be more gentle."

And you put off the time.

You think you are delaying these things simply a few days while, as a matter of fact, years pass, whole lives pass. And suddenly the friend is dead, and you have never gone to see him: and the old teacher is dead, and you have never let him know you had a thought for him; and she to whom you were unkind has slipped away beyond the reach of reparation or atonement.

Thus time was passing for the sculptor.

In the midst of his duel with his wife, he bore with him always a vague uneasiness akin to remorse.

All of the time, whatever he might be doing, at the back of his head was a picture of her toiling in poverty—caring for the chil-

dren, cooking, nursing, washing, digging, scrubbing.

He saw her losing her color, her girlish grace, her youth and And his mind not quite on what he was saying, abstracted, he would say to himself: "I must change all that. must give her ease and comfort; I must preserve her girlish

But he did not realize how the years were passing. He thought that mere weeks were passing while years were passing, and he

changed nothing.

Dimly, though, he was always aware of her.

He saw her, held to drab toil, constantly rebuked in innocent

sallies toward joy.

She liked to come into his studio when lonely. He shut her She liked to visit the neighbors. He frowned upon this. She liked to go out evenings to small socials, to small dances, of even to the play in the theater of the near-by town, which itinerant actors opened now and then for a one-night stand. But he would never go-which meant she did not go.

Why had this tender girl become the implacable enemy of his great desire, of his passion?

"Why did she fight me so?" the cry within him rang insistently. His eyes

strayed through the window, and suddenly he was answered.

Every afternoon, two hours before sundown, he set out for a walk. Now and then, wistfully, she asked him if she might go. He said, "No."

He saw all this, uneasy and troubled, but with his attention upon his work, hazily. He thought, "To-morrow I will change all that; to-morrow will be different." But he had no idea—with the exception of a rare, swift, fleeting suspicion, coming at long intervals—how the to-morrows were passing.

long intervals—how the to-morrows were passing.

Once he was given a direct warning. It was after the birth of her fourth babe. She was still asleep with the ether, and he was waiting at her bedside.

She slept there, very peacefully, like a child. She hardly breathed. Her upper lip, a little short, curved upward; she almost smiled.

Suddenly he saw that her hair was gray at the temple. Her hair, which she always wore low, had been brushed straight back by the purse, and at her temple, it was gray.

by the nurse, and at her temple, it was gray.

Panic seized him. He counted the years, and saw that the sharp suspicion which had pricked him at rare intervals was based on fact, that it was not weeks which had been going by so swiftly, or months, but years—a large part of her life. A sudden passion of pity shook him. "I must be very gentle with her,"

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hut her on this. nces, or , which stand. he thought. "There is still time; I must be very gentle with her." The phrase became a refrain which his lips whispered. "I must be very gentle with her," he whispered, over and over again. "Very gentle."

But of course, afterward, it was the same as before.

What happened finally, of course, was that she died. She should have been still a young woman, but she died.

Once more he stood at her bedside, but this time she was dead; and with stupor he realized that in the short time during which he had been saying, "I will change all that," her life had passed. It had not been a short time; it had been her entire life.

He could not say now, "I must be gentle with her." She had slipped beyond the reach of any gentleness.

had slipped beyond the reach of any gentleness.

She slept there beneath his eyes as she had done the time he had

had his warning. Her upper lip curved upward a little, childishly. She was a child, he reflected. She always had been a child, gentle and gay. And how she had struggled for joy, for innocent joy—how indomitably! Against his gray brute strength.

Now the hair on her temples was white. And the wonderful color was gone out of her face, and it held innumerable little lines. And this was the girl with whom he had drifted down river such a little time ago—the soft, radiant, tender creature, so beautiful and so frail.

She had become this. He had made of her this. Little by little, without let-up, he had bludgeoned her beauty, her youth, her gaiety, her innocent yearning for joy into this.

Thus her whole life had passed. Not a few months, not a few years, but her entire life—in toil, in poverty and joylessness.

He took hold of her arm and shook her a little. "Dolly! Dolly!" he whis-

"Dolly! Dolly!" he whis pered urgently.

But she did not answer, and in the lower part of her face, which rested on her breast, there was something like a stubbornness.

Then far within his soul something began to wail in deso-

late protest.

Why had she fought him so? Something within him began to cry that. Why had she fought him so—why had she fought him so?

Why had this soft, this tender girl become the implacable enemy of his great desire, of his passion? Why had she so fought his work and his dream?

"Why did she fight me so? Why did she fight me so?" the cry within him rang insistently.

Out of the silent room, the room so terribly silent, his eyes strayed through the window, and suddenly he was answered.

Out in the garden, among the flowers which she had planted, her children, his children, were quietly strolling.

They were four—the oldest daughter, just sixteen; the second, fourteen; the boy, nine years old, and the baby girl,

not quite three.

They were walking quietly to and fro among the roses. The boy went ahead, holding the baby by the hand; the girls followed after, their arms about each other's waists. And upon the three, upon the oldest, who was golden, upon the second one,

who was dark, upon the boy also, with his face frankly smudged with a recent outburst of tears, there sat the beautiful, restrained expression one sees on children conscious of doing a good deed.

He could see very well what had taken place. Rising early after the night of grief, the girls had put the house in order. They had awakened the brother, had made him understand what must be done, had helped him dress; they had bathed and combed

and made pretty the littlest one. They had said to the boy, "You must help us keep baby quiet."

And now they were strolling gravely outside, each one occupied, seeing that the house be hushed and at peace.

As he looked, they stopped in their tracks.

It was the baby who had stopped them. The baby, in whom there had been an uneasiness, who, in small dartings continuously escaped the patient boy, stopped abruptly and said,

"Now, I am going to my mamma."

The patient, tear-smudged boy knelt down to her in a gesture almost of despair, circled her with his arms and said,

"Sweet—mamma is asleep. She is very tired; we must not wake her, sweet. She is asleep."

The beauty of the group—with the little child at the base, the kneeling boy higher, and still higher, the second girl, with her arm still about her sister's waist, her dusky head sweetly inclined, while the eldest, erect, looked afar pensively, with golden head thrown back—the plastic harmony of it, the moral beauty of it, flashed suddenly into his consciousness with a strength that twisted his heart. And simultaneously, he knew. He was answered; he knew.

Why had she fought him so? Because of this—Because of this, there, before his eyes.

She had been creating this!

While he fumed over his miserable marbles, patiently, silently, she had been creating this—and how much more beautiful the rose of those cheeks, the satin of those skins, the light in the eyes, the light in the hair—how unutterably more beautiful than anything he had done, than his dead clays and cold stones and alabasters! He had thought himself resolute; how much more resolute

she had been! He had thought himself opposed; poor little girl —how desperate at times she

must have been!

And how much more of herself to her creation had she given than he to his! In all his gloomy strivings, in his conscious sacrifices, he had somehow held some measure; his health and his strength he had preserved. But she! She had given everything. Her beauty, her youth, her lightness, her gaiety, her joy. The shape of her body. Her life.

her body. Her life.
All, all, all—she had given all to this. To her masterpiece.

For a time, the sculptor con-

For a time, the sculptor consumed himself in restless selfreproach, in self-hatred.

Then he began to see with a clearer, a more fixed light.

He saw that the story of his wife and himself was simply the story of two poor beings in each of whom the Fates had placed an urge.

After the Fates had done this, there had been nothing to do. Each, with that supreme compulsion within him, had gone on as helplessly and fatally driven as two leaves in the center of a whirlwind.

Neither could have done otherwise than she did, than he did.

Remorse, revolt changed to pity—pity for both. And with this there came back to him the yearning to create.

A vision dwelt before his eyes, one of imperishable beauty—the group which his children had made, the day of the death, as,

in the garden, they quieted the little one. He picked up his tools, and in granite made solid forever that

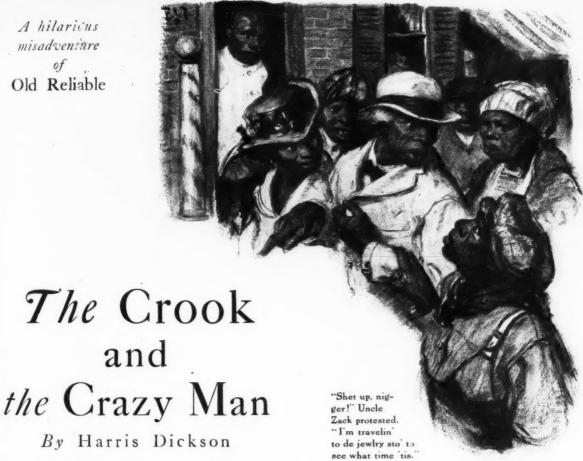
fragile vision.

And within a month, this man who, for years, in a fever, had vainly sought to force his view of beauty upon the world, found himself abruptly accepted. Like a high, clear flame, his fame leaped upward and has held the eyes of the world ever since.



WALT LOUDERBACK, the artist, who will illustrate the series of dramatic stories of the Northwest wilderness by James Oliver Curwood—beginning in next mon h's COSMOPOLITAN.

A hilaricus misadventure of Old Reliable



Illustrated by Edward L. Chase

FTER his first shrewd glance, the crook paid no further attention to an erect old gentleman who now entered the bank, shoving an even older-looking negro ahead of him.

"Get in, Zack," the planter laughed, giving Old Reliable a final push. "Get in. I'd rather try to corral a mule's ear full of loose fleas."

"But, Cunnel, I was comin' all de time—jes' tarried to 'sult wid a lady what's strugglin' to git married."

Being Southern-born himself, Clanton, the crook, recognized this antique pair; and while bygone generations did not interest him, the ruddy-faced Colonel Beverly Spottiswoode, immaculate in linens, Panama, and dangling eye-glasses, was not the kind

of man to be overlooked.
"Here, Zack," he said; "let that woman alone. You must take some money to Nathan—
"But, Cunnel, I——"

"No 'buts' about it. Nathan's waiting at the train to ship

my pickers to the plantation."

This the crook saw and heard subconsciously; it was his trade to see and hear what went on. At any other time, he might have studied Colonel Spottiswoode as an object of prey; but now his faculties were exclusively occupied with another man of the class who preyed upon him. Matt Clanton, expert forger, had recognized him when Thorkell, with his flaming red necktie, first stepped into the bank and passed behind a mahogany railing to the vice-president's table. And the forger felt a premonition that the detective was following his trail; otherwise it that the detective was following his trait; otherwise it seemed an unfortunate coincidence that two such noted specialists should strike Vicksburg on the same day. This hunch became a certainty when he saw Thorkell exhibiting to Mr. McCoy a photograph of which he caught a glimpse sufficient to recognize himself. But nobody else would have iden'ified him. None except a trained and suspicious eye could have detected a resemblance between the pattily dressed young crook in the resemblance between the nattily dressed young crook in the photo and the sedate gray-bearded stranger who now leaned against the customer's desk.

Matt Clanton was eying Thorkell and thinking mighty fast when old Zack shuffled in between, hung over the rail, and beamed upon the vice-president,

"Howdy, Mister McCoy; howdy? Did you see me yistiddy

Howdy, Mister McCoy; howdy? Did you see me yistiddy leadin' mofe'n a milyun niggers in de peerade? My hoss had his tail all tied up wid blue ribbins."

"Sure! Everybody saw you." McCoy gave him a kindly nod, but went on talking with Thorkell as Zack moved along to pay a social call upon the teller. Whatever might have been his reluctance about entering the bank, it was plain that Zack had come to the house of his friends.

had come to the house of his friends.
"I beg your pardon, sir," a courteous voice spoke at Clanton's side as Colonel Spottiswoode picked up a tab of blanks upon which the forger had been resting his elbow, and began to write. From force of habit, Clanton noted his clear bold signature: "Beverly Spottiswoode." Then the colonel glanced up and asked.

"Oh, Charlie, what's the amount of that labor memorandum?" "I have two of them, Colonel," the teller answered. "One for a hundred and forty-seven, the other for three hundred and

"Forty-seven? I thought it was pity-seven. The his check across the middle, Spottiswoode let it drop into the his check across the middle, Spottiswoode let it drop into the his check across the middle, Spottiswoode let it drop into the his check across the middle, Spottiswoode let it drop into the his check across the middle, Spottiswoode let it drop into the his check across the middle, Spottiswoode let it drop into the his check across the middle, Spottiswoode let it drop into the his check across the middle, Spottiswoode let it drop into the his check across the middle, Spottiswoode let it drop into the his check across the middle, Spottiswoode let it drop into the his check across the middle, Spottiswoode let it drop into the his check across the middle, Spottiswoode let it drop into the his check across the middle, Spottiswoode let it drop into the his check across the middle, Spottiswoode let it drop into the his check across the middle, Spottiswoode let it drop into the his check across the middle, Spottiswoode let it drop into the his check across the middle in the his check across the his check a "Forty-seven? I thought it was fifty-seven." After tearing

wrote another for the correct amount, and called: "Come here, Zack. Hurry with this money to the Y. & M. V., and help Nathan ship those negroes to Sherwood. Here! Look at met?" Zack was making signs to a mulatto girl on the sidewalk, so the colonel turned him round. "Let that woman alone, and listen. After you give Nathan this money, go to the Carroll Hotel at twelve o'clock sharp, and ask for Mr. Duffy."

"Mister Which?" Zack kept twisting his neck toward the girl. "Duffy. He's bringing me a case of Bourbon—"
"Bourbon?" You say 'Bourbon'?" Zack now braced up and took notice, ignoring the woman.

took notice, ignoring the woman.

"The Carroll Hotel. At twelve o'clock. Now, don't forget!" "'Fergit!' Lordee, Cunnel, I'll be wakin' up in de middle o'

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dis night to smack my lips over de 'membrance o' dat Bourbon .-What you say de gen'leman's name is?

Which impressed it upon Zack as well as "Duffy. Duffy."

upon Matt Clanton.

"What time is it now, Cunnel? I better start right away." "No. Take this money to Nathan first; then go to the Carroll."

"Sholy, suh. Nathan fust." The girl outside kept beckoning, and Zack fidgeted as he shoved in his check to Mr. Downing who said, "Endorse it!" The teller was kidding him.

"Dorse which? How come?"

"Write your name across the back."

"Jes touch de pen? Or make ev'ything my own self?" "Endorse it yourself. This bank pays no money except to

responsible persons." 'Sponsible. Yas, suh. Dat's me."

No woodchopper ever grasped an ax more rigidly than Old Reliable gripped his pen, and nobody could occupy more desk territory with two sprawling arms; nobody ever clomped his jaw with intenser determination, or sweated more copiously, or breathed harder on the down strokes until this responsible person had laboriously constructed "Zack Foster, Esq." plain as a rail fence. The forger watched every line, to Zack's final crossing of his "t"—like the setting of a top rail in position. Then Zack presented his certified document, just as Colonel Spottiswoode halted at the doorway and said,

"Oh. Charlie! I may send Zack for that other three hundred and twelve. Please give it to him in tens, with twenty in ones,

and twenty in change. "All right, Colonel."

His bane and his antidote came hand in hand to Matthew Clanton. The same inscrutable providence which had set Thorkell upon his trail now pointed the path of escape. He noted that the easy-going Spottiswoode was in the habit of drawing his checks upon the ordinary counter-blanks, unnumbered and unprotected, and sending this ignorant negro to collect them. Aside from the urgent necessity of Clanton's predicament, no true sport could let slip such an opportunity

It might have seemed clumsy in the bearded stranger to knock a stack of blank checks from the counter; but when he stooped to pick them up, there was no awkwardness in the movement which transferred one tab to his pocket, and abstracted Spottiswoode's

genuine signature from the waste-basket.

Heretofore his most artistic successes--notably in the Warrington case, or that amazing affair of Judge Fennimore's will had been achieved by accomplishing what nobody except a fool or a Matt Clanton would have dared attempt. In his present ticklish position, with the keenest agent of the A. B. A. looking directly at him, a man less bold and resourceful would have passed out from the bank and vanished in some remote region. But Clanton did nothing of the kind, because he had no cash with which to vanish anywhere. After many rich coups all over the world, it seemed humorous for him to be stranded in Mississippi, not twenty feet distant from Thorkell of the red necktie and the black eyes. This distance must be made greater, much greater.

Yet Clanton's first step was to make it less by strolling to the rail and leaning over to consult the cashier about a possible investment in Mexican Petroleum, now quoted around a hundred and eighty-eight. By keeping both ears open, he caught fragments of what passed between Thorkell and McCoy: "Headed this way." "Watch every transaction." "Dangerous operator." And once, when Thorkell lifted his eyes, the forger never blinked beneath their casual scrutiny. Nor did he betray the slightest uneasiness as the dapper Thorkell rose and opened the small mahogany gate at his side, hunter and hunted brushing shoulders for a moment when Thorkell said, "I'll see you again, Mr.

McCoy.

Close behind Thorkell, Old Reliable emerged into the free, glad sunshine with the colonel's forgotten money in his pocket, and the colonel's unforgetable Bourbon in his mind. On such a morn of glory, immediately following his triumphal parade of yesterday, it seemed a shame for President Foster of the Marriage Benefit Association to be pestered with Nathan Hooter

and a gang of cotton-picking negroes.
"Huh!" he grumbled. "White folks' tomfoolery sho' is he grumbled. worrisome, wid me busy as I is. Now den, Miss Rubenia, I'll

cend to yo' case.

The starchy-looking yellow girl in the middy blouse and the gold tooth had a case which clamored for attention. She edged closer, confidentially closer, to Old Reliable, and snickered,

'Mister President, I aims to git married.'

"Ev'ybody do, Miss Rubenia.

It was no news that Rubenia Gilfoil aimed to get married: but this sympathetic president alone encouraged her to give

the harrowing details. She ducked her head and told him.
"Me an' Jim is been studyin' 'bout how nice 'twould be to have a big peerade, an' for you to pay our benefit in church,

"It's gran', Miss Rubenia; it's gran'."

"Den here's yo' three dollars an' thirty cents." She counted "Dat's de right dues, ain't it? out her dimes and quarters.

Old Zack tarried long enough to accumulate this handful of chicken-feed, then turned to depart when Rubenia grabbed him. "Hol' on, Mister President! I needs my policy right now.

Miss Rubenia craved her certificate of eligibility to spur a dilatory lover. If Jim, the oil-mill nigger, only realized that he'd get a parade like Simmy Hollister, with a bunch of insurance money waiting at the altar, then Jim might come to taw. It being impossible to shake Rubenia without a riot, Zack

glanced up at the bank clock and said,

'I got a 'gagement wid some high important white folks; but

come 'long to my office an' git yo' policy

Convoved by his latest lady candidate, President Foster went promenading along their grin-strewn route of congratulations. If it hadn't been for the loyal support of Zack's ears, and the wadded paper under its sweat-band. Zack's hat, which had formerly belonged to the colonel, would have now slipped down upon its present owner's shoulders; and the colonel's linen breeches were tucked up with two or three extra rolls about his But Zack wasn't considering his feet; his head soared into the Olympian blue. His shiny glass scarf-pin fitted him to perfection, and he marched with presidential pride in a pair of patent leathers that were slashed to ease his corns. Beside him. tip-tap-tip-tap, Miss Rubenia minced along on the highest of French heels and in the loftiest mood of exaltation.

The farther Zack passed from a white folks' neighborhood, the more effacingly did white folks' business pass from his mind—

except the noon engagement.

Benny," he inquired of a dish-faced boy who had returned from camp with an air of hauteur and a wrist-watch; "Benny, what time you got?

As Benny had never learned to diagnose a dial, he lifted his

decorated wrist and gave permission to, "Look for yo'sef, Mister President."

Old Zack squinted from the right and squinted from the left, then took roundance on the contraption; but from whichever point of view he examined it, Benny's watch persisted in remaining upside down.

Benny, what time you make it?"

"Dat's de railroad time."
"So 'tis. So 'tis." Zack nodded wisely and proceeded onward. From the Syrian's door-step a stumpy negro rose and came waddling towards him, like a chimpanzee walking on its hind Wash halted, and his tuck-tailed dog groveled on the pavement.

"Uncle Zack," spoke the uncouth hostler, "gimme six dollars."
"Six dollars!" Zack protested.
"Twarn't but two dollars "'Twarn't but two dollars

for ridin' yo' ole milk-waggin hoss."
"Wid fo' dollars' wuth o' ribbins in his tail." And Wash produced a crumpled bundle which burst open, emitting streamers of red and blue.

"Den dat's all right," Zack agreed, stuffing the ribbons into various pockets, leaving their ends to dangle as he darted across But the nimble Wash overtook him at the car-track the street. and persisted.

"Whar's my six dollars?"

"Shet up, nigger! I'm travelin' to de jewlry sto' to see what

"Gimme de money."

For one dignified moment, Old Reliable glowered upon the gorilla-built midget; then ordered him;

"Meet me at de bank whar I pays off for hosses an' sech. Go up dere an' wait.'

It pestered the president for this pecuniary nigger to keep hanging around while a swarm of enthusiastic members greeted him, and while Miss Rubenia Gilfoil blossomed out in rapture

at hearing herself discussed as a "filly with a chance."
"Come 'long, Mister President," she coyly urged; "an' make

out my policy.

Rubenia purred, and rubbed against him like an affectionate kitten; but Zack kept on talking and argufying with some new profanes that wanted to join. Time was made for slaves-until the twelve-o'clock whistles blew; then Zack jerked loose from Rubenia and tore through the crowd, with Wash and his dog behind him.

"For Gawd's sake, mister, don't snatch my hair off!" pleaded Uncle Zack, as Thorkell whirled upon him.

Troubles from the rear never bothered Old Reliable-not until they caught up. He traveled straight ahead, like a business man, with his single-barreled purpose aiming at a case of Bourbon. Instead of continuing one block farther to the bank, he disappointed Wash by turning up Clay Street, where he hesilated at sight of a gray-bearded stranger who appeared to be waiting for somebody on the sidewalk at the Carroll Hotel. Although Zack felt a hunch that this might be Mr. Duffy, he cantioned to the carroner. cautiously refrained from entangling himself until the stranger whispered,

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Rubenia d him.

"Follow me, Uncle Zack."
"Yas, suh. Yo' name's Mister Duffy?"

"Sh. Not so loud. And don't follow too close."

No second hint was needed to warn the crafty negro; for in these arid times nobody went round bleating with a brass band to advertise a delivery of liquor. They began as this knowledgy stranger did, who strolled off kind of careless, as if he had no particular place to go, and plenty of time to get there. With a wary glance, Zack made certain that nobody was spying—nobody except the wall-eyed Wash—then he trailed the mysterious Mr. Duffy.

Matt Clanton sauntered round the first corner to the right, some fifty feet ahead of Zack, who led Wash by ten feet, who led the dog by two. Just beyond the corner, Zack turned and

halted; Wash bumped into him, and the apologetic pup lay down with two legs in the air.

"Stan' back, nigger! Old Reliable pushed the hostler away and sniffed contemptuously. "Stan' You suffercates back! me. Ef you'd take a bath, yo' own dog would

bark at you."
"But I wants my six

dollars.

"Wait at de bank, I tole you," Zack whis-pered fiercely; "an' quit follerin' me.

Yet Wash continued to follow, at a less suffocating distance, until Zack dodged in behind the stranger at a dingy little boarding-house on the west side of Walnut Street.

For hours the sun had peeled the paint from a Boarding sign nailed to its gate-post; resin bubbled up from the planks on its blistering porch and stuck to Zack's feet as he crossed. Within the hot and narrow hallway, Clanton waited at the first door to the left, nodded for Zack to enter, and prudently closed the door. Old Reliable stood just inside the room, fumbling his hat and sweating. with tepid rivulets trickling down his back. and his shirt clinging tighter than a porous plaster. Both windows had their shades pulled low, although Zack saw nothing to hide, nor any cranny where a case of Bourbon might be stowed away. There was no closet and no wardrobe; neither

the skimpy dresser nor the miniature wash-stand would conceal so much as a cigar box. On the rickety table he saw a small suitcase, packed and locked. The tiny grate was no bigger than a swallow's nest; but had Zack probed it closely, he might have detected many bits of charred paper, all bearing the signature of Beverly Spottiswoode.

'Well, Uncle Zack"-Clanton held out his hand and recalled the negro's eyes from their wandering tour of inspection-"well, Uncle Zack, how's my old friend, Colonel Spottiswoode?"

Cunnel's gittin' on fine, thankee, suh. The bearded stranger seemed to be laughing at Zack with both his twinkling eyes as he remarked,

"I don't believe that you remember me?"
"Yas, suh, I does. I sho' does." And old And old Zack ransacked his inventive memory

"I'll bet a drink that you can't tell where you saw me last?"
"Pears like to me"—Zack wrinkled his anxious face in the
effort to win a drink—"pears like to me, I 'members yo' favor real good, 'cause I used to know some Duffys on Silver Creek."
"Now you're getting hot." Clanton led him gently as the

negro felt his way like a cautious mule.

De fust minute I sot eyes on yo' 'zemblance, I sez to myself, 'Zack.' sez I, jesso. 'Zack. dat gen'leman sho' is de image o' dem high-tone Duffys on Silver Creek.

At this the stranger broke into a laugh, "And it's been how long since you've seen me?"

"Lordee, Mister Duffy, I don't 'member which one o' dem little boys you was, 'scusin' de fack dat Marse Tom Duffy got



At the instant Clanton escaped through the window Uncle Zack saw the bare-headed

kilt right here at Vicksburg in dat oncivilized war. So co'se you mus' be Mister Winfiel' Duffy. An' I ain't seed you sence de cunnel had yaller fever at yo' pa's house in 'Seventy-eight."
"He came pretty near dying, too." Clanton felt safe in ven-

turing this statement, for he knew that Colonel Spottiswoode had not died, and that he now kept an account at the Merchants National.

It seemed a shame to take the money. Never in his versatile career had Clanton found a victim so eager to supply him with a

name and established character.
"You win!" he confessed. "Your memory's worth a drink." But Clanton had such a tussle with the lock on his suitcase that Zack got scared-maybe the thing wouldn't come open.

He squirmed around and kept gabbling,
"Heap o' times me an' cunnel talks 'bout what a nice little boy you was, waitin' on him so kin'—can't you git it open, suh? No kinder way? Jes' bust her open."

That wasn't Clanton's trouble; he must not expose his belong-

ings too conspicuously, and startle old Zack with a vision of the queer baggage carried by Mr. Winfield Duffy, of Silver Creek.
"Oh! Here she comes!" Zack exclaimed, when Clanton slipped

in his hand and caught the bottle's neck.

Unnecessary precaution! Far be it from Old Reliable to cherish evil-minded suspicions concerning the integrity of a gentleman who had just produced a quart. His tongue limbered as he followed to the wash-stand, where Clanton rinsed a glass, the only glass.

"An' I always is specified to cunnel, jesso, 'Cunnel, dat young

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lunatic in the doorway, and with a terrified yell he galloped over him like a stampeded steer

Mister Winfiel' Duffy is 'bleeged to grow up an' make a fine man-fine man-' No, suh; not so much water, thankee, suh.'

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By one of those happy inspirations which mold our destinies, Matt Clanton now did precisely the thing which forever stamped him as "quality folks." Instead of doling Zack's drink himself,

he set out the bottle and the glass, and nodded carelessly.
"Help yourself. And sit down." Although Clanton was comfortably seated, the negro kept his feet until the white man insisted: "That's all right. Sit down; we're such old friends. And help yourself.'

A ruddy glow went coursing through Zack's soul, and tingled at his very finger-tips as he reached out for the bottle.

'Ugh! Ugh!" He took a chair and relaxed into perfect peace. "He'p myself' Lordee! I ain't heared dem words for so long dat I mos' forgot how dey soun's. He'p myself! Mister Duffy, y'onderstan' how some folks ack? Sence dis here prohibition broke loose, ef a man do give you a drink he makes you stick out yo' tongue, an' feels yo' pulse, den draps two or three draps in a bucket o' water, an'—He'p myself! Lord! Lord!"

With steady hand, Old Zack tipped the bottle. He gloated

over its gurgle; he marked the sparkle of its amber beads; he watched the tide of rich red fluid rising in his glass-and wondered when he ought to stop.
"No; take a good one," Matt Clanton urged.

Thankee, suh. Good'n. B'leeve I will suh, ef you has a bundance.

Again the bottle tilted and again the tide rose, until Zack reluctantly shut it off, replacing the cork with extreme care and setting his precious botthe in the very center of

the table.
"I won't take nary chance 'bout knockin' dat over. No, suh. One time, Mister Duffy," he chuckled; "de year what Cleveland got hisself 'lected, cunnel was holdin' a rastification-party, an' I spilt nigh half a quart. Lordee! Sometimes I rouses up in de night an' has a cole sweat by jes' studyin' 'bout dat. Well, suh, here's a thou-san' years!"

That's what Colonel Spottiswoode always said; and upon ceremonial occasions the white-haired gentleman always stood erect, with bared head. So his carbon copy now got up and repeated, "A thousan' years!

A thousand years of warmth went oozing down Zack's throat; thousand years of brotherly love and geniality, and toleration for the faults of humankind. A thousand years of comradeship saturated every vein, and mellowed the remotest frontiers of his being.

'Does it taste good?" "'G o o d'?" Z a c k grunted. "Ugh! Ugh! It's nacherly on-possible for anything to be good as dat tastes.'

"I've got some better stuff for the colonel,' Clanton remarked with a wink. "Take ana wink. other.'

"'Nother? Does you mean it? Mighty few white folks gits axed to

take another, an' no niggers a-tall. Dese people cornsiders dat one thimbleful is plenty for a white pusson, an' none whatever is more'n 'nuff for a nigger. Even de cunnel done shut off his cellarette."

"Mine's wide open." Clanton drew the cork again.

"Mine, too." Zack's grin stretched his mouth into a hippopotamus cavity, and he talked as he poured, "It sho' was comercal how cunnel behave. 'Co'se ev'ybody knowed whar he kept his'n; dar 'twas in de cellarette, an' folks tuk what dey 'zired. But atter things come so tight, an' dis trapesin' backards an' forrards 'cross de river got busted up, dat's when folks commenced linin' up befo' de cunnel's cellarette—a lot o' trash what he ain't never 'lowed in his house. It riled de cunnel: so he moved all de licker out o' dat cellarette, an' filled it jam full o' books. Dat same evenin', here come some good ole frien's-which cunnel didn't even know deir names-an' 'lowed dey jes drapped in to say howdy do. Cunnel ack mighty perlite, an' talk a heap 'thout specifyin' nary word 'bout, 'What'll you have?' Dey wriggle an' twis' an' complain dat de Islan' Saloon done shut up. But cunnel never cotch on. Dreckly one of 'em sneak in de liberry an' peep inside dat cellarette. Mister Duffy, nigger as I is, I sho' felt sorry for dat white man, battin' bofe eyes at a lot of dickshunerries whar he speckted to fin' de revren' ole rye. He kinder stumble out on de gallery, an' say, 'Les's go, boys.' Den cunnel jes laff at de dus' dey kicked up, arrivin' away from his premises, whar dey ain't never returned back. Well, suh, here's a thousan' mo' years. Lordee, Mister Duffy, you sho' would live a powerful long time ef you kep' me hangin' 'roun'."

From unc. neath his bushy brows, through a pair of calculating gray eyes, Matt Clanton judged that he might tactfully

broach the proposition of cashing a small check.

"Drink hearty, Uncle Zack!" he smiled. "So the colonel cut out booze, did he? Maybe that's why a certain man told me that

Spottiswoode must be hard up? "'Hard up?'" Zack instant Zack instantly resented the slander. "No, suh; cunnel made a good crap dis year. Keeps him busy hirin niggers to pick it."

T'm glad he's doing so well." Clanton spoke with an air of ef. "Of course I wouldn't mention this to anybody except you, but old Spot sent me a check for more than three hundred to buy this Bourbon, and a certain man told me that his check might not be good?

Cunnel's check?" The sacrilege staggered Zack. "Was dat

a white man or a nigger what say dat?

"White man.

"Den I can't 'spress myself. But ef 'twas a nigger I'd jes'—I'd jes'—' To ease his feelings Zack gulped down the final drops and clutched his fingers round the glass.

This was the psychological moment when Clanton showed his check, drawn on the Merchants National, for three hundred and twelve dollars and bearing the excellent signature of Beverly Spottiswoode "Labor */c Sherwood."
"So you think this is all right?" he inquired, and passed it

over for inspection.
"Huh! Dat's better'n gole money in yo' pocket, cause yo' pocket mought have a hole in it.

"Bully! But how am I to collect it?"

"Lordee, Mister Duffy, don't you know how to git money outen a bank? Dat's de bes' thing I does. I jes' walks in, kinder busy-like, an' say, 'Mornin', Mister Charlie, 'an' shoves my paper 'cross his counter. Den Mister Charlie say, 'Dorse it'.' Coes I take the proposed in the control of the it.' Co'se I takes my pen in han' an' writes on de back side o' dat paper, 'Zack Foster, Esq.' Mister Charlie say dat 'Esq.' signify dat I'm a 'sponsible man."

"That's just it." Clanton confessed with embarrassment.

"The teller doesn't know who I am. And, besides, there's a man waiting round the bank to catch me, a man in a red neck-tie. He wants to confiscate that Bourbon."

tie. He wants to confiscate that Bourbon."
"Cornfistercate de *cunnel's* Bourbon?"—an outrage which had never offended Zack's imagination.

"Yes," nodded Clanton; "I saw him in the bank this very morning."

"In de bank? Red necktie? I seen him, too!" Zack sprang "Settin' in dere talkin' wid Mister McCoy. Mean-lookin white man.

"That's him," Clanton whispered. "And he's crazy."

"Crazy in de head?"

"Mad, raving mad. I dare not go to the bank."

Old Zack rose up and grabbed his hat.

"I'll git dis money. When I marches in dat bank, nobody

don't hinder me, nobody from Cap'n Billy down.

Full of red liquor and resolution, Old Reliable jammed his hat on tight and set forth to cash the check, while Clanton seated himself at the front window and peered out through a little crack beneath the shade.

Lots of times Zack had heard niggers complain about their troubles in getting money. That must be according to the nig-ger, for Zack had no trouble except to pass the sentinel, Wash, who was guarding the bank door. Even the crazy man, in Mr. McCoy's little pen, didn't try to bother him. Mister Charlie never asked a question, as he handed out a fat-looking envelop in return for the check which Zack passed in "Here you are, Uncle Zack," he said. "A

"All made up. The

colonel telephoned to have it ready.

Outside the front door, Zack collided with young Mr. Farley,

a clerk in the railroad office, who sprang from his taxi.
"Hello, Uncle Zack!" Farley exclaimed. "Where've you been? The colonel couldn't find you, and sent me to get this check cashed.

"Jes' han' it to Mister Charlie. He sho' do behave nice 'bout cashin' checks."

"Colonel's going to give you the devil."
"No, he ain't," Zack snickered. "Not when he taste what I'm gittin' for him." Then Zack hurried on, shooing Wash away from his coat tails and starting up the Crawford Street hill.

A forgery had caused no ripple in the bank. But the colonel's authentic check for the same amount, presented two minutes later, stirred up a storm; and Zack watched the first break of it through the side window.

When Joe Farley presented the second check, Mr. Downing said, "Colonel Spottiswoode has just sent Zack for this." Farley knew that the colonel hadn't seen old Zack for two hours, and had given him no check to cash. Their colloquy at the and had given him no check to cash. Their colloquy at the teller's window attracted McCoy, and then Thorkell. Placing the two checks side by side, Thorkell immediately detected the forgery, and believed it to be the work of Matthew Clanton.

"Where'd that negro go?" he asked.

"Out of the door," Downing pointed. "Not two minutes."

It was then that Zack, through the window, saw the crazy man running round inside like a terrier, looking for his hat; so Zack instantly remembered where his own hat was, on top of his head. He reached up and grabbed it, then lit out. Thorkell rushed from the bank not thirty seconds later. Zack had disappeared, but there stood Wash. Wash knew where he had gone.

When Old Reliable burst in at the door of Clanton's room, he flung down an envelop on the table and gasped, "Here's yo' money, Mister Duffy, but I'm 'bleeged to travel, cause dat crazy man's a-comin' right behint me." "Wait, old man!" Clanton grappled Zack's arm. "Take my

suitcase and run to the A. & V. station. Run. "I'll p'intedly run, suh."

"Then we'll get your case of Bourbon."

Almost at the moment when Zack took up Clanton's suitcase, he heard steps in the hall, and the bareheaded lunatic in the red necktie blocked his doorway. One instant Thorkell paused while the paralyzed negro squatted and stared; one instant Zack glanced behind and saw Clanton escaping through a window. Then the crazy man made a grab. Zack let out a terrified yell and slammed his suitcase into Thorkell's face, so unexpectedly that the white man went down, with Zack galloping over him like a stampeded steer.

No steer ever tore through a flock of sheep with less of resistance than Zack met in splitting the crowd of negroes at the gate-the grinning Wash among them. And Zack might never have landed in jail at all if it hadn't been for a gang of workmen who cut him off and loaded him into Mr. Shaw's

automobile, alongside of the red-necktied loony.

Of course any negro in his right mind knows better than to rile a crazy man; so Zack scrouged over to his side of the car, answering "Yes, suh" and "No, suh" mighty polite. Crazy folks are powerful sly. This one kept pumping Zack about men who stole money from banks, when all the time he was contriving a plan to get hold of the colenel's Bourbon. Their car rushed along Cherry Street, and Zack felt glad to be getting nearer to Mr. Aubrey Russell, who owned the jail-house.

"Look!" Thorkell stuck a photograph so close under his nose that Zack jumped. "Look at this. Do you know this

man?"

"Know him? I knows him real good. Dat's Mister Walter

"Harvey? Did he go by that name in Vicksburg?"
"Yas, suh. Mister Walter say he name was Harvey, an' o'
co'se I never 'sputed his word. But he gone now."

Gone where? Gone.

"Mister Walter give his railroad away, give it to a friend o' his'n, an' been gone to N'Yawleens nigh two years.

As the fretted Mr. Thorkell stepped from his taxi, Old Reliable waved a hand to the shirt-sleeved jailer who was sitting out front, and called, "Howdy, Mister Aubrey?"

Howdy, Uncle Zack? What are you doing up here?" "Me? Jes takin' a ride wid dis gen'leman. Hope yo' folks is well."

Thorkell had no time for civilities; he strode directly to Russell and asked,

"Are you the jailer?"

"Yes, sir.

"Then hold this man until I get back"-throwing aside his coat and exhibiting a badge. Old Reliable couldn't rightly get the hang of what lodge it was that the crazy man belonged to, but Mr. Russell appeared to set a heap of store by that badge, because he spoke up right prompt. "Very well, sir."

"Lock him in a cell, alone. Don't let anybody talk to him. I'll bring his accomplice in a little while. Keep this suitcase He gave orders like a man who thought he owned that jail,

and Mr. Russell asked, "What's the charge?"

"Forgery

At that, Mr. Russell laughed out loud and said,

"Why don't you charge him with piracy?" But Thorkell had

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The natural food

A whiff of the savor from off the fire! A plate set out before you, steaming its invitation! The first delicious, invigorating spoonfuls! And then the glow of pleasure and satisfaction that comes over you! Right from nature comes

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already climbed into the taxi and went rushing off.

'Mister Aubrey"-Zack warned the jailer by a nudge in the side—"better not prank wid dat white man. He's plum crazy in de head."

"Must be," Russell smiled, "to charge

you with forgery."
"An' I sholy is proud to 'scape away from him. Well, good-by, Mister Aubrey, I got to go down to de Y. & M. V. wid some money for Nathan Hooter." Picking up the suitcase, old Zack began to travel when the jailer stopped him,

You can't "Hold on, Uncle Zack!

leave here

"What ail me leavin'? My legs operates fine.

"But that's a United States officer." "Unity States? I ain't 'rested?"

"Yes. That officer may want to take you with him."

"Take me? Wid him? Lawd Gawd, Mister Aubrey, telefome for de cunnel. Git de cunnel, quick, quick!"

"Mister Aubrey! Mister Aubrey!" Old Reliable beat against the inside of his cell door and clamored, "Mister Aubrey, I

ain't contented in dis room." The jailer hadn't locked him up until the last moment when eh saw Thorkell and the chief of police approaching, with

another car behind that brought Colonel pottiswoode and the bank officials. Thorkell immediately strode into Russell's little office and demanded,

"Have the officers brought in my other man? The white man?'

"No, sir; not yet."
"That's all right, Mr. Thorkell," the chief assured him. "They'll take a little time, coming from O'Neill's Bottom." Maybe you'd better question the negro.

Ten minutes locked in a cell by himself had sobered old Zack into a serious view of human affairs when Russell led him before Thorkell for examination.

"Stand out there, old man, where I can you." Thorkell ordered sharply. "Now I want you to tell the truth."

"Yas, suh; dat's all I knows how to tell—jes' de troof, suh."

"Who gave you that suitcase?"
"'Suitcase?" Which suitcase "'Suitcase?' Which suitcase? Oh! You means dat'n which Mister Russell's got? Lemme see it." Most critically Zack examined the baggage before incriminating himself with the statement, Well, suh, ef I makes no mistake, dat's de very same gripsack what a white gen'leman gimme.

"What did he look like?"

"Oh! His 'zemblance? Now I knows what you means, suh. He was kinder tall an' scrawny-built, clean-shaved, wid a long freckled neck an' Adam's apple, an' sandy hair. 'Peared like he was lost on Washington Street when he say to me, jesso, 'Ole man, does you know whar de train goes to Bovina?' 'Co'se I does,' sez I, 'cause dat's de very same railroad what used to belong to Mister Walter Harvey. Den he say come to his bo'din'-house an' tote his gripsack an' he'll gimme two bits. But, mister, I never did c'lect my two bits, 'cause you broke up our trade.

"And you assaulted me," Thorkell

snapped.

No, suh; not me. You 'salted yo' own self, right down in de flo'. I jes kinder cased pas', an' lit out."

The colonel stared at Zack and knew that the negro was lying. But why? Then McCoy intervened,
"Mr. Thorkell, ask him about the

check?

"Very well. Old man, who sent you to cash that check?"

"Cunnel give it to me."

"Colonel Beverly Spottiswoode? This gentleman here?" "To be sho'. He gives me mo' checks

dan a chicken got fedders.' Young Downing felt anxious about the

mispayment, and pushed forward to ex-

'Not that first check, Uncle Zack, for a hundred and forty-seven, but the second one for three hundred and twelve?

"Oh! Oh!" the negro's face illuminated; "Dat'n what cunnel gimme dis las'

gone Chuseday week?"
"No! No! To-day. I paid you the
money in an envelop. Who gave you that check

"Hole still, Mister Charlie; hole still. Don't make me speak too brief. Lemme

study. Lemme ponder. The experienced crook-catcher was getting angry; in all this stalling, Thorkell saw the accomplice protecting the accomplice, after the world-old fashion of crooks. With an impatient gesture, he brushed

aside Mr. Downing and said, "Let me handle this man.

And he was just squaring himself to manhandle an obstinate negro when two policemen came stomping through the doorway, and, between them, Zack gasped to see his old friend, Mr. Duffy.

'Is that your man, Mr. Thorkell?" inquired the chief of police. Thorkell wheeled suddenly, pointed to Clanton, and shot the same question at Zack.

"Did you ever see that man before?" "No, suh; not me." Zack denied it "I ain't never sot eyes on him."

The bankers and the colonel seemed disappointed; so did the chief, who asked

"But, Mr. Thorkell, you can identify

For several minutes Thorkell did not reply; he was inspecting the capture. up and down, height, build, carriage. The beard was baffling, but there were certain characteristics' about the features that no disguise could wholly conceal. Breathless, with bulging eyes, old Zack peered out from behind Colonel Spottiswoode and followed every movement. Horror froze his blood as that crazy man stepped

forward and seized Mr. Duffy's beard.
"Ow! Ow!" Zack screamed when
Thorkell stripped off the false whiskers, leaving Clanton's face as naked as a jay-

"Lemme git out o' here, Cunnel! Lemme git out!" Zack yelled, and a barricade Zack yelled, and a barricade of policemen stopped him at the door. How are you, Matt Clanton?" said

Thorkell. "My health is excellent," the forger

answered quietly. As a well-trained hunting dog, the detective went about his business, searching Clanton and finding nothing unusual except the envelop containing three hundred and twelve dollars, unopened as it had left the bank.

"Clanton, from whom did you get this money?" Thorkell demanded.

But Clanton made no answer. If the

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Famous makers of dress fabrics and wash dresses tell how to launder them

The Pacific Mills have the largest Print Works in the world, where they produce an unrivalled output of Printed, Dyed and Bleached Cotton Goods. Their letter on how to launder Wash Dress Fabrics is of interest to every woman. At one exclusive shop in every city Betty Wales Dresses are sold. Every dress is correct in design and style, honest of fabric, and of full value. Read why these famous dressmakers advise laundering fine cotton frocks with Lux.

BOTH of these great manufacturers realize that no matter how fine its material and workmanship, a dress or blouse may be ruined by one careless washing. For their own protection, the Pacific Mills and the Betty Wales Dressmakers recommend washing cotton dress fabrics the safe Lux way.

Keep these directions. You will want to refer to them often. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

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Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a lather in very hot water. Let white things soak a few minutes in the hot suds. Press suds through. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters and dry in sun.

For colored cotton wash goods, have suds and rinsing waters almost cool. Wash very quickly to keep colors from running, and hang in shade.

Lux won't cause any color to run that pure water alone will not cause to run. Always press dotted Swiss on the wrong side on a well padded board. This makes the dots stand out.

Tucks should be pulled taut and ironed lengthwiser

Ruffles should be pressed by holding straight on the hem edge and then ironing up into the gathers. Nose the iron well in.

Embroidery and lace should be pressed on the wrong side.



Won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm



World's largest makers of printed Wash Fabrics give laundering directions

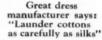
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We have used Lux in washing our printed wash fabrics and find that they retain their original colors and their smooth, even texture. The pure, mild lather quickly loosens the dirt without rubbing.

As manufacturers, we would be glad if all our customers would wash Pacific printed wash fabrics in Lux.

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We are interested to see that the Lux advertising is teaching women to launder their fine lingerie dresses and blouses as carefully as silk.

fine lingerie dresses and blouses as carefully as silk.

The colors in our wash dresses should be fresh and bright after many washings. When women ask if our colors are fast, we say that it depends largely upon the washing. No color is fast enough to withstand the brutal laundering that some people give their most delicate garments.

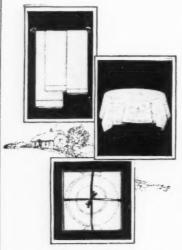
The Lux way of washing a

The Lux way of washing a garment without rubbing saves not only the color but the smooth surface of the fabric, the fine laces and embroideries that are on so many summer dresses, and the delicate handwork.

BETTY WALES DRESSMAKERS



Linen from Irish Looms—for Beauty and Long Wear



OU know that Genuine Irish You know that Ochume Yunen is beautiful—but do you know that it is economical, too? Both beauty and durability are woven into Derryvale Genuine Irish Linen. You can use Derry-vale Genuine Irish Linen every day in the year and save moneybecause Genuine Irish Linen wears and wears and wears.

Derryvale Presentations:

Damask table-cloths with napkins to match, in a wide variety of beautiful round designs—complete in pattern, but no more costly than linen by the yard. Towels in plain and figured hucks

that do not become shabby—that are hand-drawn for hemstitching and finished with hand-made eye lets to prevent raveling. And they do not lint.

Stamped linens in numerous designs and adaptations. daptations.

Art linen in white and natural colour—
y the yard.

Art linen in white and natural colourby the yard.
Hand-printed centerpieces and scarfs in delicate colouring, proof against tubbing and fading.
This guarantee of quality goes with each piece: "We guarantee the purity and durability of Detryvale Genuine Irish Linen. If any piece is unsatisfactory, return it to your dealer and have it replaced."
In most cities, at least one good store sells Detryvale Genuine Irish Linen.
Samples of linen for embroidery purposes and catalog of table-cloths sent free of charge on request. "How to Set the Table for Every Occasion", book, from your dealer or sent prepaid on receipt of 50c—check, post office or express money order.

DERRYVALE LINEN CO., Inc. 29 East 22nd Street, New York City Mills: Belfast, Ireland



loyal Zack could lie for him, then the forger felt in honor bound not to implicate the negro. Thorkell whirled upon Zack.

"Old man, you've got to tell me now, or I'll-" He lunged forward with threatening arm outstretched, while Zack used both hands to cover his head and pleaded.

"For Gawd's sake, mister, don't snatch my hair off! Don't snatch it off! Cunnel! Oh. Cunnel!"

The puzzled planter stared down upon him as old Zack cowered at his feet with such a beseeching look that Spottiswoode suggested.

"Mr. Thorkell, this old man is completely terrorized. Let me take him home and get the truth?"

"No! no!" Thorkell objected.

"That's best," McCoy insisted, and the chief of police backed him up until Thorkell gave unwilling consent.

'Very good; if the bank holds itself responsible for his appearance. "Sure," McCoy nodded.

The negro's big round eyes prayed up-ward at his own white folks as he rose experimentally from the floor and asked, Cunnel, kin I go now?"

"Yes. Get in the car."

For half the length of the room, Zack flattened himself against the wall until he had scraped past the crazy man, then darted out and climbed into the automobile. Yet he did not feel entirely secure until the colonel's powerful protection

loomed up beside him.
"Here, Zack," he said; "sit on the rear seat with me. Let's have a talk. Light this cigar; it'll quiet your nerves.

Smoking placidly together, they had left the jail behind them and were rolling through a street of residences before the colonel inquired,

"Zack, why did you lie about cashing that check?"

'Bleeged to, Cunnel. Dey had me pushed. An' you wouldn't he'p none. Ef I let on 'bout totin' dat money to Mister Duffy, c' co'se dat crazy man he'd strike a bee-line for yo' Bourbon."
"For my Bourbon?"

The colonel

seemed more puzzled than ever.
"Yas, suh. Dat's how come me got de money for dat gen'leman-to pay for yo' whisky."
"Oh!"

The colonel whistled softly. "That's the way he worked you?"
"To be sho'. Dat crazy man worked

ev'y kinder way to git his lunch-hooks on yo' Bourbon."

yo' Bourbon."
"Nonsense, Zack! Mr. Duffy sent my

stuff home two hours ago."
"Is you got it?" Zack sat up.
"Certainly. It's at home, I tell you." "Mister Duffy never tole me nothin"

Where did you see Mr. Duffv?"

"Dat's him at de jail-house-what got his whiskers snatched off."
"Oh!" The colonel whistled again.

"Now I understand."

For a while, Old Reliable lay back luxuriously on the cushions and breathed out his contentment in clouds of smoke. Presently he observed;

"Well, ef dat licker's at home, nothin' else don't make no diffunce. I sho' is proud I'm travelin' todes it. Cunnel, it makes a nigger mighty dry to be chasin' roun' town, an' chasin' roun' town, 'tendin' to white folks' business."

The colonel kept smiling, and considerately made no allusion to Nathan Hooter.

Are women naturally extravagant? Frank Ward O'Malley says they are, and takes a tour of the fashionable shopping district to prove it. Do not miss "The High Cost of Women"—in July Cosmopolitan

The Other Wife

(Continued from page 28)

Don't mind this letter, David. I know I should never have written it. If the play had succeeded and I had made a lot of money, I suppose I'd have been perfectly happy. And just because I have, in a way, failed, and am just because I have, in a way, failed, and am ill, here I am inflicting my troubles on you, just as I always did in the past. You used to say I never cared except when I wanted you to do something for me. Well—I want you to do something now. I want you to come and see me. About Constance. I'd like to take her South with me, but I can't, both because I haven't the money, and because I think she would be better off in school. What do you think? I want your advice. Come, if you can, at once, as I shall go away as soon as I feel a little better. The apartment is on the feel a little better. The apartment is on the third floor and there is no elevator, but perhaps you will not mind that. You might telephone, you will not mind that. You might telephone, if you are coming, and let me know, so that I can be ready to receive you. I stay in bed a

good deal, as the doctor says I should rest.
Well, come if you can. Perhaps your wife
won't mind—this once. And Constance will be very glad to see you.

Yours,

Irene Hunter mechanically folded up the letter and replaced it in its envelop. Her face was very pale, her eyes, half closed, unseeing. She sought to picture, mentally, her husband, sitting beside the bed of this woman who pleaded illness in order to draw him back to her, sympathizing with her in her failure, possibly even holding her in his arms. The letter she had just read plainly opened the way. The single peal of a bell, far off, came to her cars. She shivered, and thrusting the letters back in the box, replaced it in the drawer. So the conference over the child's future must last, it seemed, until one o'clock in the morning. In the bitter anger which swept her, Irene laughed. In the bitter One o'clock in the morning, and her husband at the bedside of his other wife. What a fool she had been-what a fool any woman was-to trust a man! It seemed to her now that no matter what David might say, no matter what explanations he might offer, nothing could ever wipe from her mind the suffering of this night.

The clicking of a key at the lock of the front door came faintly along the hall. Irene rose, her hands clenched until the arene rose, ner hands cienched until the nails bit into her palms. It was David; she recognized his step as he approached the curtained door of the library. Instinctively she drew back into the shadows, unwilling to let him see the grayer ones in her face. Then the curtains parted, and she saw her husband standing white and erect against them. Even in her anger, and erect against them. Even in her anger, Irene was conscious of his pallor, of the



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"The Best Hunch I Ever Had!"

"I was feeling pretty blue. Pay-day had come around again and the raise I'd hoped for wasn't there. It began to look as though I was to spend my life checking orders at \$20 a week!

"I picked up a magazine. It fell open at a familiar advertisement, and a coupon stared me in the face. Month after month I'd been seeing that coupon, but never until that moment had I thought of it as meaning anything to me. But this time I read the advertisement twice-yes, every word. And this time I tore out the coupon!

"Well, you've probably guessed what happened. The Schools at Scranton suggested just the course of training I needed and they worked with me every hour I had to spare.

"In six months I was in charge of my division. In a year my salary had been doubled! And I've been advancing ever since. Today I was appointed manager of our Western office at \$5,000 a year. Tearing out that coupon three years ago was the best hunch I ever had."

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somberness of his eyes, and she knew that a crisis between them had arrived.

He was in no repentant mood; his manner was not that of a man seeking forgiveness. On the contrary, he seemed ready to demand.

"Irene," he began, "I have something to tell you."

"If you mean that you have been with your—your first wife," she interrupted bitterly, "I know it already."

David Hunter received her words without surprise. Apparently it made no difference to him that Irene knew of his movements during the evening; he did not even ask her how she knew of them. Matters of larger import seemed to occupy

his mind.
"It isn't that," he replied, with increas-There is something more ing gravity. important.

'Something more important?'" Irene's eyes flashed dangerously. She felt her self-possession slipping from her. Something more important than leaving her, alone, during all these terrible hours; in order to spend them with another woman.

David stood rigid for a moment, then took a step toward her. Grief shone in his tired eyes.

'Don't, Irene," he said gently. couldn't go back to her, dear, even if I wanted to. She-she died an hour ago!

A dull silence fell upon the room, broken only by the slow dripping of the rain. Unable to speak, Irene gripped the edge of the desk for support. In the face of this greater tragedy, her own affairs seemed unimportant.

"It was her heart," she heard David saving. "They had not told her how far gone she was, but I knew. I had talked with her doctor. Irene dear"—he grasped his wife's hands with sudden fierce affection-"you know-you must know, that I never loved her as I do you. You are the very heart and soul of me. If I have seen her-gone to her, at times, it was not because of any reawakened love for her, but only because I realized the state of her health, and I was alarmed-for her, and for my little girl. You would not have had me do less-would you, dear?"

Irene shook her head, pressed her husband's hands in her own. Sudden tears

filled her eves.

"When I saw her, to-night," David went on, "I knew at once that the end was not far off. At ten o'clock she collapsed, and never recovered consciousness. stayed, of course, until all was over. There was no one else but the doctor, and nurse, and my-my daughter. I should have telephoned to you, I know, but the phone was on a table beside her bed, and well-you can understand."

Two facts, grim and unalterable, burned themselves into Irene's brain. One was that this woman, of whom she had been so jealous, was dead. The other, that David was now hers, utterly. She took no joy in either thought. David was hers now, for all time. The swift pressure of his hands told her that he had always been hers, that all her jealous fears, her torturing doubts, had been vain, unworthy of her. "David," she whispered. "David."

she whispered.

It was all she could say.

He gazed at her, his eyes still troubled.

"That isn't all, Irene," he said. "There is the child. I have been thinking things over all these hours, and I have decided to ask you to help me. I want little Constance to stay here-with us.'

Irene's hands fell to her sides. In her thoughts of the mother, she had completely forgotten the child. Now she saw what was expected of her. She must take this little girl into their home, a constant reminder to herself, to David, of his past. Day after day, year, after year she would be there, standing between David and herself, taking his thoughts back to this other wife who had filled his existence for nearly six years. It was unthinkable. David had no right to ask it.

Something of the storm within her must have communicated itself to him.

turned, his hand grasping the curtains.
"Think it over, dear," he said quietly.
"I'll be back in a little while." Then the curtains closed behind him.

Irene remained motionless, against the edge of the desk. What should she do? What would another woman do, in the same circumstances? There were no relatives to care for the child-the letter in the tin box had told her that. And even if there had been, it was natural for David to want his daughter with him. Could they ever feel so close to each other again, with this reminder of the past forever between them? He had told her once that the little girl was the image of her Could he look at her, day, and not remember, possibly even regret? No decision had come to her when David's hand again parted the curtains.

She looked up, startled. Her husband was not alone. By one hand he held a child, slender, dark, with a wistful, fairylike face. A dull, uncomprehending horror shone in her wide eyes, wet with unnoticed tears. She stared at Irene without interest, clinging tightly to her father's hand as though for support in some weird, impossi-

"This is Constance, dear," he said gently. "She could not stay where she was, so I have brought her home with me. She is very tired—" He hesitated, glancing from the child to his wife.

A sudden wave of pity swept Irene's soul. She sprang forward, her arms ex-

tended to the motherless child.
"The poor little dear," she whispered;
"the poor little dear!" Then she knelt down and clasped the unresisting figure to "David—she must have some t once. And some crackers. her breast. hot milk at once. Constance,"-she drew the wet little cheek against her own, a very beautiful light in her eyes-"Constance, will you stay here with daddy-and with me?

The child nodded very gravely, silently, then burst into a flood of tears. Irene's

arms tightened about her.
"David," she said, "please get the milk." Then, in a voice of infinite tenderness she added: "I will do my best, dear, to a make her happy. Always."

David bent down and kissed his wife's

hair.

"I knew you would, dearest," he whispered. "And you have made me very happy, too.

No writer has a keener understanding of the vital problems of married life than Frederic Arnold Kummer. His most remarkable story of husband-and-wife psychology, "The Woman Who Ate Up a Man," will appear next month in July Cosmopolitan. 21

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Madam President

(Continued from page 33)

"Oh, no; but please don't think about

business any more to-night."
"But I wasn't!" he protested. "I was a million miles from it. Only-I do suppose I ought to go and send a telegram.

"And we ought to be going back to the club, anyway, Her voice was an echo of

his own regret.

The telegram was a masterpiece. implied that Barnard was close on the trail of a contract, but it also held a warning that many days might be required for the chase, and that, in the mean time, his presence in Carthage should be continuous.

In the morning, he had an explicit answer from his chief, and his chief told him to remain in Carthage until further

orders.

But now that he had met her socially, and admired her for individual reasons, and danced with her, and dreamed about her a little, he was ill at ease in her office.

"I really can't say anything now," she told him, "except that I'm interested, and

I want to know all about it.'

She asked him if he wouldn't come over to the house at five to have tea with herself and Mr. Horace Pegram, her coexecutor and counsel, and Barnard waved the telegraph blank at her.

"Even if I didn't want to," he said. "wouldn't it be sinfully negligent of me to

refuse?

The Pete Nelsons had given him an outline of Mr. Pegram's history, and they had prophesied that Barnard wouldn't The prophecy was fulfilled in like him. detail. Mr. Pegram's attitude was neither braggart nor rasping, but it held a constant low-pitched challenge, as if Mr. Pegram knew his own importance, and was afraid the world was overlooking it-as if he had washed his memory clean of his somewhat less important past, and was afraid the world was secretly thinking about it.

He was thirty-five, and, a decade ago, he had been a gaunt and undernourished failure—a police-court lawyer, and what is professionally known as an "ambulancechaser"-a term which, in the bar association, is never employed as a compliment. By accident, he had come under the notice of Mr. Henry Harmon, and then under his patronage; to-day, as he sat and drank his tea (with the little finger of the right I and stiffly outward), he was a likely candidate for the highest gift the state

could offer him.

Barnard didn't like him, and he didn't like his behavior toward Miss Harmon, and he especially didn't like Miss Harmon's behavior toward Mr. Pegram. To be sure, she had known him ever since she was a child, and he had been her father's friend and protégé, but his air was too possessive to suit Barnard's mood, and Miss Harmon herself was too compliant. He enjoyed Mr. Pegram so little, that afternoon, that he enjoyed Miss Harmon very little more, and it was with relief that he finally bowed himself away.

Mr. Pegram, however, insisted on taking

Barnard home in his car.

"That's a very wonderful girl," said Barnard thoughtfully. "A very wonderful

Mr. Pegram looked sidewise.

he agreed, "she's very compe-

tent. Very aggressive—in a business way, of course. Oh—er—Mr. Barnard—I take it you hope to close a long contract with the Harmon Company, don't you? Has Miss Harmon spoken to you about theer-probable reason why it's impossible? That is, why it's impractical?"

Barnard was alert.

"Why, she did say there was something she couldn't talk about just yet

"You're wasting your time, Mr. Barnard. And I hate to see a young man" Mr. Pegram himself was thirty-five-"I hate to see a young man fix his hopes on an impossibility. This contract probably means a good deal to you——"

Barnard flushed at his tone.

Ves?

"Take my advice, and don't waste any more time on it. Swallow your disap-pointment and look for—er—new fields to conquer. I hate to say so, but you haven't one chance in a billion, Mr. Barnard. Not one in a billion.'

Barnard went in the house and tried to determine whether, in consideration of what he had heard from Mr. Pegram, he owed it to his firm to send on for a crack

salesman.

Twice, during that week, he encountered Mr. Pegram—once on the street, and once on the front steps of the factory. From the first occasion, there were no aftereffects, but from the second, Barnard emerged with much annoyance, and indicted Mr. Pegram as a pompous young blowhard—and then found Peggy Harmon looking as though she had just been crying, or was just on the point of beginning.

She pulled herself together, and gave him no opportunity to symp thize with her, but when he went home, he was doggedly bent on information. He said

to his host.

"Pete, how much has that fellow got to do with this business, anyhow?"

Nelson's brows went up.

"Why, he's one of the executors."

"I know that, but—" He took his friend by the arm. "Look here, Pete; you don't have to ask any fool questions, but I want you to tell me everything you know. A to Z."

Nelson stared at him a moment, almost

smiled, and looked away.

"I'll tell you, Bruce. The estate is settled, all but this Harmon Company stock. The old man owned most of it.

Peggy's president for the time being. Peggy's president for the children and they've had a couple of good bids. You see, the had a couple of good bids. You see, the had a couple of good bids. She sheak of. She estate hasn't any cash to speak of. She may have to sell it—and it'll break her heart to let it go out of the family. She was crazy about her father, and he was crazy about the company-and Peggy." "Why would she have to sell it?

"They're short on working capital. They've got all the credit now they can get, and it isn't enough. And with commercial money eight or nine or ten per cent. they can't market a bond-issue in these days-For heaven's sake, don't say I told you. Peggy banks with us, and she's -I suppose I've been a sieve, but you look as if you needed to know.

"They may sell out entirely, then?" "I think she will. As a banker, I'm not advising her to; I'm advising her to retrench, and keep on going until money loosens up a little, but Horace Pegram told you anything. Only, if you're going to put anything over, you've got to do it before the sale. The best bid is from a before the sale. The best bid is from a big corporation that wouldn't listen to your scheme, anyway.

"That's what bothers me-least," said Barnard, but the final word was under his breath, and quite inaudible. "One thing more: Why did she try to operate the plant when, as capable as she is-for a woman-she could have hired a man to do it so much better? The reason she took

it—was Pegram. "What?

Nelson confirmed it.

"Pegram would have sold it two years And when she balked, he insisted on putting in a manager she wouldn't stand So she just naturally went in there herself. But—you'd better look sharp, old man, or you won't do any business." "Thanks," said Barnard. "I'll keep

both eyes open."

He knew now that he loved her, and that he was cornered by circumstances. His immediate ambitions had been strung upon the contract which he had guaranteed to get from her; yet how, when he was in love with her, could he sit down in her office and attempt to ensnare her into signing on the dotted line, in order that his own firm might show a little better profit for the fiscal year? How could he try to maneuver her into a business relationship when he was thinking in terms of something permanent and domestic?

From the home office he now had a letter which bound him to a daily report of progress, and he was glad to have this bandage for his conscience—for how in the name of common sense could he send back a daily bulletin unless he had a daily session with his prospect? It was impossible for hin. to see her so regularly, however, without also seeing a good deal of Mr.

Pegram.

He said to Pete Nelson:

"Does she like him? Does she think he's the right man for her? Do you suppose she's-serious about him?"

Nelson shook his head.
"Hard to tell. Peggy's been pretty matter of fact for the last couple of years.
He grinned suddenly. "One trick she's got—it's a wonder. Probably four or five men have been after her this last year. Know what she does? Why, if she sees a man's got the right symptoms, she hurries up and offers him a good job in the plant-and if that won't squash an undesirable suitor, I'm hanged if I know what will. But that only works for the youngsters-I wish she could try it just once on Pegram. Wouldn't you like to see his face?

Barnard smiled faintly. "And, by the way, from all the signs, you'd better close this week if you're ever

"Oh!—they're—negotiating?

"Strictly between ourselves," said Nelson, "Pegram's got the agreements drawn up now—they're still bickering about the price, but it'll be in the neighborhood of four hundred and fifty thousand cash.

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So soothing, so refreshing—it falls on your hot, tired body, adding to your comfort and lending you fragrance.

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First, a touch of cooling Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing) to make your powder adhere. Then apply Pompeian Beauty Powder. Now a little Pompeian Bloom for a bit of color. Presto! Instant Beauty indeed. 60c for each article at any druggist.

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F all the gifts which come to gladden her bridal day none will be more delightful than her Amber Pyralin. It is clear and flawless as a topaz. Its soft, golden lustre will be an endearing memento of the giver through years to come. It has that simple beauty of design which never wearies.

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AMBER Pyralin—sister of the famous Ivory
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and in a variety of beautiful decorations.
LaBelle, featuring the exclusive transverse
handle, is shown. All patterns are standard, sold in complete sets or single
pieces, easy to match everywhere.

She'll have to take it; that's too much to

What he really wanted to do was to say to her, "For heaven's sake, Miss Harn en let's get this damnable contract out of the way, yes or no, and have a day or two like normal human beings." And yet, in the subbasement of his mind, lay the heavy certainty that it was poor salesmanship and a considerable risk to try to hurry her. He did say to her eventually.

"But I'm awfully afraid, Miss Harmon, you've gone and blasted my future for n.e. whether you make this contract with me

or whether you don't."
She looked up with quick apprehension. "Just what do you mean by that? Honestly, what do you mean?"

They had just come back from lunch together, and they were standing on the steps of the little Administration Building, where Barnard had once received a daz-

You've spoiled me, forever," he said, erly. "You've made business entirely soberly.

too pleasant.'

She looked at him again, and then she put out her hand and touched the glistening metal plate which bore the title of the Harmon Manufacturing Company.

"I'm not doing this altogether-"It is fun most of fun," she said, slowly. the time, and I feel like a woman picneer and a great person, but there's another side to it. I wanted to keep the company intact-it's a sort of monument to my father. You can't understand that, because you didn't know him. He never quite forgave me for not being a boy. That's why I had to be crazy about machinery, because he was-and I tried to make up to him for not having a son, who'd go on with the business. And, afterward, I just couldn't stand the idea of seeing it run by anybody who isn't a Harmon. And Mr. Pegram's got a customer, and he wants me to sell."

Not by the flicker of an eyelash did he let her detect that this was stale news to

"I know it's a big disappointment to

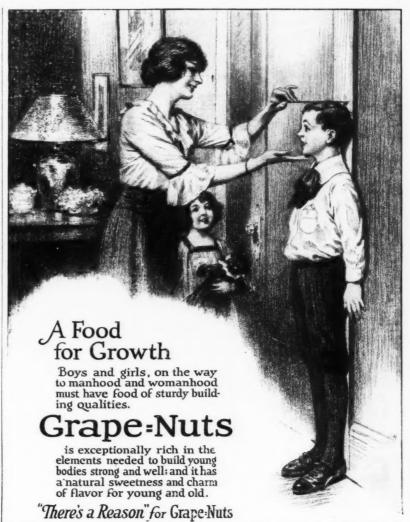
"I haven't given up all my hopes yet," he said. "I've still got one more thing to say to you—sometime."
"And I've something I want to say to

you. Come in a minute, won't you?

He followed her to the private office and closed the windows to bar out a fraction of the uproar. Miss Harmon faced him,

resolutely.
"Ever since—oh, ever since the first day you came here, I've wished I weren't a woman, so I could talk perfectly plainly to you, and not have either one of us embarrassed. But it's been for me just what it must have been for you that first day." Her smile looked brittle. "That's what comes of being a woman, and trying to do a man's work. I know you're terribly disappointed not to get this contract, but would it send you home any happier if I told you that—if it weren't for one thing I'd have asked you to come in with us as vice-president and sales-manager? Or would you just be embarrassed some more because I tell you that?"

Barnard gasped. "Wha-what one thing-was that?" "You know. I like you too well. And I'm a girl. Don't you see how awkward it's been for us, anyway? You're the only





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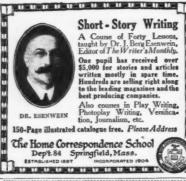
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man I've ever seen that I'd like to have managing this business.

Barnard's mouth was very straight. "I've heard," he said, "that one of your diplomatic methods of putting a man in his place and keeping him there is to do just exactly this thing-and offer him something in your office. I-"Mr. Barnard!"

She had turned away from him toward the window, and sat motionless

You do misjudge me-and it hurts." "You've made a mistake. Because if you weren't planning to sell your interest, and if you did offer me such a thing-I'd take it!"

Her eyes were very wide, and wondering.

"You—would have?"
"Yes; I would have. You talk a lot about misjudging and misunderstanding. You ought to look in the mirror once in a while. I mean what I say; if you'd wanted me to come in here to help you, I'd have come. It's utter nonsense for you to try to swing this proposition alone. You do need somebody; maybe you didn't want me-maybe that was only your way of sending me off with a lump of sugar—but if I could have made things one atom easier for you, I'd have come, regardless of how embarrassing it might be-for either of us. You talk about friendship-understanding. I can't show it any more clearly than that, can I?"

Her look to him was a curious combination of bewilderment, reproach, and

gratitude.

"No, I don't believe you could." Impulsively he crossed over to her.
"Well, let's see who's bluffing. Have you made the deal yet?"
"N—no. But you mustn't—"

"How much money do you need?" he

demanded abruptly.

'Why-

"If you could get new capital-if I could arrange it for you-would you still want to sell?

"No; it's the last thing in the world I

want to do, but—but—"

Here the door opened softly, and Mr. Pegram, with his tan-leather brief-case, came stalking in, like a Daniel.
"Oh!" said Mr. Pegram

"I'm sorry to interrupt you, but this is business. It's really imperative. Mr. Barnard, could I trouble you? I apclogize, but it's really imperative."

Barnard, glowering, hesitated for a moment, and made his decision.

"If I call for you at five," he said shortly to Miss Harmon, "will you come out to the Lake Club and have tea with me?

"I'd love to.

Barnard picked up his hat and went out with merely a brisk nod to Mr. Pegram,

who watched him amusedly

"That young man," said Mr. Pegram, shaking his head with grim fervor, never be a success--never. He's too impatient, and he won't be told anything. He sighed, and sat down in the chair which Barnard had recently vacated. "Well, my dear-Consolidated Machinery has met our price."

Miss Harmon's eyes were lusterless. "Whose price, Horace?" "Why—'ours,' I said."

"Don't you mean yours?" Mr. Pegram's brows came together. "Why, yes; if you put it that way, it was mine. I argued them into an eightythousand-dollar advance from the original offer, but then it became your price, too, didn't it? That was all thrashed out two But their man's signed, and I days ago. went over to court this morning, and the judge says he'll approve it. I've signed, too—" He opened the brief-case and put the papers before her-"And there's where you sign—right there, by the seal. I hope I left room enough." He smiled royally. "You write such a very fashionable hand."

She pushed the papers aside. "I'll let you know to-morrow," she said

apathetically.

Mr. Pegram stiffened.

"Let me know? Why—is there any doubt about it? Why, what's all this? What's the use of waiting until to-morrow? We've committed ourselves, haven't we?" She had gone back to the window, and

she interrupted him, over her shoulder. "I won't talk about it to-day, Horace. I don't want to think about it. See me in

the morning.'

Mr. Pegram's face was troubled.
"Peggy, I don't understand this mood of yours at all. We're morally obligated to close this to-day. All you need to do is to take a pen and write your name. What earthly use is there of holding it off until to-morrow?"

"Because to-morrow-I may not be

willing to sign.'

Mr. Pegram was on his feet. "My dear girl, as coexecutor-

"You can't do it alone, Horace. the court'll let me have the stock if I want

He stared at her blankly.

"Peggy, if your father had known, when he told you to be guided by my judgment-

She whirled upon him.

'Stop talking about my father! If you cared what he wanted, you'd tell me to keep the factory going until there wasn't another penny to run it with! That's what Lambert Nelson tells me. That's what everybody tells me-except you."

"Peggy, listen to me the way you used to! It's for your own best interests. Oh, it's a fine thing to keep the shop running, and the old name over the door, and you've done a splendid thing, Peggy-a mighty fine piece of work-but you can't afford to be sentimental any longer."
"Oh—can't I?"

He gestured forcibly. The company'll be gasping for breath by February, and you know it. Nelson says to retrench, but how are you going to do that and pay the notes that mature the first of the year?" And you can't raise capital in these days. If you could—but that's out of the question. And here's nearly half a million dollars waiting to drop into your lap. I want you to take it while you can still get it, and then-

"And then, Horace," she said, under her breath, "you thought, because I cared so much about my father, and because you hypnotized him for ten years, I'd marry you because he'd have wanted me to. Me and my money! Me for a social position, and the money to put you in the Supreme Court or else make you governor!" Pegram was an apoplectic crimson, and he was motioning violently with both hands. "Yes; I did care about my father, but sometimes he had the worst judgment of any man in Carthage. He trusted you, after he'd practically raised you out of the

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Oh, yes; you're a big man now, but it's only because he was a bigger oneand a perfect baby about some things. I've done my best to make the company a success, and I've failed. I know it. I've failed because I'm a woman. Because I can't fight the way a man fights." Her voice shook pitiably. "But it's mine to do what I please with. And I'll sell it if I please, or run it if I please, or give it away, if I please. And whatever I do, I'm not going to pay for any of your ambitions."

Mr. Pegram set his jaw.
"Some day," he said, harshly, "you'll be sorry enough for what you've said already. But I'll get in touch with the Consolidated people and see if they'll wait until to-morrow. In the mean time, in regard to what you insinuated about my social ambitions, and my political fu-

"Oh, Horace," she said wearily, "I've known that ever since I was seventeen years old. And I had to tell you sometime-somehow-but I wouldn't have been so-so true about it if you hadn't picked the wrong time to try to rush me into this sale. When I knew what you

were thinking about, Horace—when I knew 'But two weeks ago,' he said dumbly "you agreed with me that it was the only thing to do." He stared at her, and slowly his eyes hardened. "Oho!" said Mr. his eyes hardened. "Oho!" said Mr. Pegram. "Well—if all this hysteria is on account of that half-baked drummer for a

cheap selling agency——"
"Now," said Miss Harmon quietly, "you're talking about a man."

They had tea on a crowded terrace, and as a result of trying to appear natural in public, alternated between extreme gaiety, and extreme repression. Barnard became increasingly nervous; he sent rapid, potent glances across the table, and flinched if he happened to catch Miss Harmon's eyes. When he addressed her, he couldn't seem to get his tongue round the words he wanted to use. Gradually he came to the conclusion that nothing mattered much as the opportunity to escape the crowd, and to wander down by the lake, where there was peace and quiet and the remains of a brilliant sunset. Then, as the opportunity was almost in his grasp, a shadow fell upon the table, and Mr. Pegram was frowning a malevolent bless-

ing upon them.

"I'm sorry to break up your party," he began, "but——"

"Then don't break it up," said Miss Harmon, and at the note of finality in her voice, Barnard regarded her with much

perplexity.

"I didn't come out here on my own personal pleasure," said Mr. Pegram, with acid righteousness. "I considered it my duty as your coexecutor to advise youtheir man's very much upset; he understood, as I did, that it was all settled. He's got to know positively and finally by seven o'clock to-night. If you say, 'No,' he wants to catch the seven-fifty-six. That's all I have to say. It was my moral duty to inform you."

Miss Harmon rose.
"I'll let you know later, Horace—later in the evening—sometime—I don't know. I can't talk about it now. I can't do it."
She nodded to Barnard. "Let's go down by the shore. Don't you want to?"



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He followed her through a maze of tables and gained her side as they reached the

open lawn.

"Well, what I started to say in your office this afternoon— I want to stay in Carthage. I want to take care of you. You're doing a wonderful thing, but it isn't normal, and it isn't right." He bent closer to her. wondered if you could let anybody help you. I've wondered if you've had so much stimulant-so much glory-that you couldn't let any of it go. You're so capable.

She shuddered a little. "Please don't say that!"

"Oh, it's true enough. And-" His voice dropped a semitone. "You're the dearest, bravest little girl in the whole world. Only-you've gone such a long way alone—I don't know if you'd want to go the rest of it together. I'm not sure whether you haven't got to be independent."

"If I really believed," she said unstead-

ily, "that you meant everything you said this afternoon-and didn't misunderstand me—I wouldn't sell the company if J starved for it. But what can I do? I talk to a man like you-a man who could bring fire and enthusiasm into it-the only kind of a man who could-and see what you think of me!"

He flushed painfully.

"I did think at first you were being diplomatic with me."

"And I won't get over that for a long time, Mr. Barnard, either." She threw away a handful of grasses and gazed soberly after them. "I thought you knew me better than that. But when I did talk to you-and told you just the truthyou thought—you took it for granted I was being horrid to you—being subtle, or something, when all I was trying to tell you was-was that I wished I'd been a man, because then we could have been partners, and I wouldn't have failed.'

"Failed'?" he echoed.

"I'd have told you that I failed with finances. I've handled them badly. I've put us in a position where we couldn't go ahead and didn't care to go backward. I'd have told you that if you could find any new capital, and come in to help-I wanted you to. And it means so much to me that after the one little thing you did say, I-I've waited; I haven't signed the-the agreement to sell. Because I care enough about keeping that company together to-even to let you think I am horrid—because, sooner or later, you'd know I'm not. You spoke as if you could help us both ways—with your own energy, and with capital. I've waited to give you a chance. And if you think it isn't hard for a girl to talk to a man like this you're wrong. Oh, you're wrong! Barnard wet his lips.

'If I mentioned money, it was my own. I had relatives who were good enough to leave me something. Didn't Pete tell you?

"Pete told me you-you had a little income, but you don't think I was simply looking at that! You don't!"

Barnard laughed in his throat.

"But did you imagine I was talking about nothing but a job—an investment?"
"Oh, but I hoped," she said, down-cast, "I hoped you were talking about both!

"I was talking about my dream of an equal partnership," he said, unsteadily.
"For the present, your plant and my money—your ideals and my energy and training-and by and by, if you were ever willing—your love and my love. That's what I wanted." He touched her hand, and felt it tremble. "But I'll stay here on any basis you say, Peggy. You tell me what you want it to be, and I'll meet it. I just want to take care of you and make things easier for you. Tell me; how are we going to treat each other—as executive and engineer, or-

Very slowly, she shook her head.

"Not-necessarily," she breathed.

His fingers tightened.

"Business partners, then?" Her consent was almost imperceptible, but his eyes were keen.

"And — partners in — anything else, 'eggy?"

At length she gave him the swiftest, frightened glance, and Barnard, with the intuition which is man's privilege only once in a lifetime, caught her in his arms.

In Peggy's living-room—Barnard had hurried home to dress and hurried back to take her out to dinner-he showed her a telegram which he wouldn't send to his uncle without her approval.

Instructions obeyed to the letter and ten year contract for exclusive agency secured but respectfully resign position with you effective this date period Reason for this action is that apparently the only convincing argument I have as a salesman is to marry the customer as evidence of good faith and since this argument cannot be used twice I had better switch from selling to executive work period I become president and general manager Harmon Company and former president retires to become general manager of me period Didn't I tell you I didn't want any help?

When she had read the first sentence, he found her too adorable to withstand, so that he interrupted the reading. Presently she laughed in a low contralto, and her laugh was so golden and exultant that it gave Barnard a hint of something beyond

the moment.

"Why," she whispered, hiding her face from him, "it's only—I don't believe you could possibly understand it-but after what I've been through, the last two years-but every time you-you kiss me like that, you make me feel so wonderfully—so gorgeously—oh, so darned inefficient! And I love it, Bruce-I love it, I love it, I love it!

Alias the Lone Wolf

(Continued from page 80)

"By no train. Don't you know there is a strike to-day? What have you been reading in those newspapers? It is necessarv that we motor to Cherbourg.

"That is no little journey, dear sister!" "Three hundred and seventy kilo-meters?" Liane Delorme held this equivalent of two hundred and thirty English miles in supreme contempt. "We shall make it in eight hours. We leave at four at latest, possibly earlier; at midnight we are in Cherbourg. You shall see."

'If I survive-

"Have no fear. My chauffeur drives superbly.

She was at the door when Lanyard staved her with:

"One moment, Liane!" With fingers resting lightly on the knob she turned.

"Speak English," he requested briefly.
"What about Dupont?"

Simple mention of the man was enough to make the woman wince and lose color. Before she replied, Lanyard saw the tip of her tongue furtively moisten her lips.

"Well, and what of him?"

"Do you imagine he has had enough?" "Who knows? I for one shall feel safe from him only when I know he is in the Santé or his grave.

"Suppose he tries to follow us to Cherbourg or to stop us on the way-"How should he know?"

"Tell me who left the doors open for him last night, and I will answer that ques-The woman looked more than ever frightened, but shook her head. didn't fail to question the servants this morning, yet you learned nothing?

"It was impossible to fix the blame." "Have you used all your intelligence, I wonder?"

"What do you mean?"

"Have you reflected that, since Dupont got in after you came home, his accomplice in your household is most probably one of those who were up at that hour.

Who were they?"
"Only two. The footman, Léon—
"You trust him?"

"Not altogether. Now you make me think-I shall discharge him when I leave without notice."

"Wait. Who else?" "Marthe, my maid."

"You have confidence in her loyalty?"
"Implicit. She has been with me for

Lanyard said, "Open that door!" in a tone sharp with such authority that Liane Delorme instinctly obeyed-and the woman whom Lanyard had seen that morning, coming down the stairs with the lighted candle, entered rather precipitately, carrying over one arm an evening wrap of

gold brocade and fur.
"Pardon, madame," she murmured, and paused. Aside from the awkwardness of her entrance, she betrayed no confusion. "I was about to knock and ask if madame wished me to pack this-

"You know very well I shall need it," Liane said ominously. A look from Lanyard checked a tirade, or more exactly compressed it into a single word: "Imbecile!

"Yes, madame."

Marthe hinted at rather than executed a courtesy and withdrew. Liane shut the door behind her, and reapproached the bed, trembling with an anger that rendered her forgetful so that she relapsed into French.

"You think she was listening?"
"English, please!" To this, I To this, Lanyard added a slight shrug.

"It is hard to believe," Liane averred unhappily. "After all these years—I have been kind to that one, too!" "Ah, well! At least you know now she

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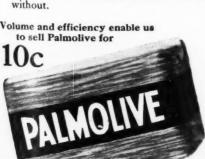
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cosmetics in the days of ancient Egypt

will bear watching. You mean to take her with you?

"I did, until this happened. We quarreled about it last night. I think she has a lover here in Paris and doesn't want to leave him." leave him.

"And now will you tell me that Dupont knows nothing of your intention to motor to Cherbourg to-day?

"No." Disconsolate, Liane sank down into the chair and, resting an elbow on the arm, cupped her chin in one hand. "Now I dare not go," she mused aloud. "Yet I must! What am I to do?"
"Courage, little sister! It is I who have

an idea." Liane lifted a gaze of mute inquiry. "I think we are now agreed it rests between Marthe and the footman Léon, this treachery." She assented. "Very well. Then let them run the risks any further disloyalty may have prepared for us.

"I do not understand."

"What automobile are you using for our trip this afternoon?'

My limousine for you and me." "And Marthe-how is she to make the

'In the touring car, which follows us with our luggage.

'It is fast, this touring car?"

"The best of its sort. "Now tell me what you know about the chauffeur who drives the limousine?"

He is absolutely to be trusted.' "You have had him long?

The woman hesitated, looked aside, bit her lip.
"As a matter of fact, monsieur," she

said hastily, trying to cover loss of countenance with rapid speech, "it is the boy who drove us through the Cévennes. Monsieur Monk asked me to keep him pending his return to France.

Lanyard had the grace to keep a straight

ce. He nodded gravely. "You make it all perfectly clear, little sister. And the driver of the touring car—are you sure of him?"

"I think so. But you do not tell me what you have in mind."

"Simply this: At the last moment, you will decide to take Léon with you. Give him no more time than he needs to pack a hand-bag. Trump up some excuse and let him follow with Marthe."

"No difficulty about that. He is an excellent driver, Léon; he served me as chauffeur-and made a good one, too-for a year before I took him into the house at his request; he said he was tired of driving. But if the man I had meant to use is indisposed-trust me to see that he is-I can call on Léon to take care of Marthe and

our luggage in the touring car. "Excellent! Now, presuming Dupont to be well informed, we may safely bank on his attempting nothing before nightfall. By day road-traps can be too easily per-ceived at a distance. Toward evening then, we will let the touring car catch up. You will express a desire to continue in it, because—because of any excuse that comes into your head. At all events, we will exchange cars with Marthe and Léon, leaving the latter to bring on the limousine while Jules drives for us. Whatever happens then, we may feel sure the touring car will get off lightly; for whether they're involved with Dupont or not. Léon and Marthe are small fry, not the fish he's angling for.

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"My dear brother!" Liane cried, deeply She leaned forward and caressed Lanyard's hand with sisterly warmth, in her admiration and gratification, loosing upon him the full candle-power of the vio-let eyes in their most disastrous smile. "What a head to have in the family!" "Take care!" Lanyard admonished. "I

admit it's not half bad at times, but if this battered old headpiece of mine is to be of any further service to us, Liane, you must be careful not to turn it!"

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SIX BOTTLES OF CHAMPAGNE

ONCE decided upon a course of action, Liane Delorme demonstrated that she could move with energy and decision un-common in her kind. Under her masterly supervision, preparations accomplished themselves, as it were, by magic.

It was, for example, nearer three than

four o'clock when the expedition for Cherbourg left the door of her town house and Paris by way of the Porte de Neuilly-the limousine leading with that polished pattern of a chauffeur. Jules, at its wheel, as spick and span, firm of jaw, and imperturbable of eye as when Lanyard had first noticed him in Nant; the touring car trailing, with the footman, Léon, as driver and not at all happy to find himself drafted in that capacity, if one might judge by a sullen sort of uneasiness in his look.

Chatting of old times, or sitting grateful silence when Liane relapsed into abstraction-something which she did with a frequency which testified to the heavy pressure of her thoughts-Lanyard kept an appreciative eye on Jules, conceding at length that Liane's adjective, "superb," had been fitly applied to his driving. long as he remained at the wheel, they were not only in safe hands but might be sure of losing nothing on the road.

It was in St. Germain-en-Laye that Lanyard first noticed the gray touring car. But for mental selection of St. Germain as the likeliest spot for Dupont to lay in waiting, and thanks also to an error of judgment on the part of that one, he must have missed it; for there was nothing strikingly sinister in the aspect of that longbodied gray car with the capacious hood betokening a motor of great power. But it stood incongruously round the corner, in a mean side-street, as if anxious to escape observation; its juxtaposition to the door of a wine shop of the lowest class was noticeable in a car of such high caste, and, what was finally damning, the rat-faced man of Lyons was lounging in the door of the wine shop, sucking at a cigarette and watching the traffic with an all too listless eye shaded by the visor of a shabby cap.

Lanyard said nothing at the time; but later, when a long stretch of straight road gave him the chance, verified his suspicions by looking back to see the gray car lurking not less than a mile and a half astern, the Delorme touring car driven by Léon keeping its designated distance of a quarter a mile in the rear of the limousine.

These relative positions remained approximately unchanged during most of the light hours of that long evening, despite the terrific pace which Jules set in the open country. Lanyard, keeping an eye on the indicator, saw its hand register the equivalent of sixty English miles an hour



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more frequently than not. It seldom dropped below fifty except when passing through towns or villages. And more often than he liked, Lanyard watched it creep up to and past the seventy mark.

With such driving, he was quite willing to believe that they would see Cherbourg or heaven by midnight if not before; always, of course, providing-

For the first three hours, Léon stood the pace well. Then nerves or physical endurance began to fail; he dropped back, and the Delorme touring car was thereafter seldom visible.

At eight o'clock they were passing through Lisieux, one hundred and eighteen miles from Paris. Lanyard made mental calculations

'The light will hold till after nine," he informed Liane. "By that time, we shall have left Caen behind."
"I understand," she said coolly; "it will

be, then, after Caen."

"Presumably."

"Another hour of peace of mind!" She yawned delicately. "I think—I am bored by this speed-I think I shall have a nap.

Composedly she arranged pillows, put her pretty feet up on the jewel-case and, turning her face from Lanyard, dozed.
"I think," he reflected, "that the world

is more rich in remarkable women than in remarkable men.

A luminous lilac twilight vied with the street-lamps of Caen when the limousine rolled through the city at moderate speed. Lanyard utilized this occasion to confer

with Jules through the window.
"Beyond the town," he said, "you will stop just round the first suitable turning, so that we can't be seen before the corner Draw off to the side of the road, and-I think it would be advisable to have a little engine-trouble.

"Very good, sir," said Jules, without looking round. Then he added in a voice of complete respect: "Pardon, sir, but-madame's orders?"

"If they are not"-Lanyard was nettled-"she will countermand them."

"Quite so, sir. And, if you don't mind my asking, what's the idea?" "If the information is any comfort to

you, in a gray car which has been following us ever since we left St. Germain, is the man who-I believe-murdered Monsieur le Comte de Lorgnes on the Lyons rapide. and who-I know-tried last night to murder Mademoiselle Delorme.

"If you're planning to put a crimp in his ambitions, sir, I've got a pistol I know

how to use

"Better have it handy, though I don't think we'll need it yet. Our present plan is merely to change cars with Léon and Marthe. The gray car will pass and go on ahead before we make the shift; then you. mademoiselle, and I follow in the touring car, the others in the limousine. If there's a trap, as we have every reason to anticipate there will, the touring car will get through—or we'll hope so."
"Ah-h!" Jules used the tone of one who

perceives enlightenment as a blinding flash. "Marthe and Léon are in on the

dirty work too, eh?"

"What makes you think that?"
"Marthe and Léon," Jules pronounced with deliberation, "are two very bad eggs, if you ask me."

There was no time then to delve into his reasons for this statement of feeling. The outskirts of Caen were dropping behind. Providentially, the first bend in the road to Bayeux afford good cover on the side toward the town. Jules shut off the power as he made the turn, and braked to a dead stop in lee of a row of outhouses. Lanyard was on the ground as soon as the wheels ceased to turn, Jules almost as quickly.

"Now for your engine-trouble," Lan-yard instructed. "Simply an adjustment to excuse a few minutes delay and lend

color to our impatience.

Lanyard moved toward the middle of the road and flagged the Delorme touring car as it rounded the turn, a few seconds later, at such speed that Léon was put to it to stop the car fifty yards beyond the limou-The men jumped down and, followed by the maid, ran back, but, before he reached the limousine, was obliged to jump aside to escape the gray car which, tooled by a crack racing hand, took the corner on two wheels, then straightened out, and tore past in a smother of dust, with its muffler out and the exhaust bellowing like a machine gun.

Lanyard counted four figures, two on the front seat, two in the tonneau-shapes shrouded in dust-coats and masked with

Watching its rear light dwindle, he fancied that the gray shadow was slowing down; but one could not be sure about that.

"There is something wrong, monsieur?" The man Léon was at his elbow. Lanyard replied with the curt nod of a dis-

gruntled motorist.

'Something—Jules can tell you,' he shortly. "Meanwhile, Mademoiselle said shortly. Delorme and I have decided not to wait. We've got no time to spare. We will take your car and go on.'

"But, monsieur, I-" Léon began. The icy accents of Liane Delorme cut it.

"Well, Léon; what is your objection?"
"Objection," madame?" the fellow fal-red. "Pardon—but it is not for me to tered.

"Then get over that at once," he was advised, "and bring my jewel-case—Marthe will point it out to you—to the touring-car.

"Yes, madame, immediately."

"Also the lunch-hamper, if you please."

"Assuredly, monsieur." Léon departed hastily for the limousine. where Marthe joined him, while Lanyard and Liane Delorme proceeded to the touring car.
"But what on earth do you want with

that hamper. monsieur?"

"Hush, little sister, not so loud!
Brother thinks he has another idea."

"Then heaven forbid that I should interfere!

Staggering under its weight. Léon shouldered the jewel-case and carried it the touring car, where Liane superintended its disposal in the luggage-jammed ton-A second trip, less laborious, brought them the hamper. Liane uttered perfunctory thanks and called to Jules, who was still tinkering at the limousine engine with the aid of an electric torch.

Come, Jules! Leave Léon to attend to

what is required there.'

Jules strolled over to the touring car and settled down at the wheel. Liane Delorme had the seat beside him. Lanyard had established himself in a debatable space in the tonneau to which his right was disputed by bags and boxes of every shape, size, and description.

"How long, Jules, will Léon need?"

"Five minutes, madame, if he takes his time about it.'

"Then let us hasten."

Lanyard studied the phosphorescent dial of his wrist-watch. From first to last, the transaction had consumed little more than three minutes.

Liane slewed round to talk over the back of the seat.

"What time is it, monsieur?"

"Ten after nine. In an hour precisely, the moon will rise.

"It will be in this hour of darkness,

A bend in the road blotted out the stationary lights of the limousine. There was no tail-light visible on the road before Lanyard touched Jules on the shoulder.

'Switch off your lights," he said, "all of Then find a place where we turn off and wait till Léon and Marthe pass us.

In sudden blindness the car moved on slowly, groping its way for a few hundred yards. Then Jules picked out the mouth of a narrow lane, shadowed by dense foliage, ran past, stopped, and backed into it.

In four minutes by Lanyard's watch, the pulse of the limousine began to beat upon the stillness of that sleepy countryside. A blue-white glare like naked and hungry steel leaped quivering past the bend, swept in a wide arc as the lamps themselves became visible, and lay horizontal with the road as the car bored past.

"Evidently Lion feels quite lost without s." Lanyard commented. "Shoot, Jules -follow his rear lamp and don't cut out "Shoot, Jules your muffler. Can you manage without

headlights for a while?"

"I drove an ambulance for four years,

The car swung out into the main highway. Far ahead, the red sardonic eye in the rear of the limousine leered.

Easy work it may have seemed to Jules. But to Lanyard and Liane Delorme, hurled along a road they could not see, at anywhere from forty to sixty miles an hour, with no manner of guidance other than an elusive tail-lamp which was forever whisking round corners and remaining invisible till Jules found his way round in turn, by instinct or second sight or intuition—whatever it was, it proved unfailing-it was a nervous time. And there was half an hour of it .

They were swooping down a long grade with a sharp turn at the bottom, as they knew from the fact that the red eye had just winked out. There was a grinding crash, the noise of a stout fabric rent and There was a grinding crushed with the clash and clatter of

shivered glass.
"Easy!" Lanyard cautioned.
ready with the lights!"

Both warnings were superfluous. had already disengaged the gears. Gravity carried the car round the curve, slowly, smoothly, silently; under constraint of its brakes it slid to a pause on a steep though brief descent, and hung there like an animal poised to spring, purring softly.

Below, at the foot of the hill, the head-lights of another car, standing at some distance and to the right of the road, furnished lurid illumination to the theater of disaster.

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ous, had apparently caused Léon to lose control of the heavy car, so that it had skidded into a ditch and capsized. Four men, crude shapes of nightmare in enveloping dust-coats and disfiguring goggles, were swarming round the wreck. Two were helping the driver out, two others having their gallantry in performing like service for the maid, Marthe, rewarded by a torrent of vituperative denunciation, half hysterical and wholly infuriated.

Lanyard drew attention to a dark serpentine line that lay upon the lighted surface of the road like a dead snake. Jules grunted in token of comprehension. Liane Delorme breathlessly demanded,

"What is it?"

"An old trick." Lanyard explained: "A wire cable stretched between trees diagonally across the road, about as high as the middle of the wind-shield. The impetus of the limousine broke it. but not before it had slewed the car off toward the ditch, wrenching the wheel out of the driver's hands." He fondled the pistol which Jules had handed him, slipped the safety-catch, and said, "Now, before they wake up, Jules—give her all she's got!"

Jules released the brakes and, as the car gathered way, noiselessly slipped the gearshift into the fourth speed and bore heavily on the accelerator. They were making forty miles an hour when they struck the level and thundered past the group.

A glimpse of startled faces, the scream of a man who had strayed incautiously into the roadway and stopped there, apparently petrified by the peril that bore down upon him without lights or any other warning, until one of the forward fenders struck and hurled him aside like a straw—and only the night of the open road lay before them. Jules touched the headlight switch and opened the exhaust. Above the roaring of the latter, Lanyard fancied he could hear a faint rattling sound. He looked back and smiled grimly. Sharp, short flames of orange and scarlet were stabbing the darkness; somebody had opened fire with an automatic pistol.

The pace waxed terrific on a road, like so many roads of France, apparently interminable and straight. On either hand, endless ranks of poplars rattled like loose palings of some tremendous picket fence. And yet, long before the road turned, Lanyard, staring astern as he knelt on the rear seat with arms crossed on the folded top, saw the two white eyes of the gray car swing into view and start in pursuit. Quick work, he called it.

He crawled forward and communicated his news, shouting to make himself heard.

"Don't ease up unless you have to," he counseled. "Don't think we dare give them an inch."

Back at his post of observation, he watched, hoping against hope, while the car lunged and tore like a mad thing through the night, snoring up grades, screaming down them, drumming across the levels, clattering wildly through villages and hamlets, while the moon rose and gathered strength and made the road a streaming river of milk and ink, while his heart sank as minute succeeded minute, mile followed mile, and ever the lights of the pursuing car, lost to sight from time to time, reappeared with a brighter, fiercer glow, and conviction forced itself home that they were being gradually but surely overhauled.

He took this intelligence to the car of Jules. The chauffeur answered only with a worried shake of his head that said too plainly he was doing his best, extracting every ounce of power from the engine.

Ill luck ambushed them in the streets of a sizable town, its name unknown to Lanyard, where another car, driven inexpertly, rolled out of a side-street and stalled in their path. The emergency-brake saved them a collision; but there were not six inches between the two when the touring car stopped dead, and minutes were lost before the other got under way and they were able to proceed.

Less than three hundred yards separated pursued and pursuer as they raced out through open fields once more. Foot by foot this lead was inexorably cut down.

In the seat beside the driver of the gray car, a man rose and, steadying himself by holding onto the wind-shield, poured out the contents of an automatic, presumably hoping to puncture the tires of the quarry. A bullet bored a neat hole through the wind-shield between the heads of Liane Delorme and Jules. The woman slipped down upon the floor and Jules crouched lower over the wheel. Lanyard fingered his automatic but held its fire until he could be more sure of his arm.

Instead, he turned to the lunch-hamper and opened it. Liane's provisioning had been ample for a party thrice their number. In the bottom of tne basket lay six pint-bottles of champagne, four of them unopened. Lanyard took them to the rear seat—and found the gray car had drawn up to within fifty yards of its prey. Making a pace better than seventy miles per hour, it would not dare swerve.

The first empty bottle broke to one side, the second squarely between the front wheels. He grasped the first full bottle by the neck and felt that its weight promised more accuracy, but ducked before attempting to throw it as a volley of shots sought to discourage him. At the first lull he rose and cast the bottle with the overhand action employed in grenade-throwing. It crashed fairly beneath the nearer forward wheel of the gray car, but without effect, other than to draw another volley in retaliation. This he risked; the emergency had grown too desperate for more paltering; the lead had been abridged to thirty yards; in two minutes more it would be nothing.

The fourth bottle went wild, but the fifth exploded six inches in front of the offside wheel and its jagged fragments ripped out the heart of the tire. On the instant of the accompanying blow-out, the gray car shied like a frightened horse and swerved off the road, hurtling headlong into a clump of trees. The subsequent crash was like the detonation of a great bomb. Deep shadows masked that tragedy beneath the trees. Lanyard saw the beam of the headlights lift and drill perpendicularly into the zenith before it was blacked out.

He turned and yelled in Jules's ear:
"Slow down! Take your time! They've
quit!"

Liane Delorme rose from her cramped position on the floor and stared incredulously back along the empty, moonlit road. "What has become of them?"

Lanyard offered a vague gesture. "Tried to climb a tree," he replied wearily, and, dropping back on the rear seat, was form to o deno of J the Che

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THE SYBARITES

WITHOUT disclaiming any credit that was rightly his due for making the performance possible, Lanyard felt obliged to concede that Liane Delorme's confidence had been well reposed in the ability of Jules to drive by the clock. For when the touring car made, on a quayside of Cherbourg's avant port, what was, for its passengers, its last stop of the night, the hour of eight bells was being sounded aboard countless vessels that shouldered one another in the twin basins of the commercial harbor or rode at anchor between its granite jetties and the distant bulwark of the Digue.

He had asked no questions of Liane, and his knowledge of Cherbourg was limited to a memory of passing through the place as a boy, with a case-hardened criminal as guide and police at their heels. But assuming that Liane had booked passages for New York by a Cunarder, a White Star, or American Line Boat—all three touched regularly at Cherbourg, west-bound from Southampton-he expected presently to go aboard a tender and be ferried out to one of the steamers whose riding-lights were to be seen in the road-stead. Meanwhile, he was lazily content . . .

The tip of a pretty slipper, tapping restlessly, continued to betray Liane's temper. But she said nothing. Privately Lanyard yawned. Then Jules, tagged by two with the fair white jackets and shuffling gait of stewards, sauntered into view from behind two mountains of freight, and announced, "All ready, madame." Liane nodded curtly, lingered to watch the stewards attack the jumble of luggage, saw her jewel-case shouldered, and followed the bearer, Lanyard at her elbow, Jules remaining with the car.

The steward trotted through winding aisles of bales and crates, turned a corner, darted up a gangplank to the main deck of a small steam vessel so excessively neat and smart with shining bright work that Lanyard thought it an uncommon tender indeed and surmised a martinet in command. It seemed curious that there were not more passengers on the tender's deck; but perhaps he and Liane were among the first to come aboard; after all, they were not to sail before morning, according to the woman. He apprehended a tedious time of waiting before he found his berth. He noticed, too, a life ring lettered "Sybarite," and thought this an odd name for

a vessel of commercial utility.

Lanyard stopped short with his hand on the mahogany hand-rail of the companion. "I say, Liane, this is a private yacht."
"Are you disappointed?"
"I won't say that."

"It is the little ship of a dear friend,

monsieur, who generously permits— But patience, very soon you shall know."

To himself Lanyard commented, "I believe it well:" A door had opened in the after partition: two men had entered.

Above a local well wind the had believed in Above a lank, well-poised body clothed in the white tunic and trousers of a ship's officer, he recognized the tragi-comic mask

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Direct Wires to Various Markets of the soi-disant Mr. Whitaker Monk. At his shoulder shone the bland, intelligent countenance of Mr. Phinuit, who seemed much at home in the blue serge and white flannels of the amateur yachtsman.

From this last Lanyard received a goodnatured nod, while Monk, with a great deal of empressement, proceeded directly to Liane and bowed low over the hand which

she languidly lifted to be saluted.
"My dear friend," he said, in his sonorous voice, "in another hour I should have begun to grow anxious about you!

You would have had good reason. monsieur. It is not two hours since one has escaped death-and that for the second time in a single day—by the slenderest margin, and thanks solely to this gentle-

Monk consented to see Lanyard, and immediately offered him a profound salute, which was punctiliously returned. His evebrows mounted to the roots of his hair.

"Ah, that good Monsieur Duchemin!"
"But no!" Liane laughed. "It is true, the resemblance is striking; I do not say that, if Paul would consent to grow a beard, it would not be extraordinary. But—permit me, Captain Monk, to present my brother, Paul Delorme.

'Your brother, mademoiselle?" educated eyebrows expressed any amount of emotions. Monk's hand was cordially extended. "But I am enchanted, Monsieur Delorme, to welcome on board the Sybarite the brother of your charming sister."

Lanvard resigned to his clasp two limp

fingers.

And most public-spirited of you, I'm sure, Captain Monk. I believe I under-stood Liane to say Captain Monk?" The captain bowed.

Monk?" Another "Captain Whitaker Another bow. Lanyard looked to Liane. "Forgive me if I seem confused, but I thought you told me Mr. Whitaker

Monk had sailed for America a week ago."
"And so he did," the captain agreed blandly, while Liane confirmed his statement with many rapid and emphatic nods. Mr. Monk, the owner, is my first cousin. Fortune has been less kind to me in a worldly way; consequently you see in me merely the skipper of my wealthy kins-man's vacht."

"And your two names are the sameyours and your cousin's? Whitaker Monks?" You're both

"It is a favorite name in our family, monsieur."

Lanyard wagged his head in solemn admiration.

"Ain't nature wonderful!" he commented.

Phinuit had come to his side.

"It's all gospel, Mr. Lanyard," he declared, with a cheerful informality which Lanyard found more engaging than Monk's sometimes labored mannerisms. sure-enough Captain Whitaker Monk, skipper of the good ship Sybarite, Mr. Whitaker Monk, owner. And my name is really Phinuit, and I'm honest-to-goodness secretary to Mr. Monk. You see, the owner got a hurry call from New York, last week, and sailed from Southampton, leaving us to bring his pretty ship safely home." That makes it all so clear!

"Oh, dare say! And now, if mademoiselle is agreeable, suppose we adjourn to the skipper's quarters, where we can improve one another's acquaintance without some snooping steward getting an unwelcome earful. We need to know many things you alone can tell us—and I'll wager you could do with a drink. What?"

Lanyard remarked that there were places laid for four. He had been ex-pected, then. Or had the fourth place been intended for Jules? One inclined to credit the first theory. It seemed highly proba-ble that Liane should have telegraphed her intentions before leaving Paris. Indeed, there was every evidence that she had Neither Monk nor Phinuit had betrayed the least surprise on seeing Lanyard; and Phinuit had not even troubled to recognize the fiction which Liane had uttered in accounting for him. It was very much as if he had said: "That long-lost brother stuff is all very well for the authorities, for entry in the ship's papers if necessary; but it's wasted between ourselves. We understand one another; so let's get down to brass tacks." An encouraging symptom; though one had already used the better word: "refreshing."

Spacious, furnished in a way of rich sobriety, tasteful in every appointment, the captain's quarters were quite as sybaritic as the saloon of the Sybarite. A bed-room and private bath adjoined. His sitting-room, or private office, had a studious atmosphere. Its built-in bookcase stocked with handsome bindings. Its built-in bookcases were panels were, like those in the saloon, seascapes from the hands of modern masters. Most of the chairs were of the overstuffed The rug was a Persian of lounge sort.

rare luster.

Liane had got her second wind and was playing variations on the theme of the famous six bottles of champagne. yard lounged in his easy chair and let his bored thoughts wander. He was weary of being talked about; he wanted one thing -fulfilment of the promise that had been implicit in Phinuit's manner. He was aware of Phinuit's sympathetic eye.

The woman sent the gray car crashing again into the tree, repeated Lanyard's quaint report of the business, and launched into a vein of panegyric.

Regard him, then, sitting there, mak-

ing nothing of it all—"
"Sheer swank," Phinuit commented. "He's just letting on; privately he thinks he's a great fellow. Don't you, Lanyard?"
"But naturally." Lanyard gave Phin-

"That is underuit a grateful glance. stood. But what really interests me at present is the question: Who is Dupont, and why?"

"If you're asking me," Monk replied, "I'll say-going on mademoiselle's story-Monsieur Dupont is by now a ghost.

"One would be glad to be sure of that,"

Lanyard murmured.
"By all accounts," said Phinuit, "he takes a deal of killing."
"But all this begs my question," Lanyard objected. "Who is Dupont, and

why?"
"I think I can answer that question, monsieur." But first, I would ask Captain Monk to set guards to see that nobody comes aboard this ship before she sails.

"Pity you didn't think of that sooner," Phinuit observed, in friendly sarcasm. "Better late than never, of course, but

The woman appealed to Monk directly, since he did not move.

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he h estal they "But I assure you, monsieur, I am afraid, I am terrified of that one! I shall not sleep until I am sure he has not suc-

"Be tranquil, mademoiselle," Monk begged. "What you ask is already done. I gave the orders you suggest as soon as I received your telegram this morning. You need not fear that even a rat has found his way aboard since then, or can before we

sail, without my knowledge."
"Thank God!" Liane breathed—and instantly found a new question to fret about. "But your men, Captain Monk your officers and crew—can you be sure of them?"

Absolutely."

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"You haven't signed on any new men here in Cherbourg?" Lanyard asked. Monk worked his eyebrows to indicate

that the question was ridiculous. "No such fool-thanks!" he added.

"Yet they may have been corrupted while here in port," Liane insisted. "No fear."

"That is what I would have said of my maid and footman twenty-four hours ago. Yet I now know better.'

"I tell you only what I know, mademoiselle. If any of my officers and crew had been tampered with, I don't know anything about it, and can't and won't until the truth comes out."

"And you sit there calmly to tell me that!" Liane rolled her lovely eyes in appeal to the deck-beams overhead. "But you are impossible!"

you are impossible!

you are impossible:
"But, my dear lady," Monk protested,
"I am perfectly willing to have hysterics if
you think it will do any good. As it hapyou think it will do any good. As it happens, I don't. I haven't been idle or fatuous in this matter; I have taken every possible precaution against miscarriage of our If anything goes wrong now, it can't be charged to my discredit."

"It will be an act of God," Phinuit de-

clared: "one of the unavoidable risks of the

business.

""The business!"" Liane echoed with scorn. "I assure you I wish I were well out of 'the business'!"

"And so say we all of us," Phinuit assured her patiently; and Monk intoned a fervent "Amen!"

"But who is Dupont?" Lanyard reiterated stubbornly.

'An apache, monsieur," Liane responded

sulkily, "a leader of apaches."
"Thank you for nothing."

"Patience! I am telling you all I know. I recognized him this morning, when you were struggling with him. His name is Popinot.'

"Why do you say 'Ahl' monsieur?"

"There was a Popinot in Paris in my day; they nicknamed him the 'Prince of the Apaches.' But he was an older man, and died by the guillotine. This Popinot and died by the guillotine. who calls himself Dupont, then, should be his son.

"That is true, monsieur."
"Well then, if he has inherited his

father's power-

"It is not so bad as all that. I have heard that the elder Popinot was a true prince, in his way, I mean as to his power with the apaches. His son is hardly that; he has a following. but new powers were established with his father's death, and they remain stronger than he."

"All of which brings us to the second



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Lack of one vital element in food now known to explain why so many fall off in health

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part of my question, Liane: Why Dupont?

Liane shrugged and studied her bedizened fingers. The heavy black brows circumflexed Monk's eyes, and he drew down the corners of his wide mouth. Phinuit fixed an amused gaze on a distant corner of the room and chewed his

"Why did Dupont—or Popinot," Lan-yard persisted—"murder de Lorgnes? Why did he try to murder Mademoiselle Delorme? Why did he seek to prevent our

reaching Cherbourg? "Give you three guesses," Phinuit offered amiably. "But I warn you if you use more than one you'll forfeit my respect forever. And just to show what a good sport I am, I'll ask you a few leading ques-

tions. Why did Popinot pull off that little affair at Montpellier-le-Vieux? Why did he try to put you out of his way a few days

"Because he wanted to steal the jewels of Madame de Montalais, naturally.

"I knew you'd guess it. "You admit, then, you have the

jewels?

"Why not?" Phinuit inquired coolly. "We took trouble enough to get them, don't you think? You're taking trouble enough to get them away from us, aren't you? You don't want us to think you so stupid as to be wasting your time, do you?

His imperturbable effrontery was amusing that Lanyard laughed outright. Then, turning to Liane, he offered her a grateful inclination of the head

"Mademoiselle, you have kept your promise. Many thanks!" "Hello!" cried Phinuit. "What prom-

'Monsieur Lanyard desired a favor of Liane explained, her good humor "In return for saving me from restored. assassination by that Popinot this morning, he begged me to help him find the jewels of Madame de Montalais. It appears that he-or André Duchemin-is accused of having stolen those jewels; so it becomes a point of honor with him to find and restore them to Madame de Monta-

"He told you that?" Monk queried, studiously eliminating from his tone the jeer implied by the words alone.

"But surely. And what could I do? He spoke so earnestly, I was touched. Regard, moreover, how deeply I was indebted to him. So I promised I would do my best. Et voilà! I have brought him to the jewels; the rest is-how do you say? -up to him. Are you satisfied with the

way I keep my word, monsteur:
"It's hard to see how he can have any kick coming," Phinuit commented with

Lanyard addressed himself to Liane. "Do I understand the jewels are on this vessel?"

"In this room."

Lanyard sat up and took intelligent notice of the room. Phinuit chuckled and consulted Monk in the tone of one reasonable man to his peer.

"I say, skipper: don't you think we ought to be liberal with Monsieur Lanyard? He's an awfully good sort—and look't all the services he has done us!"

Monk set the eyebrows to consider the proposition.

"I am emphatically of your mind, Phin," he pronounced at length, oracular.

"It's plain to be seen he wants those ewels-means to have 'em. know any way we can keep them from

Monk moved his head slowly from side to side.

"None."

"Then you agree with me it would save us all a heap of trouble to let him have them without any more stalling?

By way of answer. Monk bent over and quietly opened a false door, made to resemble the fronts of three drawers, in a pedestal of his desk. Lanyard couldn't see the face of the safe, but he could hear the spinning of the combination ma-nipulated by Monk's long and bony fingers. And presently he saw Monk straighten up with a sizable steel despatchbox in his hands, place this upon the desk, and unlock it with a key on his pocket-

"There!" he announced with an ample gesture

Lanvard rose and stood over the desk, investigating the contents of the despatchbox. The collection of magnificent stones tallied accurately with his mental memoranda of the descriptions furnished by Eve de Montalais.

This seems to be right," he said quietly, and closed the box. The automatic lock snapped fast.

Now what do you say, brother dear?" "Your debt to me is fully discharged, But, messieurs, one question: Knowing I am determined to restore these jewels to their owner, why this openhandedness?"

"Cards on the table," said Phinuit. "It's the only way to deal with the likes

of you."
"In other words," Monk interpreted, you have under your hand proof of our bona fides.

"And what is to prevent me from going ashore with these at once?'

Nothing," said Phinuit.

"But this is too much!"
"Nothing," Phinuit elaborated, "but your own good sense."
"Ah!" said Lanyard.

"Ah!" And looked from face to face.

Monk adjusted his eyebrows to an angle

of earnestness and sincerity. "The difficulty is, Mr. Lanyard," he said persuasively. "they have cost us so much, those jewels, in time and money and exertion, we can hardly be expected to sit still and see you walk off with them and say never a word in protection of our own interests. 'Therefore I must warn you, in the most friendly spirit: if you succeed in making your escape from the Sybarite with the jewels, as you quite possibly may, it will be my duty as a law-abiding man to inform the police that André Duchemin is at large with his loot from the Château de Montalais. And I don't think you'd get very far, then, or that your fantastic story about meaning to return the jewels would gain much credence. D'ye see?"

"But distinctly! If, however, I leave the jewels and lay an information against you with the police?"

"But to do that you would have to go

"Do I understand I am to consider myself your prisoner?

"Oh dear, no!" said Captain Monk, inexpressibly pained by such crudity. I do wish you'd consider favorably an invitation to be our honored guest on the voyage to New York. You won't? It would be so agreeable of you!"

"Sorry I must decline. A prior engage-

"But you see, Lanyard," Phinuit urged earnestly, "we've taken no can of a land to you. We like you, really, for yourself to you. We like you, really, faciling—the outto you. We like you, really, for yourself alone. And, with that feeling—the outgrowth of our very abbreviated acquaintance—think what a friendship might come of a real opportunity to get to know one another well!"

"Some other time, messieurs—"
"But please!" Phinuit persisted. "Just think for one moment-and do forget that pistol I know you've got in a handy pocket. We're all unarmed here, Mademoiselle Delorme, the skipper, and I. We can't stop your going, if you insist, and know too much to try. But there are those aboard who might-Jules, for instance. If he saw you making a getaway and knew it might, mean a term in a French prison for him-And if I do say it as shouldn't of my kid brother, Jules is a dead shot. Then there are others. There'd surely be a scrimmage on the decks; and how could we explain that to the police, who, I am able to assure you from personal observation, are within hail? Why, that you had been caught trying to stow away with your loot, which you dropped in making your escape. D'ye see how bad it would look for you?"

To this there was no immediate response. Sitting with bowed head and somber eyes, Lanyard thought the matter over a little, indifferent to the looks of triumph being exchanged above his head.

"Obviously, it would seem, you have not gone to all this trouble—lured me aboard this yacht-merely to amuse yourselves at my expense and then knock me on the head."
"Absurd!" Liane declared indignantly.

"As if I would permit such a thing, who owe you so much!"

"Or look at it this way, monsieur," Monk put in with a courtly gesture. "When one has an adversary whom one respects, one wisely prefers to have him where one can watch him."

"That's just it," Phinuit amended. 'Out of our sight, you'd be on our nerves, forever pulling the Popinot stunt, springing some dirty surprise on us. But here, as our guest-

"More than that," said Liane, with her most killing glance for Lanyard: "a dear friend."

But Lanyard was not to be put off by

fair words and flattery. "No," he said gravely, "but there is some deeper motive-

He sought Phinuit's eyes, and Phinuit unexpectedly gave him an open-faced return.

There is," he stated frankly.

"Then why not tell me? "All in good time. And there'll be plenty of that; the Sybarite is no Maure-When you know us better and

have learned to like us." "I make no promises."

"We ask none. Only your pistol—"Well, monsieur, my pistol?"

"It makes our association seem so formal—don't you think?—so constrained!



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Come, Mr. Lanyard; be reasonable. What is a pistol between friends?

Lanyard shrugged, sighed, and produced

the weapon.

"Really," he said, handing it over to Monk, "how could anyone resist such disarming expressions?

The captain thanked him solemnly and

stones. The altogether unexpected events that took place on board the yacht will be told in *July Cosmopolitan*. Louis Joseph Vance has never written a story in which the mystery has been more adroitly sustained. Be sure to get the next installment by ordering from your newsdealer a copy of the July number now.

You Have to Choose

(Continued from page 48)

of his sister in her checker-board rompers. He didn't think much about it save to wonder where she had disappeared to, and to congratulate himself on the fact that until she came back he would not have to answer any embarrassing questions.

The girl's name was Sherry, she told

him.

"French?" he inquired. They were dancing.

"No. Arabian," she replied. "Short for Scheherezade.

'The teller of tales," he mused

"Only one or two this evening," she defended, with the quick flash of a smile.

Blondes should wear black velvet masks always, he thought. It certainly lent additional allure, even to an already lovely face

The idea that she was a lady's-maid was preposterous, much more preposterous than that she should also be a thief. One could understand a lovely woman as a criminal, but that a girl of Sherry's education and personal charm should bloom unheeded as a hair-dresser and stockingmender to even as kind a mistress as his sister was someway an offense against nature

This train of thought led Henry up a dangerous one-way street. The logical conclusion was that here he was, a man of considerable education and appreciation, with moderate wealth and position, and with no attachments. It would be a favor to society to remove one individual from the ranks of its enemies. He was not entirely philanthropic, though. The fact that he had never touched the fingers of so galvanic a personality before in his life may have influenced slightly his tentative resolve to reform this one thief rather than entrust the job to the penitentiary au-

Of course, if she had been a girl of equal beauty but of assured social position, he would not even have allowed himself to think such thoughts but, as things were. e en if he was middle-aged, he felt confident that he was probably a better man than she would be apt to meet on the paths down which she was surely headed.

A tall, thin, and graceful parlor-serpent got in on Henry's twosome and danced away with his pink-and-gold treasure. He hoped that she would steal her partner's watch-the low hound to ruin an otherwise perfectly good evening's entertainment, the only one Henry could remember to have had for fifteen years. of it was that Sherry seemed to be enjoying it, and was actually laughing back at the youthful reptile who was presumably whispering of apples in her ear.

A bear with a headache had nothing on Henry for grouchiness as he retired to the office of the club to smoke an unsatisfying cigarette.

It was while he was buried in an overstuffed leather chair with his back to the desk that he heard the clerk in charge answer the telephone.

"Country Club, steward talking," the clerk said and then, after a long pause: "That's terrible, and I'll do all I can by seeing the chairman of the house committee right away. He'll know what to do.

Henry wondered mildly what it was to cause the excitement in the clerk's tones. He was not long in doubt, because a gentleman, presumably the chairman of the house committee whom the clerk had

hastily summoned, arrived.
"What is it, Ferguson?" Henry heard

him demand.

"There's been a burglary at Mrs. Keaton's house, Mr. Ranney," the clerk replied. "She thinks there may be a murder, too, although they haven't found the body yet. Anyway, all Mrs. Keaton's jewelry is gone, and she thinks that the thief has come to the club in disguise. wants you to have the doors locked and make an immediate inquiry. The person she suspects is her maid, and if she is here, she will be dressed in a harem costume."
"Hm," Mr. Ranney grunted. "This is

certainly very unusual, but I suppose we shall have to accede to her request. Ferguson, you attend to locking the doors per-Remove the keys and put them in your pocket. I'll give you five minutes to do that, and then I'll assemble all the guests upon the dance-floor and we'll soon find out if she is here or not.'

For an instant, cold panic took a tight hold on Henry's heart. That gay spirit who had been laughing and talking to him only an instant before was doomed to a quick descent from the pinnacle of pleasure to the depths of gloom in a police-cell. And he had really led her into a trap by taking her to this masquerade in a conspicuous costume.

Once the guests were assembled, she could be picked out as readily as if she were wearing a placard: "I am a thief." Panic was succeeded by determination to act. He had five minutes. Mr. Ranney had said so. The office was deserted. The clerk had gone one way and the chairman of the house committee another. Henry scrambled to his feet and moved without undue haste in the direction of the ball-An encore to the dance was in progress, a noisy one. He saw Sherry across the room still in the company of that same tea-toad. It seemed wise not to cross the floor; so he waited where he was until in the progress of the dance she circled to within a few feet. Then he broke through the line of dancers and took her by the arm.

"Come," he said.
"But—" began the youth. He still had

his arm round her.
"You must." Henry insisted, pushing the young man aside savagely.

The youth laughed. "Oh, if you're jealous-

Without paying any attention to the other's remarks, Henry dragged the girl to

one side, and through a door.
"Don't ask any questions," he ordered.

"Come with me.

Just as he supposed, the front door was cked. But he rather imagined that the locked. clerk had not had time to get up-stairs yet; so he raced to the second floor, the girl's hand in his.

The clerk was swifter than he had thought. In the broad corridor of the mezzanine they met him face to face. With a look of astonishment, the young man's eye lighted upon Sherry. He started to speak, but Henry suddenly remembered something he had learned in 1905 when playing football for Mr. Yost and, dropping the girl's hand, ducked his head sud-denly and planted his shoulder in the clerk's stomach. The young man was revived fifteen minutes later by one of the guests who happened to be a physician.

Henry was glad there had been no out-Taking the girl's hand again, he raced down the corridor to a red light which he had seen as he rounded the top

of the stairs.

It was a fire-escape, one of those swinging-ladder affairs, and they reached the ground just as the music inside stopped in the midst of a phrase. Henry knew what that meant. Mr. Ranney was making his annnouncement.

They had a few moments' start before the clerk could report which way they had

There were a number of cars waiting in front of the club, but Henry judged wisely that it would be a mistake to try to escape that way. They were probably all private conveyances.

It even seemed foolish to let the dozing

chauffeurs see them.
"This way," he commanded, and drew his fellow refugee toward the back of the Fortunately there was an alley which was reached from the club grounds by a batten gate.

It was padlocked, but Henry lifted the insignificant weight of the girl and dropped her lightly on the ground on the other side.
"I don't understand—" the girl began

rather protestingly.

"Can't explain fully now." Henry was panting. It has been remarked that he was not in as good physical condition as he had been fifteen years before. "But you have been traced to the club. Police looking for you. We got out just in time.'

She regarded this statement with astonishment for a moment and then laughed

"You darling!" she explained, and threw a very disconcerting arm round his neck. It was cool and soft, and didn't feel a bit the way it had when it had touched him legitimately in the dance. No; he didn't kiss her. For one thing,

he didn't have time. (Continued on page 123)

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How To Keep Your Hair Beautiful

> Without Beautiful, well kept Hair, You can never be Really Attractive

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing. It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly. When your hair has been shampooed

properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the The free alkali in ordinary hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless pro-duct cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

WO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

HIS is very important. After the I final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will

keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsi-

fied CocoanutOilShampoo at any drug store or toilet goods A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.





you can make your hair look, just

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"Served Perfectly!" How it is done with Americas Favorite Beverage



You meet few men with skill like that of the soda fountain expert. He takes a six-ounce glass and draws just one ounce of Coca-Cola syrup—the precise base for the best drink—service that eliminates waste.

Take a six-ounce glass, not a larger or a smaller one.

One press on the syrup syphon, with the soda man's sense of touch for exact measurements, gives one ounce of Coca-Cola syrup — you know just where it should come to in the glass to be precisely the right amount.

Pull the silver faucet for five ounces of pure, ice-cold carbonated waterwith the one ounce of syrup, this quantity fills the glass.



You may take up a bit of the proportion of water with ice, as a small cube or crushed. Stir with a spoon.

Done quickly? You bet. The rising bubbles just have time to come to a bead that all but o'ertops the brim as the glass is passed over the marble fountain for the first delicious and refreshing sip.

That's the soda fountain recipe for the perfect drink, perfectly Coca-Cola is easily served. served perfectly because Coca-Cola syrup is prepared with the finished art that comes from the practice of a lifetime. things of nine sunny climes, nine different countries, are properly combined in every ounce

Guard against the natural mistakes of too much syrup and too large a glass. Any variation from the ratio of one ounce of syrup to five ounces of water, and something of the rare quality of Coca-Cola is lost; you don't get Coca-Cola at the top of its flavor and at its highest appeal.

Coca-Cola is sold everywhere with universal popularity, because perfect service and not variations is a soda fountain rule.

It has all been done in flashes. The glass is before you before there is time for consciouswaiting. Thirst is answered by the expert with Coca-Cola in its highest degree of deliciousness and refreshingness.



Drink

DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

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ODERN Navigation dates from 1762, when John Harrison's Chronometer reached the West Indies, after a voyage of sixty-one days, with an error of only five seconds.

The rich prize which Parliament had offered for half a century-twenty thousand pounds sterling-went to Harrison. His victory, after thirty years of struggle, hinged on his previous invention of the Compensating Pendulum.

Unlike the modern ship's-watch, his timepiece was not suspended in gimbals but carried on a pillow.

The world war set new standards in paval timekeeping. The torpedo boat, with its terrific vibration, baffled America's experts till Elgin railroad watches were adapted to the service. And the first acceptable ship's-watches supplied our navy in quantities sufficient to equip the U.S. Emergency Fleets were—as might have been expectedThe \$150 Corsican in yellow gold An unretouched photograph



Elgin Watches



LL the sweet romance and legend of the ages is bound up in the wedding ring. When the first faint glow of Christianity was lighting the world, Pliny the Elder told of the custom which his people had borrowed from the ancients of the Nile—that of giving a ring of iron to pledge the betrothal's fulfillment.

Do you want to read the sweetest, quaintest story every told—the romance of the wedding ring? Our fascinating brochure, "Wedding Ring Sentiment," contains an exquisite collection of ring and wedding customs from the dim, uncertain past down to the development and introduction of Traub Decorated Rings which smart society everywhere has universally accepted. A copy will be sent upon request.

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"Must hurry," he instructed. "That clerk will tell them where we went, and they will search the neighborhood."

Even as he spoke, an uproar from the club-house told them that the search was on. Porch-lights were turned on all around the building, the grounds were brilliantly illuminated, and in front of the club the sound of motors being warmed up indicated that some of the pursuers were going to take up the chase

Henry and Sherry crouched in the shadow of the fence. Stooping thus, they made a precarious way down the alley.

They were nearly to the end when a blue-clad policeman sauntered into view across the end of the narrow thoroughfare and stood there watching. Henry knew at once that the block was surrounded, and that there would be a similar sentry at every other exit.

They were still unobserved, thanks to the friendly shelter of the high board fence, which apparently continued all the way down the block. They themselves against this fence. They plastered Henry, feeling his way along the flat surface, came to a gate which was not locked. He pushed it ajar just far enough to slip through and pull the girl after. It wasn't much of a refuge, but it surely was better than being out there in the open alley. There was a hook on the gate which he fastened.

The girl's hand in his trembled. was shivering.

"You're cold," he accused himself.

"It's no wonder, though, in that costume." "It's partly from excitement," she as-

sured him. While you're waiting, put on this fool thing. It isn't any good, but, at least, it will be one more layer of cloth to protect you against the wind." He referred to

his domino which he hastily placed around her shoulders.

He was in this act when a tap as of a club on the wood of the fence somewhere near by froze them with delicious terror. She seemed to shrink into his arms, and he held her tight to keep her from falling. There was a sound of heavy footsteps in the alley. The fugitives inside stopped breathing. The footsteps paused in front of the gate. Henry thanked his lucky

stars that he had thought to fasten it.
Still it was only a moment's respite. If the cop were suspicious, he would come in

anyway

So Henry drew his partner after him and retreated as far as possible from that back fence. At the other end of the yard was a building, probably a dwelling. It was all dark. Presumably the inmates was all dark. Presumably the inmates were all in bed or else attending the masked ball at the club.

The footsteps started to move on. would have been well except that, at that particular moment, a long-suppressed sneeze which had been circulating around in Henry's system at last made a dash for

emphasis. "Good Lord! Now I've done it," he And apparently he had. The steps outside which had retreated slowly now

liberty and exploded with tremendous

returned on the run. Some one fumbled at the gate. "I'll stand him off for a minute and you make your getaway while I'm doing it," Henry counseled, in the language and tone

of the stage crook. "Step behind the gate when he opens it."

She had little opportunity to disobey him, because as the gate swung open, he reluctantly disengaged his arm and thrust her mere wisp of a body back of the portal.

He himself stood full in the entrance, well braced.

A spot of light, from a pocket-flash disclosed him in the classic Ajax pose.
"Pardon me, sir," apologized the cop.

"I'm looking for a woman thief who just escaped from the club."
"So am I," declared Henry, with in-

"I was chasing stantaneous decision. her, and she just climb—or er clumb—anyway, she got over that fence." He indicated the wooden division between the vard which they were in and the adjacent "I was just behind her when she threw some pepper in my face which made me stop and sneeze."

"Which way was she headed?" the

officer demanded.

"She dashed into this house here," Henry replied. "At least, I think that's where she went. She was going that way when I lost track of her."

"Come with me," ordered the police-

The officer went first down a short flight of stairs that apparently led to the basement of the house. Henry followed, the blackjack all raised ready to anesthetize the representative of law and order.

The door opened unexpectedly to the

officer's touch and he tepped inside. Henry, who had not counted on the entrance being unlocked, followed closely after lest he get out of striking-distance of

his prey.
"Close the door," ordered the policeman, in a whisper, "and, if there is a key,

lock it."

Henry obeyed mechanically. Yes: Its presence afforded there was a key. him an inspiration which he acted upon at once by removing same from the inside of the door and transferring it to the outside. He closed the basement door with himself on the outside and hastily turned the key.

As he turned toward the alley gate, he sort of hoped that the girl would have made her escape by this time, from himself as well as from the law. But he couldn't conscientiously hope a hope like that with much enthusiasm, not until he had forgotten how warm she had been, pressing close to his heart.

She wasn't gone. And she slipped right back into his protecting embrace as soon as he found her. This, of course, was merely to make it easier to explain there in the dark what had happened inside and to lay plans for the next move. Henry thought up just as elaborate plans as he possibly could in order to delay the conference.

They felt reasonably safe in assuming that the end of the alley would now be unguarded since the erstwhile sentry was safely locked away, and so they boldly walked through to the next street, where Henry picked up a ta-i, far enough away from the club so that there was little danger of the driver knowing about the burglar-hunt.

In the friendly shelter of the cab they were whirled away out of the zone of the immediate hue and cry.

'Is your life always as interesting as

this?" Sherry asked him, in the comparative lull in their evening's adventure.
"No," Henry confessed, "nothing in-

teresting ever happened to me until I met

you."
"I, too, think this is the most fun I've had in my entire life," the girl replied. "It seems a shame that we shall never see each other again."

That was Henry's opening, the place where he should have offered the remaining years of his life upon the condition that she reform her habits and become a conventional citizen of this great and glorious country. He would have, but just as he began to speak, the taxi stopped in front of a brilliantly lighted house. Henry looked up. It was his sister's residence. He himself had instructed the driver to go there, because he wanted to get his hat and coat and also, if possible sneak out some more conventional garments for his fellow criminal, but he had not expected to find things quite so lit up. However, he had to have a hat.

He found every room in the house illuminated. There was no chance to make an entrance unobserved.

His sister Rose, still in her kilt costume, was explaining things to a police officer in

the parlor.
"Here's my brother. He will know what happened because he must have been here. You chased the thief, didn't you, Henry?" she interrogated.

This suggested a line of reply to Henry's mind, which might, otherwise, not have been able to function in time.

"Yes, I chased the thief," he replied undramatically. "What all was stolen?" "We don't know yet, sir," said the officer.

"They got all my rings and jewelry," wailed Rose, "and I'm afraid they killed Sylvia Seagrave into the bargain."

"Tell me just what happened," demanded Henry, to whom this idea of murder was a fascinatingly inexplicable angle to the affair.

"Well, you see," explained Rose, "after we got over to the club, I remembered that all my rings which I had taken off were lying on my dresser. As I had so many guests whom I couldn't leave, I didn't want to go back and put them into the safe myself, so I asked Sylvia to take the car and dash back for them. She's a good scout, and she was only there with her brother, anyway, so she didn't mind. But she didn't come back and I got to worry-After an hour had passed, I made Frank bring me home. There was no sign of Sylvia or of the jewels. H'wang said that he had let her in, but did not know when she left or how. Then, when we found that you were gone, too, we didn't know what to think, but guessed that there had been foul play of some kind. We have telephoned the club because there is a possibility that the criminal went there in a hope of collecting some The extra tickets and the more booty. costumes are gone, and it looks suspicious. Now tell what happened to you."

Henry studied the situation for a few moments

"Would you be willing not to prefer charges and not to ask any questions if your jewelry were returned to you?"
"Yes," replied Rose eagerly.
"Then there you are." With the

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Present	Position

silk hat, Henry produced from his vest pocket all the rings and other junk which he had almost forgotten were there.

"How did you get them? Who stole

You promised not to ask any questions.

"But you've got to tell me about Sylvia," insisted Rose. "Is she safe?"
"First, you tell me," countered Henry,
"if Sylvia is a blond with very dark eyebrows and eyes, and if she originally went to the masquerade disguised as a lady's-

"Why, yes!" admitted Rose, "But I don't see

"She's safe," Henry informed her. "Where is she?" Rose demanded.

"I am not absolutely sure," replied her brother, "but I'll know in a moment. At

that, it may not pay you to wait up."

He turned and left the room. In the hall he picked up his own hat and coat and a lady's fur-trimmed cape belonging to his sister and started toward the outside door. He paused with his hand on the Would she be there in the cab knob.

waiting for him to come back? Thinking of himself, as he was accustomed to think diffidently and as a settled old bachelor, he was sure that she would have seized her opportunity and fled. If she had he would still have a pleasant memory. If she hadn't, he

He had to find out. He opened the door.

The taxi still stood there. As he descended the steps, he thought of a thou-sand questions that he would have to ask Why hadn't she told him who she was in the first place? Was she engaged or married? Was

He opened the door of the taxi and the driver, according to prearranged instructions, started up

Henry took the hand of his now silent and apparently frightened companion, his mind all ready to put the first one hundred and seventy-three questions.

But he suddenly changed his mind and kissed her first.

And asked her the questions afterward, Then he kissed her again-and again.

So insistent has become the demand for Frank R. Adams's delightful stories that in July Cosmopolitan—next month's issue—will be published another one of his very kest, "Is It the Super-Sex?" Don't miss it.

Adventuring De Luxe

(Continued from page 73)

The cook-and-dining-tents were up, and supper was on the fire. The gasolineflares were going, and our places at the table laid, each with its paper napkin. Over the stove Jimmy was cooking, and the head man of the village was squatted beside a dish-pan, ready for work.

But where were our tents?

Joe came up-Joe who had been in our noisy confidence about the cottonwood trees-and revealed the secret. He had True, they were found some trees for us. in the missionary's back yard, but they were trees. Aided by Joe and a flash-light, we found them at last, spread out our bedding-rolls, looked at the trees closely for caterpillars and were not disappointed, and went back for supper.

But before I went, I had made a discovery, which I had not the heart to reveal to Joe. The missionary's house sewered into a well in the yard. And from that well, some two feet from my tent, there rose a ventilation pipe.

The banker sat on the ground in front of his tent and searched in a bag, in the darkness, for his night-garments. denly he sniffed.

"Funny thing," he said: "I've always heard of the odors of Indian villages, but if you ask me, this town has it all over the others."

We ventured but a little way through the town that night. It had too many black, mysterious enclosures. The blanketed figures looked stealthy, and the Zuni has a bad reputation for thiever

Now, of us all, Annabelle had the worst case of Indian dollitis, and on the next day she proceeded with her search.

At luncheon, Annabelle came in breath-She had found a doll-a most wonderful one-but she could not buy it. Indian woman had indeed first sold it to her, then burst into tears and took it back. During the meal, however, came a messenger from the woman, saying she would

sell it. So Annabelle went back, and the deal was completed, when once again the

squaw took back the doll. Our interest was roused, especially as, during the afternoon, the matter began to take on almost a tribal aspect. Evidently the doll was an important one. For the Pueblo Indian's doll is not a plaything. It is by way of being a religious image. Made to represent the Kchinas, or ancestral gods, they are for the instruction of the young, and they undoubtedly sometimes become, in themselves, small fetishes of good fortune. The parting with this doll was a solemn matter.

At five o'clock apparently, counsel had prevailed against cupidity, and all bets were off. But late that evening, as we sat in the dining-tent, an Indian girl arrived, wearing a dark shawl, and under the shawl was the doll itself. The money and doll changed hands in the darkness, and Annabelle was gravely warned to hide the image. So far all seemed to be well.

By next day the cook-tent had de-veloped into a center of extreme local interest, particularly to children and to the old and very poor. After meals, Howard, his kindly face aglow, would stand at the entrance, filling and passing out plates of food and tin cups of coffee and lemonade. Poor desert people, their sanctuary had not proved a sanctuary. It gave them at the best a scanty living—a little mutton and corn-meal. Here and there was a wealthy dwelling, where in the corral were horses and in the farmyard modern reapers, but the rank and file had barely enough to support them. Even the gar-bage scraps were seized and eagerly devoured.

Like the colored woman who had just naturally lost her taste for her husband, Bill had begun to lose his taste for the The other drivers, too, were Indians. surfeited with the long, idle days in which we bartered and bought. But now, at

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least, we were to face again toward our starting-point.

Our departure from Zuni was marked by a renewed frenzy of barter, but this time on the part of the Indians. They time on the part of the Indians. They offered by signs to purchase my black silk neckerchief, and at the car I found a large chief trying on my leather motor-coat with covetousness in his very touch. He finally offered me ten dollars for it. But particularly they liked our jewelry. They particularly they liked our jewelry. They offered me any amount of turquoise-and-silver jewelry for a pearl-and-moonstone pin I wore, and there was great dispute as to the nature of the stones in a diamondcluster ring. I gave it to them to examine, and it passed from hand to hand amid excited comment and argument. Then a chief took off a silver ring and offered to exchange.

Beyond Oho Caliente the lead car stuck in a wash, and again there came the familiar pick and shovels. If Oho Caliente means hot water, which is my recollection, we were in it for a time. And at one place there was a sign which made some of us homesick and all of us laugh. For it was a real sign, with an arrow pointing east, and it said, "New York."

Joe and the Ford had become our guides for Joe hailed from the Mormon town of St. Johns, our next stop. Joe, it developed, had picked out a place for us to After the success at Zuni, he felt that camping-sites were his specialty. So we followed at his heels until Joe stopped, rose in the Ford with magnificent gestures, and indicated our location.

It was a large empty lot at the corner of the two main streets.

Immediately we got out and expostu-lated. We did not propose to be exhibited to make a Mormon holiday. We were not a traveling circus.

"I had some hesitation in getting out of the car in the state of my trousers," said the Head, "but I'm darned if I'll get out

"You wanted trees," Joe protested.
"We want privacy, too," we retorted.
It was then that Joe remembered his uncle. Eventually, we camped on a side-street behind Joe's uncle's house, driving away divers cows to do so, and by the bank of an irrigating ditch we settled ourselves with extreme comfort for the

St. Johns is a prosperous, tree-shaded asis in the desert. Between it and the oasis in the desert. railroad in a straight line lies fifty miles of desert. By road it is nearer a hundred, and all its supplies must be freighted across that dreary waste. Yet it gave us soda-water and cold-cream, candy and moving pictures. And it appeared to have a small boy as its leading citizen.

In the drug store this boy, head hardly above the counter, officiated with ability that was almost genius. Without batting an eye, he saw twenty-odd thirst-frenzied souls descending on him; without a quiver he filled and refilled glasses and mixed sundaes. We lost him when we returned to Jimmy and supper, to find him at the movies that night, selling tickets. When the performance began, he ran the automatic piano. If he isn't the mayor now, he will be.

In the morning we went on to the Petrified Forest.

What I think a number of us expected to find in the Petrified Forest was a petri-



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The health and beauty hints given in

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The health and beauty hints given in "The Woman Who" have been endorsed and are practiced regularly by such beautiful stage and screen stars as Martha Hedman, Ruth Roland, Agnes Ayres, Corinne Griffith and many others. Think how much this means to you. And remember that all this wonderful information is embodied in a handsome little 24-page booklet that handsome little 24-page booklet that we send to you upon receipt of only six cents. You probably know us already. We make the famous \$5 Star Electric Massage Vibrator, the \$12.50 Star Motor Vibrator, and the Star Electric Fan, which sells for \$10, complete. All guaranteed. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 212, Torrington, Conn

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quickly. Write STROUT F





fied forest; that is, great trees erect, with leaves and the usual trimmings of trees. But all stone. No wind to blow those shining, eternally silent leaves; fossil birds, perhaps on fossil branches, fossil bugs, and fossil squirrels. But it was not to be.

Not that it is not extraordinary. it is not spectacular. Out on the desert in the sun, and covering square miles of territory, lie these ancient shattered trunks, turned to pure mineral of lovely colors. That is, they did lie there, for after a short time came trailing toward the cars divers enthusiasts, carrying, with or between them, this new and unexpected booty. Car-springs began to sag with future paper-weights; the floors were covered with embryo inkstands and clockbases and door-holders.

What remained of the Petrified Forest we left there, judging this best, as the forest has been extensively advertised.

It was at Holbrook that Annabelle heard again from the doll. We had stopped for lunch, and later had lined up, a ragged dusty crowd, outside the showerbath, where we could listen wistfully to the luxurious splashings from within. And we had reappeared, to rest on the veranda of the hotel before going on to camp in one of the leading streets of St. Joseph, when a tall, sunburned gentleman in a sombrero appeared before us and indicated that he was the sheriff.

"Sorry to trouble you folks," he said, "but there's a little trouble down at Zuni."
"'Trouble!" said the banker. "What sort of trouble?"

"It appears that a member of your party bought a sacred doll there, and the tribe's upset about it. Against the law, too, you know.

We tried not to look at Annabelle, but our eyes flew to her and stayed there. I could not, with every effort, look away.

"That's ridiculous!" said the Head agrily. "Do you mean to say that that doll—that if any of us did buy a doll—it is unlawful?"

"That was a peculiar sort of doll," said the sheriff, in his soft voice. like to make any trouble, but I guess I'll have to look through your things

He got up from the porch railing, and Annabelle turned a sickly green. But at that moment he saw Howard, asleep in his chair across the porch.

do you?" he inquired.
"Yes," we said shortly; "we are his party."

He considered.
"Fine fellow," he said. "Known him for years. Wouldn't like to give him any trouble." He bit the end off a cigar and reflected. "I'll go back to the office," he said "and see if there isn't some way out. I'd sure hate to put any member of his party in the jail.

Half an hour later, Annabelle emerged from the post-office, having consigned to it a mysterious parcel some twelve inches long. Not until then did we breathe freely. And not until sometime after did we learn that the banker had met the sheriff in the barber shop, and that we had paid in full for our laughter the day the banker had sat on the chimney.

Now, for sometime, the nervous women of the party had been looking forward at night to terrible depths and unguarded precipices, for we were to finish at the Grand Cañon. More than that, we were to camp overnight in the gorge. And whatever the plans for the future, there is no elevator there as yet.

Now the trails of the Grand Cañon have peculiar characteristic. They shrink. Between the time some people have come up and left their mules and sat in hot water to take out the soreness and their next meeting with those who have not gone down, the trails frequently diminish from their normal three feet or more to six inches. At no time, also, is the gorge less than a mile, or the wall below anything but completely vertical. This peculiarity also extends to the mules; they cease in retrospect to be willing creatures, only induced by kicking to break into a walk, and become rearing and stampeding beasts, determined on suicide.

"Just room, imagine, for the mule to place one foot in front of another," it is by the time the limited reaches Omaha. "At one turn, with the gorge a mile straight down, my mule stampeded, and leaped to a rock above the trail," is Chicago. By the time New York is reached, the survivor's friends are shaking his hand and congratulating him on his escape.

The truth is, of course, that the trails are absolutely safe. They are broad and well banked. The grades are sometimes very steep but mostly easy. Only rarely does one cling to the side of a precipice, and at those times the mules show no suicidal tendency whatever. In fact, I never saw mules more determined to live.

Nevertheless, the round trip down the Hermit Trail and up the Bright Angel is an achievement. It requires endurance of no low order, but, fortunately, the muscles used holding back in the saddle are not the ones used in leaning forward on the ascent. It is more than thirty miles, that round from rim to rim, seven down the Hermit, twenty along the bottom of the gorge, which is still fourteen hundred feet above the river itself, and three up the Bright Angel.

There is a good permanent camp at the foot of the Hermit Trail. There, having been assigned a tent-cottage, I parted from my mule without regret, for he had begun to pall on me, and lay down to wonder whether I could stand twenty-three miles the next day. But, as I have said before, we had with us that sightseeing element which had a mania for collecting sights, and it now came outside and bellowed that we were only a mile or so from the Colorado, and the mules were ready.

I did not, just then, care about the Colorado. I wanted to lie on my bed and reflect about the next day, and the wonders of the great gorge, and supper and various things. But I went. After all, what was the use of reflecting about the gorge? It was too big and deep for one mind. It was as beyond thought as it was beyond words.

With groans, from mule and rider, I mounted again and sought the stream which has done this mighty bit of hydraulic Or hasn't, depending on engineering. one's theory about the canon. Shall I ever forget the dispute between a junior member of the family and the driver of the car we had taken on the rim, when the driver sat with one hand on the wheel and, facing back, argued at thirty miles an hour, of the unfenced brink of eternity?

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If the Colorado dug the cañon, then it is a strong and virile stream, and its ugliness is as the ugliness of a strong man. If it did not, then it is a hideous, muddy, and quarrelsome little river, without a trout in it so far as we could discover. I had seen it at its terminal, where it makes an inglorious end in mud flats at the head of the Gulf of California, where blue and white heron stood in it, and mud geysers spouted on its banks, and I had said: "This is its age. It has spent its youthful beauty above." But it has no beauty. It has mystery and violence and mud, but no loveliness.

We were well fed and housed at the Hermit Camp. Before we started, we wrote our names in the visitors' book, and there found a curious thing. It had seemed to be the custom of those who had preceded us to burst into poetry. Here, rising all about them, were the vast walls and giant peaks of the cañon.

Poor little human dots, utterly invisible in their smallness from the rim of the canon, living for a space in the most wonderful of all the world's wonders—did they write poetry about it? They did not.

They burst into song about their mules. As to the quality and tenor of those songs, they ran like this:

I came on a mule named Elinore, I'll never do it any more.

At three o'clock that afternoon, after such descending, climbing, such wonders of chasm and beauty of color as can be found nowhere else, we reached the foot of the Bright Angel Trail, and cast our wistful eyes on and up, to where through a field glass we could see above, tiny specks against the sky, the heads of those craven souls who believe, or profess to believe, that the only way to see the cañon is from the rim.

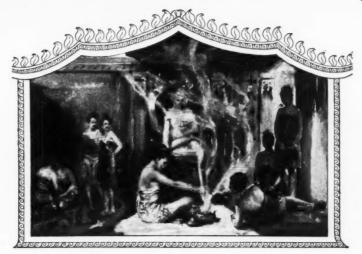
Now the tales of shrinkage recurred to our minds. And there appeared no way up. Straight over our heads was our destination, and no discoverable cleft or chimney; and it began to rain. It thundered and lightninged and rained. We took shelter in a hut, and watched our guides' faces, but they seemed quite calm. One of them even stretched out on the floor and went to sleep while the thunder echoed and reached and reached and against the great walls, and a cold wind blow.

great walls, and a cold wind blew.

But our motto was like that of the youth who carried through the Alpine village 'mid snow and ice, his banner advertising a patent packing-material. Also, there was no other way out. We started to climb. And the Bright Angel Trail is a considerable climb. It rises between three and four thousand feet over a floor-space of a few acres. It is wide enough and safe enough, but it is not conducive to the peace of mind of nervous persons to look back and down. It is also not so joyous on a windy afternoon, when amid rain and wind-gusts one's mule takes a fancy to kick at the one behind.

But when the rain ceased and the sun came out, through the new-washed air came such a panorama of loveliness as held us silent—purple peaks and golden peaks, rose and blue, they rose above the canon mists like fairy isles of some enchanted land.

For twenty-four hours I remained in bed, resting from my mule. Not for me the tom-toms calling to the Indian dance,



And the same rich scents you may enjoy tonight

EVERYWHERE in Burma tonight little fires are being lighted, and in each home a little Burmese lady is sprinkling sweet powders over a live and glowing coal.

All through India, up through China—in fact through all the length and breadth of the Eastern world, millions of people are happier and more rested because faint wisps of Incense are rising in their homes.

Vantine's—the true Temple Incense

And because of Vantine's, the same delicate scents of the East may arise tonight in your home to delight you—to refresh you—to enchant you.

Vantine's Temple Incense is the name to think of. The druggist, the gift shop and the department store are your sources of supply—for all over the country these are the stations where you may get the true Eastern incense—the incense which the East uses and Vantine's have imported for years.

Which do you think you prefer?

It comes in three delicate fragrances—Sandalwood, Wistaria and Pine. Some like the rich Oriental fulness of Sandalwood, others choose the sweetness of Wistaria and still others prefer the clear and balmy fragrance of Pine.

Try, tonight, the fragrance which you think you prefer. Most shops have it waiting for you.

But if your shop does not, just name that fragrance in the margin of the coupon, and we shall be glad to send it as your first acquaintance package.

Vantine's Temple Incense is sold at drug stores, department stores and gift shops in two forms—powder and cones—and in packages at 25c—50c and 75c.

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the post-card writing, and the tourists down below. For me, the hot, relaxing tub, the tray with delicious food, the sunburn lotion, and a book. But at last I rose, dressed and proceeded to the edge of the cañon. Standing there, I looked down. My glance was kindly, affectionate, even patronizing. lead us to the meat on the morrow.

It took us the best part of an hour to thread its interminable maze and then, just as we glimpsed the possibility of a wide-open plain beyond a tree-covered rise, a low whistle from one of the carriers far in the rear stopped us in our tracks. Madada crept forward to reconnoiter, and presently returned to report a lone wildebeest bull standing breast-high in an otherwise unbroken sea of grass. We had otherwise unbroken sea of grass. slipped from our horses, and by this time all our following had sunk from sight as silently and thoroughly as a covey of partridges. Putting the near-by tree-topped rise directly between ourselves and the quarry, we advanced into its cover, leaving it to Magudogudo and Madada to spy from the edge of the wood and decide upon the best route for a stalk, as we wished to get near enough for one of us to photograph and the other to shoot.

Advancing cautiously to the very limit of the cover, the two trackers took off their hats and projected their bare heads inch by inch beyond the respective bushes they had chosen until each had a full view of the clear plain. Thus they crouched of the clear plain. for a long time, and then Madada came to us with the statement that the bull must be lying down asleep or, to use the native idiom, he had "gone lala." We were delighted with the news, and had visions of ourselves crawling to within fifty or perhaps thirty yards of our prey, as the wind was steady and strong; but one insistent question after another as to the exact locality the wildebeest had chosen for his morning nap elicited only the vaguest replies. We stood around, the vaguest replies. growing more and more impatient, and gradually all the trackers and some of the carriers gathered round us, one of the latter finally reporting that the bull had trotted off some minutes before and had

y. I was moving I sat down, slnd a woman beside slowly that day. me said,
"I am crazy to, own, but I am terri-

fied to try it.

I smiled tolerantiy.

"I've just come up," I said. "It is wonderful. And easy." Perfectly easy." "It is

Hunting the Prize Idiot of Big Game

(Continued from page 43)

morrow. He understood the reason of our wishing to try out ourselves and our guns on the facile wildebeest and undertook to

Half an hour before sunrise of the folowing day, we started out with what seemed an absurdly large cortege: the two horse-boys, English and Rungo; Five, the interpreter, and Quambe, the carrier of the big camera; four trackers, two local guides, and eight men to bring in meata total of twenty including ourselves. Immediately beyond the chain of waterholes we entered a region dotted with the milala palm which, owing to the fact that it is the source of sura, the favorite wine of the country, seldom is allowed to attain a height of more than eight or nine feet.

gone to a neighboring vlei to visit his wives.

Such astonishing and circumstantial statements are very frequent in dealing with Kafirs, through an interpreter, and it is often a question whether they are due to the imagination of the medium or to that of the original informant; however that may be, they are seldom laughed at by the trackers, and the more extravagant they seem to be in far-fetched deduction the more gravely they are received. Without taking the trouble to pick up the spoor of the vanishing bull, the entire safari started off for the vague spot where he was supposed to have gone to call upon his consorts.

We were on the verge of calling a halt in what seemed a ludicrous enterprise when we came to the edge of a vast open plain, and the trackers, with pleased grins on their faces, pointed with raised chins to the vagrant bull standing in full view at a distance of from seven to eight hundred yards. They made no reference to the fact that there were no wives in evidence, and we were too pleasantly surprised at coming up with our original quarry to quibble over the omission. dismounted, surveyed the possibilities for a successful stalk, and found every condition highly unfavorable. Between us and the bull was an almost grassless flat half a mile wide and broken by a single tree.

Having learned by long experience that three out of five wildebeest shot are killed through their abnormal curiosity, I suggested to Cass that he take his gun and I the large telephoto camera and that placing the single tree between us and the bull, we walk straight at him up the wind, the rest of the safari remaining in hiding. For lack of a better, this plan was put into effect. The wildebeest saw us from the moment we stepped out into the open plain, the single tree serving only as a partial blind; however, he stood like a rock and apparently nothing short of an earthquake would have persuaded him to move until he should get a clear enough view of us to determine exactly what we were or otherwise convince himself that we were out for his blood.

I have walked up on wildebeest frequently in this manner and have learned that the one essential is to keep a perfectly straight line, never showing the head or entire body even for an instant. Taking everything in our stride in the way of hummocks, holes, and an occasional bush, we walked rapidly to the tree and stopped directly behind it for a full minute to get our breath; then the camera deployed two paces to the right and the gun The conditions were such to the left. that the bull appeared to be much nearer than he actually was; he stood out like a black blot against the gray and pale gold of the open plain and, the fact that we had walked down on him over a quarter of a mile also had its psychological effect on Cass fired as he heard the our senses. click of the shutter, making a hit at what afterward proved to be just over three hundred and fifty yards, and with his

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The wildebeest was an especially good specimen, and havit given careful instructions for the strong of the mask, we left the carcass in the hands of the eight carriers to be skunned, quartered, and carried to camp.

As is often the case when one has succeeded in taking a single head after long search and hard work, we promptly began coming upon blue wildebeest by the half-nozen and the score. In reality, they are of a slate-gray color marked by deeper transverse stripes verging on black and with black faces, manes, and tails. They are easily the most conspicuous animal in the Inhasune country, both by reason of their numbers and the fact that in the disance they appear to be of a uniform jet-black color. A lone bull such as the one we had killed is the exception, because the wildebeest is so sociably inclined that when, by reason of failing strength, he is driven out of his own community, he immediately takes up with any of the group antelopes such as waterbuck, sasses or invales or with a driven of where

saby, or impala, or with a drove of zebra. Wildebeest form the nearest living prototype to the herds of bison which once blackened our own prairies. They are not nearly as heavy, but they are built so thickly round the head and shoulders that one loses sight of their insignificant hind quarters and gets an exaggerated impresson of their weight and power. In the landa district they are usually found in herds numbering from ten to thirty and, when startled, go off at a swinging trot which at a shot develops into a mad gallop with heads hung low in the best style of the bison, raising a mighty cloud of dust. They are as fleet as any horse and possess an astonishing vitality, so much so that, unless mortally wounded or completely crippled by the first shot, the following of a blood spoor is conceded to be an almost hopeless undertaking. Even a broken fore leg may mean many weary hours and miles of unsuccessful pursuit, and I have known of a case where a running female was pierced through and through by eleven solids before succumbing. It is hard to determine whether it is a sense of immunity and confidence in their speed which make them stand so frequently to their own undoing or mere stupid curiosity; but anyone who has watched themperform as they occasionally do, whirling on one leg and gyrating their long tails while their weird faces retain a look of wall-eyed solemnity, cannot fail to think of them as the buffoons of the plains, remembering many a laugh at their antics.

Shortly after leaving the fallen bull, we came on quite a herd, and while they watched the rest of our outfit, Cass made a careful stalk from one milala palm to another, and succeeded in taking a picture at a hundred and fifty yards. Thinking that the herd might be circled on horseback and driven close past the camera for a snap-shot, I mounted Hawthorne, and, after a long detour in the bush, broke through into the plain at a point which I thought would put me to windward, but misjudged my distance by about forty yards. The lead was more than enough for the wildebeest; they started up-wind ta terrific pace, and while it was hopeless from the first to try to turn them, Hawhorne had developed so instantly the



That Well-Groomed Gloss Which Men Admire

Results from olive oil

How to make hair glossy—this all important question is easily answered. How to give it silky texture and satiny gloss—follow the directions we give you here.

The method is simple—the means yours for the asking. Palmolive Shampoo—the olive oil shampoo—will transform the appearance of your hair, making it soft and silky. You will be delighted with that all-admired, well-groomed, glossy appearance.

You get in Palmolive Shampoo a blending of palm, olive and coconut oils. The combination provides a wonderful beautifier as well as the most thorough of cleansers. It works a transformation in the appearance of your hair.

What olive oil does

The first advice of a scalp specialist is the use of olive oil to make hair grow. Olive oil, with its penetrating, yet soothing, effect, goes right to the roots of the hair. Combined with the cleansing properties of Palmolive Shampoo it loosens and removes the scales of dead skin from the scalp pores. By lubricating and softening it makes

scalp pores. By lubricating and softening it makes possible the normal circulation of blood, which stimulates the growth of hair and gives it natural healthy gloss.

Follow these directions

Wet hair thoroughly in clear water and massage Palmolive Shampoo into your hair with the tips of your fingers. Move the scalp back and forth, which will stimulate the circulation of blood to feed the tiny hair roots. The olive oil has cleared the way. The shampoo will make a stiff, rich lather, which envelops your head like a cap.

Wash the whole length of hair in this lather, rinse and then repeat the operation. Let the final rinsings be thorough and finish with cold water. Dry by shaking and fanning. Then—a thorough brushing and let your mirror prove results. You see gloss, softness and silky abundance—a real transformation. Every such treatment will show further improvement.

Send for trial bottle

We will gladly send you a sample bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, containing enough for one generously luxurious shampoo, no matter how heavy your hair.

This acquaintance bottle is sent absolutely free with our compliments. With it you receive a valuable booklet No. 226 on scientific scalp treatment at home.

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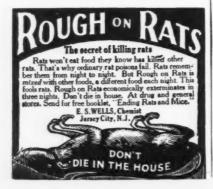




This fragrant super-creamy emollient for cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and complexion tends to promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health if used for every-day toilet purposes. Largest selling complexion and skin soap in the world. Sold everywhere.

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Consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal, and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume. Everywhere for 25c. Sample each free by mail. Address postal: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. AA, Malden, Mass. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



spirit of the battle-charger that one could do no less than give him his head. For nearly half a mile we thundered down the open, almost breast to breast with the galloping herd, and as it plunged in a solid mass under the low-hanging branches of a fringe of izonzo trees I had all I could do to bring the horse to his haunches in time to save myself from repeating a certain chapter in Biblical history.

As we had not shot at the herd, the

trackers expressed the opinion that we could easily come up with it again, and after only half an hour's spooring we sighted a group of five while our outfit was still under cover. The camera was again brought into play, and a picture of the small troop secured as it was just trotting off at not over seventy yards. From that day, wildebeest began to be a drug on the market, and it was possible to go out from almost any of our camps and secure one or two for the larder without much trouble. At first thought, it may seem that so stupid a beast would fall a prey to lion, but it should be remembered that while these prize idiots of the plains show a tendency to hang around longer than is good for them where man is concerned, they invariably have one of their number on watch, and no carnivora, save possibly the hunting-leopard, is a match for them

in speed once they get started.

especially is not fast over a distance, and

depends on his first rush and spring to

secure his prey; were it otherwise, there

would be few antelope left in Africa. Not the least entertaining and at times exasperating feature of African travel is the study of one's servants and their ways. Edy bin Feraji, who was making his seventh trip with me, was extraordinarily silent, almost morose, and it was only after we had been out for weeks that he told us he had been "wrong in his head" and at the point of death from some mysterious illness when the cablegram arrived saying we required his services. On safari he was useless as a captain but a tower of strength in himself, never calling on any-one for assistance. I have known him in an emergency to set camp, make the beds, wash clothes, cook and serve dinner, clean the guns, stand by to close the mosquitonet the last thing at night, and at a sudden lion alarm appear at the tent door within thirty seconds, carrying a light in one hand and a loaded rifle in the other. As a gun-bearer he was absolutely insensible to fear, and at least on one occasion saved me from certain disaster by his unalterable presence of mind; and yet he had his maddening faults. Nothing could make him

boss the Kafirs, hurry up the safari, or translate a sharp order. As an interpreter, he would listen to Madada pour out ten minutes of circumstantial statement which by gestures and expression we could perceive to be drenched in local color and stirring narrative, and when we were keyed up to hear what it was all about, Edy would translate as follows: "He say, 'All right,'" and not another word could we get out of him. He was convinced that should we follow Madada to the places so graphically described, we would get game and that was all that mattered.

Mohamet, who was the cook's twentyfive-year-old son and Cass's personal servant, was a contrast in every particular. When we were taking him on, the only question we asked him was if he spoke English, to which he replied fluently and quite without accent; "Oh, yes, sir. I speak English very well," and it was only on the first shooting-day weeks later, when Cass took him along as interpreter, that it developed that the boy had exhausted his entire vocabulary in that initial lying statement. In the days which had intervened, either Jack or Edy had interpreted sotto voce every order addressed to him. He was incurably deliberate, the first person in camp to go to sleep and the last to wake up. He wore a perpetual smile which seemed the essence of conceit, spoke Swahili in a soft, ladylike voice, and appeared to live in a happy dream beyond the reach of rough abjurations. It is a matter of lasting regret that we were not there to see his face when at the end of our trip and after waiting three days at railhead for a train, it was so rude as to go away without him, leaving him on the edge of the wilderness with five shillings of our money in his pockets and ten pounds of his wages in ours.

Not until eleven o'clock on the night of Jack's first great bust did the camp settle down to quiet, which strain, added to twelve hours' hard work in the field, made turning out at dawn of the next morning unusually hard. It was moving-day and even while we washed our faces, the entire establishment melted away as though by magic, so that when we sat down to breakfast the orderly table was like an oasis in a scene of trampled ruin and wreckage. Jack's painfully solemn and lugubrious face was true to all the traditions of the "morning after." To cheer him up we gave him a package of our precious tobacco and told him to share it with Edy.

and told him to share it with Edy.
"Tha's right," he grumbled. "Give an old dog a bone and tell him divide it with the cat!"

In July Cosmopolitan Mr. Chamberlain carries you with him into another part of the exciting African game country in pursuit of the pala-pala, the cland, the sable and the roan antelopes.

The lion

The Empty Sack

(Continued from page 64)

of detection. The points as to which she needed enlightenment being spires and Lady Hamilton, she went at her task with the avidity of a starving person at sight of food.

As to spires, she was quickly appeased, for her volume on the old churches of Paris had the Sainte Chapelle as its frontispiece. Now that she had seen the name in print, she was sure of it. Because of being so

little taxed her memory was the more retentive. Every sound that had fallen from Mrs. Collingham's lips was stamped on her mind like a footprint hardened into rock on a bit of untracked soil. Within half an hour, she had learned the outline of the history of the Sainte Chapelle, and with some fluttering of timid vanity, hal grasped the comparison of its strong and exquisite grace with her own personality.

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But, after all, the Sainte Chapelle was a thing of stone, whereas Lady Hamilton -she loved the name—must have been of flesh and blood. Here, too, there was a frontispiece, the very Dian of the Frick Gallery to which Mrs. Collingham had referred. Unfortunately, the illustrations were in black and white, so that she could get no adequate idea as to the complexion or the color of the hair. The face, however, with its bewitching softnesses, its heavenly archnesses, bore some resemblance to her own.

By sheer force of will, she brought her self to that moment in the afternoon when she stood at the studio door. She hadn't thought; she hadn't, in her own phrase, imagined. She had allowed herself no instant in which to count the cost or to shrink from paying it. Hubert, love, and the family deliverance from poverty would be hers before nightfall, and she meant not to look beyond. She opened the door softly.

Before showing herself, she stopped and listened. There was not a sound. It was often so if Hubert was painting, and the silence only assured her that if he was there, as he probably was, he was waiting for her alone. He was waiting for her alone with that look in his eyes, that maddened animal look which she had seen vesterday, so bestial and yet so compelling! till more softly she moved forward among the studio odds and ends.

Then she saw—and stopped.

In a chair, a partly-draped woman, seated in the manner of the Egyptian catgoddess, was holding up a skull. Though the woman looked the other way, Jennie could see her as a lovely creature, straight, strong, triumphant, and unashamed. Hubert was painting, busily, eagerly. He raised his eyes, saw Jennie as she cowered, took no notice of her at all, and went on with his work. It passed all that she had ever imagined of cruelty that, as she turned to make her way out again, he should glance up once more—and let her go.

Hubert—and the woman dressed like

that! The woman dressed like that—in this intimacy with Hubert! She herself shut out -cast out-sent to the devil! Some one else in her place, when she might so easily

have kept it!

Jennie's suffering was in the dry and stony stage at which it hardly seemed suffering at all. Yes, it did; she knew it was suffering—only, she couldn't feel. She could think lucidly and yet put the whole situation away from her for the reason that it would keep. Anguish would keep; tears would keep. She could postpone everything, since she had all the rest of her life to give to its contemplation. of her life to give to its contemplation. Just for the present, the memory of the woman in the chair with Hubert looking at her was so scorching to the mind that she could do nothing but snatch her faculties away from it.

Coming to Fifth Avenue and seeing a motor 'bus stop near the curb, she climbed into it. It was the old story of not knowing where to go or what to do once her simple round of habits had been upset. Snuggled close to a window, she could at least be joited along without effort of her own while she still fought off the consciousness of the frightful thing that had happened. It was not merely Hubert and the woman; it was everything. So much was included that she couldn't bear to



Jan Jox is the name we gave the products of our laboratories at the inception of this business. Each passing year deepens its significance, because we hold fast our covenant with our customers and with our druggists. You will find it on many preparations for toilet, health, and hygiene, and know it to be assurance of efficacy and purity in every one. San-Tox preparations may be purchased only in San-Tox drug stores. The nurse's face on the packet and in the drug store window tells you which is San-Tox.

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of bleeding gums MEDICAL scithat unhealthy gums cause serious ailments. People suffering from Pyor-rhea (a disease of the gums) often suffer from other ills. such as rheumatism, FOR anaemia, nervous disorders or weakonsorders or weak-ened vital organs, These ills have been traced in many cases to the Pyorrhea germs whichbreedinpockets about the teeth. THE GUMS about the teeth.
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think of this ruin to her beautiful house of cards.

She wondered where she was going. There was a ferry far up on the Riverside Drive which would take her across to New Jersey, and thence, by a combination of trolley-cars, she could work her way southward to Pemberton Heights. This would consume an hour and more, and so eat up part of the afternoon. What she would do when she arrived home with her dreams all shattered, God alone knew. If she could only have seen her friend, Mrs. Collingham, clinging to that kind hand as she poured out her heart-

Just then, a huge building came into sight on the left, and with it a new impulse. She had often meant to visit it, though the day never seemed to come. Gussie had once gone to the Metropolitan Museum in company with Sadie Inglis, since when she had been in the habit of saying that she had as good as taken a trip abroad. Jennie didn't want a trip abroad: she wanted soothing, comforting, affection. She wanted another touch of sympathy, that experienced, womanly instinct with kindliness and knowledge of the world which she had tasted for the first and only time on that blissful afternoon at Collingham Lodge.

It was to get nearer to Collingham Lodge that she left the 'bus to drag herself up the long flight of steps and into the vast, cool hall. There were others going in, chiefly the Slavs and Italians for whom she felt a legitimate Anglo-Saxon contempt, so that she had nothing to do but to follow them. Thus she found herself at the top of another long flight of steps, gazing about her in an awe that soon became an intoxicating sense of beauty.

It was Jennie's first approach to beauty on this scale of immensity and variety. It was her first draft of Art. Her childhood's poring over "Ancient Rome Restored" had given her a feeling for line and economy, but she had never dreamed that color, substance, and texture could be used with this daring, profuse creative-Having no ability to seize details, she drifted helplessly up and down aisles of splendor and gleam. Here, there was gold and silver, here tapestry, here crystal, here enamel. The pictures were endless, endless. She could no more deal with them than with a sunset. Life came to the Scarborough tradition in her as it does to a frozen limb, with distress and yet with an element of ecstasy. A soul that had passed to a higher plane of existence, whom there was no one to welcome and guide, might have ventured timidly into the celestial land as Jennie among these lovely things outside her comprehension.

She came to herself, as it were, on hearing a man's voice say, in a kind of tone and idiom with which she was familiar:

"Have you looked at this Cellini now? That's the only authentic bit of Cellini in the United States. There's six or seven other pieces in different museums that people says is Cellini, but there's always a

hitch in the proof.' Turning, she saw a stocky man in custodian's uniform who was addressing a group of Italians, two bareheaded women, three children between ten and fifteen, and a man. All were interested. All studied the gold shell with its dragonshaped handle in purplish enamel. They commented, criticized, appraised, even the children pointing out excellencies to each other. When they had drifted away, Jennie turned to the kindly Irishman, who, by dint of living with beauty, had grasped its spirit, and put a hesitating

Did the museum contain a portrait of Lady Hamilton?

He pursed up his nose. Not a good one. Not a Romney. There was one in gallery twenty-four, but it was by John Opie, of whom he had no high opinion. parison with Romney, he thought Opie big and coarse, but since there was nothing better to be seen, Jennie might choose to glance at this second-rate specimen.

"And I'll tell you another thing," he went on confidentially. "You're not used to looking at pictures and such like, are you, now?"

Jennie said she was not.
"Well, then, go to gallery twenty-four. Find your Opie, which you'll see hanging over one of the doors-and don't look at You'll have seen all you annything else. can absor-rb in wan day. Come back tomorrer, or anny other toime, and come straight to me. You'll find me here and I'll tell you what to look at next. But, don't take more to-day than you can enjoy.

He walked with her till she reached the

boundary of his realm.

But by the time she discovered her Lady Hamilton, she had only the courage to note listlessly that the hair was somewhat the color of her own-not chestnut, not russet, not copper, not red-gold, but perhaps a combination of them all. She had reached her limitations unexpectedly. The tide she had dammed had burst its barriers and rushed in on her. She sank to a chair in the middle of the almost empty room, her eyes blinded by sudden tears.

In the end, she saw but one course before her. She would make the best of Bob. To do so would mean that Bob would be disinherited by his ogre of a father, but with Mrs. Collingham's aid a counteracting influence might be found. Moreover, she could thus return home, confess herself Bob's wife, and offer the hundred dollars to her father as cash lawfully her own. Life would be simplified in this way, even though happiness were

She was the last of the commuting family to reach the house that evening, and, on crossing the threshold, was greeted with a sense of cheer. It did not mean much to her at first, for, with the optimism of a hand-to-mouth existence, a sense of cheer was the last thing the family ever aban-She herself cast all outward air doned. of trouble away from her on opening the door because it was in the tradition.

Her father was seated quietly smoking his pipe, which he had not done for the past week or more. Gussie held the middle of the floor, her arms extended in a serpentine wave, humming a dance-tune and practising the step. To mark the rhythm, Gladys was clapping her hands with a slow, tom-tom beat. Pansy alone stood apart, blinking and unresponsive, as if for reason of her own she considered this mirth ill-

"Look, Jen!" Gladys giggled, as her eldest sister passed down the room. "This is the new thing at the Washington. Gus has got it so you wouldn't know her from Samarine herself." chala 66 F word . Liz and a radia "0 the T tomo right.

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Jennie went on to the kitchen, where, as she expected, her mother was getting the supper, and did her best to be non-

momma! What's the good "Hello, word? What makes everyone so gay

Lizzie looked up, a cover in one hand and a spoon in the other. Her face was so radiant that Jennie was still more mystified.

"Oh, Jennie darling, your father has the money! He can make the payment tomorrow, and everything will come right."

So Jennie's plans recoiled upon herself. She had meant to tell her mother here and now that for four days past she had been Bob Collingham's wife, and had a hundred dollars in her top bureau drawer. mother was to tell her father, and her father Teddy and the girls. But now—well, what would be the use? By keeping her secret, she might put off inevitable

fate a little longer.
"Who lent it?" Jennie asked, after she had chosen her line of action.

'Nobody; that's the wonderful part of it. It's a hundred and fifty dollars Teddy has earned."

'Earned!' How?"

"Selling bonds for a man he knows. He doesn't want anything said about it, because it's what he calls 'on the side.' If the house knew of it-that he was working in off times for some one else-he might lose his job. wonderful?" But, oh, Jennie, isn't it

Jennie thought it wonderful for other reasons than Teddy's glory and the peace of the family mind. It was less easy to renounce Hubert than it had been an hour or two earlier. If he snapped his fingers she had said to herself, while crossing the ferry, she would run to him like a dog, in spite of everything; and if she did it, she would want to be free from the complications that must ensue if she were to proclaim herself Bob's wife.

Having assented to her mother's praise of Teddy, she went back through the liv-

ing-room and on up-stairs to take off her hat and coat. Near the top of the stairs, the door of the bathroom opened suddenly and Teddy appeared in his shirt-sleeves. There being nothing unusual in that, she was about to say, "Hello, Ted!" and ascend the few remaining steps to her room.

But seeing her moving upward in the dim hall light, Teddy started back within the bathroom, and, with a movement he couldn't control, slammed the door noisily. The action was so odd that she called out

"It's only me, goose! What's the matter with you? Have you got the jumps?" The door opened and Teddy reappeared,

grinning sheepishly.
"I-I didn't have my coat on," was the only explanation he could find.

Dear, dear!" Jennie threw over her shoulder, as she passed into her own room. We've got terribly modest all of a sudden, haven't we?'

But weeks later she recalled this lame

During the next few days, Wray snapped his fingers twice, and on each occasion Jennie ran to him like a dog, as she had foreseen she would.



Monsieur VIOLETS (Ve-o-lay's)Ambre Royal, created for a queen, is exactly the same to-day as it was many, many years ago

F you could gently lift out of their seclusion the gowns of that lady who was Queen of France long ago, you would no doubt find clinging to them just the faintest trace, just a pale ghost, of that perfume, Ambre Royal, which Monsieur Violet (Ve-o-lay) created for her.

And if you went to the Violet (Ve-o-lay) Shop at 29 Boulevard des Italiens, where the exclusive Parisiennes buy their requisites of beauty, you would find that this perfume is precisely the same today.

Ambre Royal face powder, of all the Ambre Royal family of products, is best loved by the exclusive Parisiennes-and more important, still, by thousands of our own American women all over the United States. For its royal fragrance, its softness and its

possession of all the requisites of indeed, a royal face powder Ambre Royal is loved. Not the least of its attractions are the many shades in which it may be secured, including the fashionable evening shades and those for complexions difficult to suit.

Then there is an extract, toilet water, vanishing cream, eau vegetal, sachet and soap all having the fragrance of Ambre Royal. You can buy every imaginable requisite of beauty in many different perfumes all under the name Violet (Ve-o-lay). The Ve-o-lay lines are all-inclusive. Ask for them, and ask us to send you a dainty book about Ve-o-lay, together with the name of the nearest dealer. Frank M. Prindle & Company (sole importers), 71 West 35th St., New York City.





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unless folks let them stay

Millions of people nowadays keep completely free from corns.

At the first sign of a corn they use Blue-jay—the *liquid* or the *piaster*. The pain then stops. In a little while the whole corn loosens and comes out.

People who pare corns keep them. People who use old treatments—harsh, unscientific—do themselves injustice. There is now a scientific corn ender. A famous chemist perfected it. This world-famed laboratory supplies it through druggists everywhere.

It is at your call. A touch will apply it. Its use seals the fate of a corn.

At least 20 million corns yearly are now ended in this easy, gentle way. Apply it to one corn tonight. Watch what it does.

Plaster or Liquid

Blue = jay

The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto Makers of B & B Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

If you are interested in making your daily life smoother the Cosmopolitan Service Bureau can help you. Turn to page 140





The first time was in response to a telegram. The telegram said simply, Studio Thursday, three P.M.

There was no signature, but Jennie knew what it meant. By one o'clock, she was dressing feverishly; by two, she had said good-by to her mother and was on her way. She was not thinking of her twenty-five thousand dollars now, or of any offering-up of herself. Her one objective was to drive that woman from the Byzantine chair so that Hubert shouldn't look at her again.

But she had not got out of Indiana Avenue on her way to the trolley-car when something happened which had never happened in her life before. She received another telegram, the second in one day. The messenger-boy, who was a neighbor's son, had hailed her from across the street.

the street.
"Hello, Jennie! Are you Miss Jane
Scarborough Follett? That's a name and
a half, ain't it?"

Her first thought was that Hubert was wiring to put her off because he wanted the other woman after all. Her second, that he had already addressed her as "Miss Jennie Follett," and she doubted if he knew her full baptismal name. Only in one connection had it been used of late, and that recollection made her tremble.

This message too was unsigned, and being so it puzzled her.

Always close to you in spirit and loving you.

That wasn't like Hubert—and Bob was on the sea.

She walked slowly, reading it again and again, till her eyes caught the address in a corner: Havana. She remembered then that the Demerara was to touch at that port, and understood. Crushing the yelow slip into the bottom of her hand-bag, she made her way to the square and took her place in the car.

As she jolted down the face of the cliff she wished that this message hadn't come till after her return from the studio. Then it wouldn't have mattered. It would have been too late to matter. Not that it mattered now—only, that the way in which Bob expressed himself made her feel uneasy. "Always close to you in spirit." She didn't want him to be close to her in any way, but in spirit least of all. Latterly, she had heard Mrs. Weatherby, a convert to some school of New Thought, discourse on the unreality of separations and the bridging power of spirit, and while these ideas made no appeal to her, they endued Bob's telegram with a ghostly creepiness. If he was close to her in spirit on an errand like the present one—

So she turned back from the very studio door. She couldn't go in. She couldn't so much as put her hand on the knob. Knowing that Hubert was within a few yards of her, eager to be hers as she was to be his, she crept guiltily down the stairs.

She cried all night from humiliation and repentance. It was as if Bob had laid a spell on her. Unless she could break it, her life would be ruined.

But the opportunity to break it came no later than the very next day. Chancing to look out into Indiana Avenue, she saw Hubert scanning Number Eleven from the other side of the street. He must indeed want to see her, since he had taken this journey into the unknown.

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Picking up a sunshade, she went out and spoke to him. He refused to come in,

but begged her to take a little walk.
"Jennie, what's your game?" he asked roughly, as they sauntered down the avenue toward the edge of the cliff. "Why don't you come to the studio when Iask you? What are you afraid of?"

"I did come—the other day—but——"
"Why didn't you stay? I thought you Brasshead wouldn't have minded would. it, and you could have seen how the thing is done.

"What's the good of seeing how it's done when—when you've got some one else?"

"But, good Lord, Jennie, this is not the only picture of the kind I shall ever paint! Even if I go on using Emma for this, I shall want you for another one-and I'm not sure that I shall go on using Emma. Do you see?"

She was so perturbed that she launched on a question without knowing what she meant to ask.

"Isn't she-

"Oh, she's all right as far as the figure oes. Features coarse. Not a bit what I'm trying to get. Have to keep toning own and modifying to give her the spiritual look that you've got, Jennie, to throw away. I keep thinking of you all the time I'm doing it. Look here: if you'll come to-morrow, I'll pay Brasshead off and you shall have the job."

By the time they reached Palisade

Walk, the business was settled on a business basis. Not once did he depart from the professional side of the affair, and not once did she allude to the scene in her dressing-room. But what was understood was understood, not less certainly for its being by passionate mental vibration, without a word, or a glance, or a pressure of the hand

But the next day, as Jennie was leaving the house to keep her appointment, Josiah, who had gone out as usual to look for work, had dragged himself home and fainted at the door.

"I'm all in," he mumbled, on his return to consciousness. "I don't suppose I shall ever get a chance to do a day's work again.

Jennie was so much alarmed that she forgot to telephone her inability to go to the studio till after her father had been put to bed, and the doctor had come and

"Oh, it's all right," Hubert had said listlessly. "I didn't expect you. I knew that if it wasn't one excuse, it would be another-

"But I will come," Jennie had interrupted tearfully.

'Do just as you like about that. Emma's here, and as you're so uncertain, I've decided to go on and finish the picture with-

out making a change."

He put up the receiver on saying this, so that Jennie was left all in the air with her love and her distress.

When Teddy appeared that evening, it was she who told him of their father's breakdown.

"The doctor says it's worry," she explained, "and lack of nutrition. He says he must stay in bed a week, and we've got to feed him up and not let him worry again.

Teddy's face grew longer and longer. "Then we'll have to have more money."



Add This Beauty

to your features—whiter teeth

Millions of people have learned a way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. A ten-day test will prove it, and that test is free.

This is to urge that you try the method. Watch how your teeth improve, what beauty whiter teeth can add.

A dingy film

Teeth become coated with a dingy film. At first it is viscous—you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It dims the natural luster. But it also is the cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Must combat it

The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat film. So the tooth brush has left much of it intact. As a result, the best-brushed teeth will often discolor and decay. Very few people have escaped the troubles caused by film.

Dental science has now found effec-tive film combatants. Authorities have

amply proved them. Now leading dentists everywhere advise their daily use.

The methods are embodied in a den-tifrice called Pepsodent. And other factors, now considered essential, are included with them.

The five effects

Pepsodent attacks the film in two effective ways. It keeps the teeth so highly polished that film less easily adheres.

It stimulates the salivary flow-Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

So every use brings five effects which authorities desire.

Watch it act

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

Ten days will show you how much this method means to you and yours. The facts are most important. Cut out the coupon now.

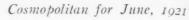
The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

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THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 683, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.



"You poor Ted, yes; but then you're making money on the side aren't you?

Reminding himself, as he did a hundred times a day, that Nicholson had had five years in which to get away with it, Teddy

passed on up-stairs to his father's bedside.
"It's all right, dad," he tried to smile.
"Don't you worry. I'm here. I'll take care of ma and the girls. You just make your mind easy and give yourself up to getting well."

Jennie's attendance at the studio was thus put out of the question for many days, and, in the meantime, she had a letter posted at Havana. Fearing that it would come and attract attention in the family, she watched the postman, getting it one morning before breakfast. wrote:

"There is a love so big and strong and sure that separations mean nothing to it, because it fills the world. That's my kind of love, Jennie darling. We can't get out of it—I—even if we would. At this very minute, I'm sailing and sailing; but I'm not being carried farther away from you. The love in which you and I are now leading our lives is wider than the great his circle. leading our lives is wider than the great big circle made by the horizon. Don't forget that, dear. I'm always with you. Love doesn't recognize I'm always with you. Love doesn't recognize distance. Love isn't physical or geographical It's force, power, influence. I love you so much that I know I can keep you safe even though I'm on the other side of the world. I can't fend troubles away from you, worse luck, but I can carry you through them. I know that, till I come back, you'll be having a hard time; but my love will hang round you like an enchanted cloak, and nothing will really get at you. You're always wearing that cloak, Jennie; you always walk with it about you."

While Jennie was reading this, Edith Collingham, at breakfast at Marillo Park, was springing a question on her father. She sprang it at breakfast, because it was the only time she was sure of seeing him alone.

"Father, how far are children obliged to marry or not to marry in deference to their parents' wishes, and how far have fathers and mothers the right to inter-

Dauphin, who was on his haunches near his master's knee, removed himself to a midway position between the two ends of the table, as if he felt that in the struggle he perceived to be coming he couldn't throw his influence with either side.

Without answering at once, Collingham pped an egg with a spoon. The broachtapped an egg with a spoon. ing of so personal a quartion between one of his children and handle was something It had been an established rule in the household that, however free the intercourse between the boy and the girl and their mother, the approach to their father was always indirect. Junia had made it her lifelong part to explain the children to their father and the father to his children, but rarely to give them a chance of explaining themselves to each other. Collingham had acquiesced in this for the reason that the duties of a parent were not those for which he felt himself, in his own phrase, specially "cut out."

The duties for which he did feel himself cut out were those that had to do with the investment of money. On this ground, he spoke with authority; he was original, intuitive, inspired. When it came to a flair for the stock which was selling to-day at fifty and which to-morrow would be worth five hundred, he belonged to the illuminati. This being the highest use of



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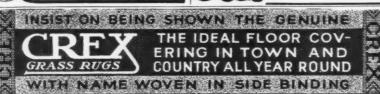
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be the e of intelligence known to man, he felt it his duty to specialize in it to the exclusion of everything else.

As already hinted, there were two Collinghams. There was the natural man, a kindly, generous fellow who would never have made a big position in the world; and there was the other Collingham, standardized to the accepted, forceful, Americanbusiness-man pattern, and who, now that he was sixty-odd, was the Collingham who mainly had the upper hand.

Mainly, but not completely. The natural Collingham often made timid attempts to speak and had to be stifled. He was being stifled while the standardized Collingham tapped his egg. It was the pupil of Junia, Bickley, and the business world who finally sought to gain time by asking a counter-question.

"What do you want to know for?" Edith was prepared for this.

"Because I may make a marriage that you and mother wouldn't like; and I think it possible that Bob may do the

Whatever the natural Collingham might have said to this, the man who had been evolved from him could have but one

"People who act on their own responsibility should be prepared to go the whole

Edith sipped her coffee while she worked out the significance of this.

"Does that mean that you wouldn't give us any money?

"Rather that, being so extremely inde-pendent, you wouldn't ask for it."

"Oh, ask for it-no; and yet-"And yet you think I ought to hand

"I was thinking rather of a kind of noblesse oblige-

"In which all the noblesse must be

"Not exactly that. In which, perhaps the noblesse should be ours. Even if I should marry a poor man, I can't help being a Collingham, a member of a family with large ideas and a large way of living.

"Yes; but, you see, you'd be giving them up."

"You can't give up what's been bred into you. And in my case, I should be bringing the man—you must let me say it, dad-I should be bringing the man I-I love-so little

"He's probably counting on a great deal. Poor men who marry rich men's daughters generally do."

"I was going to say that while he'd be giving me so much, all I could offer him would be money; and if I didn't bring

"Well? Go on."

"If I didn't bring that, I should feel so humiliated before him-

He affected an ignorance which was not a fact.

"Who is this paragon, anyhow?"

"I thought mother might have told ou. It's Mr. Ayling."

"Oh, that teacher fellow."
"He's more than that, dad. He's a professor in one of our greatest universities. He's a writer beginning to be recognized as having ideas. He has a position of his

"Yes; but only an intellectual one." She raised her eyebrows. "Only?"



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Note to parents: If you want your boy to appreciate what it means to earn what he wants have him write to us.

He straightened himself and prepared for business.

"Look here, Edith: Don't kid yourself. An intellectual position in this country is no position at all. The American people have no use for the intellectual, and they've made that plain."

She could hardly express her amaze-

ment.
"Why, dad! There's no country in the world where people go in more for education, where there are more men who go to colleges-

Yes-to fit them for making money, not to turn them into highbrows. You must have a spade to dig a garden, but it's the garden you're proud of, not the spade."

"And the very president of the coun-

"Is what you call an intellectual man; but that's a bit of chance. He's not president because he was a college professor, but because he was a politician. If he hadn't been a politician-something that the country values—he'd still be in one of your two-by-four universities. Listen, Edith!" he emphasized his point by the movement of his forefinger. "We've a rule in business which is the test of everything. So long as you stick to it, you can't go wrong in your estimates. The value of a thing is as much money as it will bring. You know the value of the intellectual in American eyes the minute you think of what the American people are willing to pay for it. You say your intellectual man has a position of his own. Well, you can see how big the position is by what he earns. He doesn't earn enough decently to support a wife, and so long as the American people have anything to say to it, he never will. You can box the whole compass of fellows who live by their wits-teachers, writers, journalists, artists, musicians, clergymen, and the whole tribe of them. We don't want them in this country, except as you want a spade and a hoe in your tool-house. When they try to get in, we starve them out; and, Collingham as you are, once you've married this fellow, you'll go with your gang." He pushed back his chair and rose. "That's all I've got to say. Think it over." As he passed out through the French window to the terrace beyond he snapped his fingers. "Dauphin, come

But perhaps, for the first time in his life, Dauphin didn't immediately follow him. Instead, he went first to Edith, laving his long nozzle in her lap.

For five or ten minutes, as Collingham smoked his morning cigar while visiting the stables, the garage, and the kitchen garden, the natural man tried to raise his voice.

"Why didn't you say, 'Marry your man, Edith, my child, and I'll giye you ten thousand a year?' Poor little girl," this first Collingham went on, "she's so frank and true and high-spirited! You've made her unhappy when you could so easily have made her glad."

"You said what any other American father in your position would have said," the pupil of Bickley and Junia argued, on the other side. "True, you've made her unhappy, but young people often have to be made unhappy in order that the foolish dictates of the heart may be repressed. There are millions of people all over the world whose lives would have been spoiled if such early emotional impulses hadn't been thwarted.

And, after all, it was true that the intellectual was not respected. The public pretended that it was, but when it came to the test of social and financial rewardthe only rewards there were—the pretense was apparent. There were no intellectual people at Marillo Park; there were none whom he, Collingham, knew in business. There were men with brains; but to distinguish them from the intellectual they were described as brainy. Edith as the wife of an intellectual man would be selfdestroyed; and it was his duty as her father to stop, if he could, that selfdestruction.

By the time he had reached the point in his morning ritual which brought him to Junia's bedside, he was standardized again, even though it was with a bleeding heart. He could more easily suffer a bleeding heart than he could the fear of not being an efficient man of business.

"What use have you had for the twentyfive thousand I've paid in to your account?" he asked, before he kissed her good-by.

She concealed her anxiety that so many days had passed without a sign from Jennie under an air of nonchalance.

"No use as yet, but I expect to have. I shall let you know when the time comes."

But no sign could come from Jennie, for the reason that her father died in mid-July, and, during the intervening weeks, she was tied to his bedroom. As the eldest daughter, and the only one at home, all her other functions were absorbed in those of nurse. Luckily, there was money in the house, for Teddy had been successful in his efforts "on the side," and Bob continued to transmit small sums to herself, which she added to the hundred dollars in the top bureau-drawer. Bob, Hubert, Collingham Lodge, her ambition, and her love became unreal and remote as she watched the setting of the sun to which her being had been turned. In the eyes of others, Josiah might be feeble and a failure, but to Teddy and his sisters he was their father, the pivot of their lives, the nearest thing to a supreme being they had known.

Teddy paid for the lot in the cemetery, as well as the other expenses of the funeral, within a week of his father's death. "Now I'm through," he said to himself, with a

I'm througn, in long sigh of relief.
"You darling Ted," was Jennie's commendation. "You must have given dollars at least. Now I hope you'll be able to save a little for yourself."

At the bank, Teddy's younger colleagues were sympathetic, Lobley especially doing him kindly little turns. He asked him to supper one evening at a restaurant, where they talked of marksmanship at which Teddy had been proficient in the navy. He was out of practise now, he said, to which Lobley had replied that it was a pity. He, Lobley, had an automatic pistol illegally at home, and if Teddy would like to borrow it, he could soon bring himself back to his old form. Teddy did so like, and went back to Pemberton Heights with the thing secreted on his person. It went with him to the bank next day-and every

For Teddy had begun to notice symp toms to which one less keenly suspicious would be blind. Nothing was ever said of

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worth the investment in the saving of mental wear and tear alone.

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Six products that will "smooth life's pathway" for you are listed below. Write us, and we will see that you get full information without any obligation on your part. Please mention each by number.

Shaving with a dull safety razor blade is a poor way to start the day. Here is a device that sharpens your blades to a keen cutting-edge in a jiffy. It's as easy as lathering your face. No rasped skin or jangled nerves. You can use your blades indefinitely, and keep them always sharp. Ask about Number One.

When you get your feet wet you let yourself in for discomfort—and perhaps illness. It certainly is annoying to sit around with that mean, damp feeling. This product, applied to any kind of shoes, makes them waterproof. And not only that. It reduces shoe bills by increasing their wearing qualities. Ask about Number Four.

An inconveniently placed electric light fixture is a nuisance. When you want to read you have to do a lot of chair and table moving. There is a certain invention that does away with such bother. With it installed in your home, you move the fixture instead of the furniture. You can change the lighting scheme of any room at will. Ask about Number Two.

If you break your eyeglasses, it means slowing up in your work until they are repaired. The best way to prevent such accidents is to wear glasses that aren't easily displaced. We will tell you the kind that don't fall off easily. They are just as comfortable as any other and they do stick to the nose. Ask about Number Five.

Ten miles from a garage without the right tool, and something wrong with your car! Wouldn't this situation cast a shadow over your outing—or business trip? We can tell you about a compact motor set that will take care of ordinary road repairs. You can remove worry from motoring with this outfit in your car. Ask about Number Three.

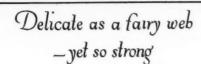
Searching for objects in the dark is unpleasant and nerve-racking. There is no need of it if you take advantage of this discovery. Objects can be immediately located without any aimless groping—no matter how dark the surroundings. There are scores of uses for it in your home, on your car, at the office, in your factory. Ask about Number Six.

You can secure information from the bureau about any product whether it is suggested here, or whether it is advertised or not. Just write us asking for the facts you want. They will be sent you as soon as possible.

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money missing, and no hint thrown out that he himself was not trusted as before. He had nothing to go on except that Mr. Brunt became more taciturn than ever, and once or twice he thought he was being watched. The eyes of Jackman, the principal house detective, wandered often toward him, and twice he, Teddy, had seen Jackman in conference with Flynn.

"They'll never get me alive," was his inner consolation, though immediate suicide suggested itself as an alternative, and flight, disappearance, an absolute blotting-

out was a third expedient.

Yet nothing was sure; nothing was even remotely sure. By becoming too jumpy, he might easily give himself away. Nicholson had had five years. In two years, in one, Teddy meant to be square with the bank again.

But one afternoon, as he emerged into Broad Street on his way home, Jackman and Flynn were talking together on the opposite pavement. The boy jumped back, though not before he saw Jackman make a sign to Flynn which said as plainly as words, "There he is now."

To Teddy, it was the end of the world. All the past, all the future, merged into this single second of terror. He looked across at them; they looked across at him. There was a degree of confession in the very way in which his blanched face stared at them through the intervening crowds.

Jackman's lips formed half a dozen syllables, emphasized by a nod and a lifting

of the brows.

"That's the guy all righty," were the words Teddy practically heard.

Like a startled wild thing, he had but one

impulse—to run. Actual running in Broad Street at that hour of the day being out of the question, he dived into the procession mounting toward Wall Street, ducking, dodging, pushing, almost knocking people down, and mad with fear. "They'll never get me alive," he was saying to himself; but how in that crowd to find space in which to turn the pistol to his heart already puzzled him.

At the corner of Wall Street, he summoned courage to look over his shoulder. They might not be after him. If not, it would prove a false alarm, such as he had had before. But there they were—Jackman scrambling laboriously up the other side of Broad Street, and Flynn crossing it, picking his way among the vans and motorcars.

Teddy scurried on again, like a frightened rabbit, meaning to gain Nassau Street and somehow double on his tracks.

Nothing that Basil King has yet written—and he has made many and significant contributions to modern literature—combines that dramatic intensity of plot with the sound understanding of American home life that distinguishes this great novel. It is unquestionably not only one of the most absorbing serials of the past decade but also one of the most important.

The Last Dollar

(Continued from page 70)

end of his rope Larry was when Bob, old Batch, and many other attorneys in our state left the following week for a big bar meeting in Boston. If they had known, perhaps the story of the Bartlett defense might all be written differently. It was while they were absent, about a month before the trial, that the telegram came from Atlanta, and old Patterson was involved in the Bartlett affair.

Patt met Larry on Main Street one afternoon and made a startling announce-

ment.

"You're just the chap I'm lookin' for," he growled. "I've got something here I was going to turn over to the sheriff, but I guess you'll be more interested. It's a telegram for a dead man!"

"Not-not-for Jim Bartlett!"

"Yes; for Jim Bartlett."
Larry's hand trembled as he tore the flimsy yellow envelop. The wire was dated at Atlanta, Georgia, the preceding day. With the color fading from his face, the young man read:

Unknown young woman attempted suicide here last night leaping window local hotel. Believe fatally injured. Will give no reason for act or divulge identity. Pocketbook in her bag has cards with your name. Tall blonde with long scar on left forearm, well-dressed, brown traveling suit. Do you know her? Advise.

"Jim's pocket-book!" cried Larry hoarsely. "It wasn't found upon him and has never been located. Here's a real clue—at last!"

"Well?" demanded Patterson.

"I'll take charge of this message, Patt, and I'll send this doctor a night-letter at once. Then I'll start for Atlanta on the next train."

Into the Western Union office he went with the operator and paid out one of his remaining dollars for a long Atlanta wire. Then he faced the grim business of raising another hundred to carry him South.

The following twenty-four hours were the worst the man had lived since the afternoon of the shooting.

If he had the money, he learned he could reach Atlanta by Friday night. Once there; he felt confident of getting a con-

tession out of the strange woman if the exigency of Ann's predicament was adequately depicted to her. But Larry did not have the money, and he discovered that he couldn't get it. He was driven at last to a long-distance 'phone to get in touch with his attorneys.

Twice he called Boston without being able to locate his men. Finally word came back. They had started homeward by motor with some friends; they were making the trip via Springfield, Massachusetts.

Larry was gray-lipped when he came from the booth. They might not reach Vermont for several days, since they appreciated no especial need why they should hurry back. Meanwhile, in distant Atlanta, a strange woman who might clear Ann Bartlett was dying.

Old Jake Patterson appeared in his grumpiest mood that evening when Larry stood before the Western Union counter with a carefully worded night-letter. He kept the young man waiting several minutes while he finished off a sheaf of messages on the Boston wire.

"What the devil are you thinking of, wiring old man Ezekiel or a hundred dollars?" Patt demanded, as he counted the words. "What does he care about you?"

"It's a chance," Larry contended. "A desperate chance! He's helped several loca! people with money for their businesses; he may be sport enough to take a chance on helping me now with something far more vital than business—a fight for a woman's life."

"It's money wasted," announced Patt with finality. "While you've got it, you'd far better spend it on another night-letter to that doctor instructing him to put the woman through the third degree." He shrugged his shoulders. "This'll cost you ninety-five cents," he declared "and the war-tax makes it just an even dollar!"

An even dollar!

Larry felt in one of his vest pockets. He pulled out a silver cartwheel, "My first—and my last!" he commented

grimly, sadly.

"Whatderyer mean, your 'first and last'?" Patt wanted to know.

"That's the first dollar I ever earned, Patt. Like all of us, I started out in life expecting to end up a millionaire. My dad was alive then. He persuaded me to save that first dollar as a souvenir. I've carried it since for a pocket-piece. So long as I had it, I was never really broke. But I've got to let it go now, Patt. With it spent at last, I'm really done for. Still, you never can tell what your last bullet may do. That silver dollar's my last bullet in the battle for Ann Bartlett's defense, Patt. I'm taking a chance that it'll win the prize—shooting it at old Ezekiel."

Patterson swept the dollar into the till. "Money wasted!" he repeated stoically. "But if it should bring you back a hundred, you can't call it a poor investment—spend one dollar and get it back a hundred times. I'd like to strike old Zeke for a hundred myself just now. Here's my daughter, capable o' travelin' with people like the Prestons and the Thornes, and I can't even scrape her up an odd hundred to let her go on to St. Louis with the Thorne girls, from Cleveland. I've got to write her to come home! Think of the shame and humiliation! All because I ain't made—a million! Hell!"

The Western Union manager was not in his office the following morning. The girl who sometimes substitutes for him declared he had gone to Springfield on business.

"He acted awful queer last night," she confided to our local reporter. "Amy ought to have her ears boxed. He's really a regular dad at heart—Mr. Patterson is—but Amy just rides him to death."

All next day, Larry waited his reply from the wealthy old member of our summer colony on Preston Hill. It arrived about five o'clock.

Mr. Ezekiel was in the Far West. The matter would have prompt attention on his return, however. His secretary so promised—with regrets.

Larry merely laughed when he received that answer. He crumpled the sheet of damp yellow paper and threw it on the floor. The telegrapher was alarmed at the look in his eyes.



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At five o'clock Sunday afternoon, when the Western Union was open for an hour, another wire came through for Ann Bartlett's knight in the lists of love and death. It closed the chapter.

Useless for you to come to Atlanta. girl died two o'clock. Could not obtain con-fession you suggested.

Old Patterson was back at his work. He had been the one to take the message.

"The Atlanta girl lived plenty long enough for me to have made that trip South," lamented Hamilton. "If Ann is convicted, I shall always feel that she might have been saved providing I'd been able to raise that hundred.

Patterson's red face paled.

The next morning he received a wire himself. It was the news of his daughter's death in the automobile accident. Monday night he did "crumple," pre-

cisely as our local reporter had predicted. Amy's body was shipped back to Paris and the funeral held in the Methodist And old Patt sat through it all Church. with the face of one who may have accompanied Dante through the Inferno.

The next week, he resigned his job and went away to get over his grief—only to be summoned back home because he was one of the thirty-six local men impaneled for prospective jurymen at the December sitting of County Court-the session that was to try Ann Bartlett.

VI

VERMONT has had many famous murder trials but no case ever fought out in our particular Green Mountain community has roused the interest caused by the Bartlett case when it came up on the docket just prior to the Christmas holidays.

It lasted five days, and the farmers drove in from miles around. Boston newspapermen and lady sob-writers overflowed the accomodations of our local hotel. The court-house resembled a beehive with its crowds of excited, argumentative people continually coming and going, and knots of the morbidly curious commenting on the progress of the trial on stairs, sidewalks, and street.

The state's case was brief and pointed. Circumstantial evidence was overwhelming, On little more than a bald statement of the facts and the testimony of a few leading witnesses, the state's attorney rested.

Old Batchman's defense was a cleverly arranged appeal to the emotions of the "twelve good men and true" to give the lady in the case the benefit of the doubt.

When he sat down, however, everybody present sensed that he had lost. There is good reason to believe that Batch, from his long experience with juries, also knew that he had lost. Wagers were already being made on the penalty which might be meted out to Ann Bartlett. The young state's attorney, anxious to add to his laurels, contrived to make it appear that the Atlanta episode had been advanced as the subtle work of an ultra clever lawyer to get his client out of an ugly predicament. Not that he crassly accused Batch and his associates of openly planting evidence; but over and over again he demanded to be informed why-if the whole truth of the Atlanta affair had been told-had not some one gone to that Southern city and interviewed this mysterious woman who

COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATIONAL GUIDE

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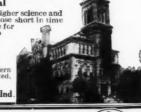
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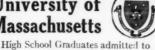
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had "passed into the Great Beyond so inconveniently." He added, with much irony, that it required but the expenditures of twenty-four hours of time and a mere hundred dollars of money. What was the payment of either compared to saving the life of an "innocent woman"?

At five o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, the jury filed out. Few of the jurymen looked at the frail, white-faced prisoner, her fiancé, or their counsel as they passed—old Patterson, the foreman especially. That was conceded to be a bad sign.

The crowd thinned out during the supper hour. Judge Wright had his meals brought into his chambers. He laid aside his judicial robe and prepared to spend the night there, sleeping on the big divan until summoned

And the hours crept on into the evening, then into the night, the crowd which had filtered in after the supper-hour went home to bed.

Just before the zero-hour of that tragic night. Larry Hamilton stood, with the girl he had loved so loyally, in the little white room off the main upper corridor of the court-house. The kindly old sheriff and his wife had withdrawn. For apparently the last time, the two were alone together.

"Oh, Larry—dear Larry," the girl whispered brokenly, "You've been faithful to me indeed, right down to the very end. There are many men who can say fine things to a woman when there's no clouds on the horizon and life's just something to be lived and enjoyed. But real love means more than that. The way you've means more than that. The way you've stood by me and the things you've done or tried to do, are the test—the real test. And you've passed it, Larry! Oh, Larry, you've passed it so nobly!"

The young man tried to comfort her. He smoothed her golden hair, faded now and somewhat drab and lifeless. When she looked up, she saw him smiling through hot tears on a gray, emaciated face.

"It seems we've known each other for such a little time, Larry," the girl went on. "And yet it was a sweet time while it lasted—it meant so much! I know what love means, Larry-for I have known yours and found it blessed. What more can I say, Larry? You spent your last dollar for me-and lost. Oh, I know! Everybody's taken good care to tell me. You didn't lose confidence, you didn't fail at being a good sportsman-not once!" She waited for him to answer. But he remained silent. The great heartache inside me, Larry, will always be that probably I never can have the chance to repay-not as a real woman would like to repay. I've tasted the finest, truest love that ever came to a woman-and I can give nothing in return!"

She might have said more. But, after an eternity in Hamilton's arms, the door opened. Sheriff Crumpett stood there.

"I'm sorry," he said huskily. From his tone they knew the fatal moment had come at last. "The jury's reached a verdict and are filin' in. How about it, daughter? Can you face it?"

The girl's eyes were shining strangely

after Larry's last caress.
"I am ready," she she answered simply,

courageously. The court-room was a milling of groggy-eyed confusion. Everyone was shuffling either feet or papers. Just once did Larry look at the jurymen when he entered with Ann. But their sleepless faces were hard,

non-committal. Old Batch and his associates were summoned from their rooms in the hotel across the square; an appraisal of the faces in the jury-box seemed to tell them the story of their failure. It told the story, also, to young Ruggles, the state's attorney. He was complaisant and pompous and went around joking blandly with his thumbs hooked in the armpits of his

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Gradually the confusion subsided. The sheriffs and court officers who had been pacing wearily up and down through all the weary hours took their official positions. There came the blows of the crier's mallet and his harangue. The newspaper men, getting ready to beat one another to the telegraph wires, watched the prisoner keenly, noting every glance of her over brilliant eye, every movement of her frail body, gathering material for a "feature" on the following Sunday. Then the clerk on the following Sunday. Then the clerk demanded of the jury if it had reached a verdict. The foreman replied in the affirmative. The prisoner was called upon to arise. Larry assisted her to her feet. She was ordered to look upon the jury and the jury to look upon the prisoner.

"Do you find her guilty or not a second to be a second to be a second to be second to be a second to be s

Do you find her guilty or not guilty?"

was the clerk's demand.

Batchman sighed. The young state's attorney rocked on toes and heels, smugly sure of the verdict. The Bartlett girl took a deep breath and steeled herself for the pronouncement.

"We find her not guilty," responded Patterson, and in his eye shot a strange

"Then the case against the defendant is dismissed," came Judge Wright's voice through the terrific silence which ensued

The court room fused into disorder. Newspaper men leaped over tables and chairs. The prostrated young state's attorney began to foam with anger. But Ann Bartlett was clasped in Hamilton's arms while beside them old Batch was saying blankly:
"B'dam, Bob, if this ain't precisely
my idea of a miracle!"

A miracle!

Perhaps so. And yet a miracle not without its irony and further denouément

Two things have occurred since the verdict at three o'clock this morning to clean up the Bartlett case in its entirety and write "Finis" after the chronicle of a young man's good-sportsmanship, loyalty, and

When the congratulations were ended, the jury thanked and dismissed, the whole tragic entertainment for the townspeople at an end, Hamilton got the Bartlett girl out of the court-room. Through the snow-bound quiet of the early December morning, they walked together to the cottage at the far end of Pine Street.

The executors for Jim Bartlett's estate had not disturbed the house or its contents pending the outcome of the trial.

It was nearly four o'clock when they reached the gate and came up the snowbanked steps to the front veranda. The screen door had not been removed. Hamilton had difficulty getting it open in order to unlock the equally resistant front door. As he kicked away the snow, Ann by his side, with emotion overwelming her because of the home-coming, cried out:



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She unfastened the little metal door

of the box, hung against the clapboards beside the casing. She pulled out two post-cards, an old, out-of-date copy of a church paper-and a letter!

The cards were little Thanksgiving tokens from friends in New York who had evidently not learned of her trouble. church paper was dated November 25th.

"It's queer that any mail should have been delivered here." Ann commented, tearing open the envelop. "All of my mai has been delivered to Sheriff Crumpett." "All of my mail

"It was put here in the box around Thanksgiving time," declared Larry. "It must have been deposited here by that Coleman fellow who sometimes substitutes for Dave Harriman—yes; I remember that Dave went down to Brattleboro to spend Thanksgiving. His substitute evidently knew nothing about your mail going to Crumpett, and delivered it out here to the house, thinking there was some one here to look after it-Ann! Ann! For heaven's sake, what's the matter?"

The girl's face, even in the darkness of early morning, had suddenly turned ashen. Ann had glanced through the opening lines, turned quickly to the signature, and uttered

a cry.

Then, as she passed the letter to Larry, she laughed—laughed hysterically as one

who has lost her reason.
"Good God!" groaned Larry, when he
likewise had learned the letter's contents. It was dated at Atlanta, Georgia, the day the unknown woman had leaped from the hotel window to her death. It was signed "Lucretia Urhlman." And it had been reposing in the letter-box on the front of the little cottage on Pine Street through all the nightmare days since!

Speaking of the ironies of life-what could surpass the story which that wild writing told—the story which had come too late to be any vindication to the girl who had been made to suffer so cruelly?

Larry finally got the doors opened, helped Ann into the house, and in a short time had the fires burning merrily. sank down into a rocker and read the tardy letter again.

"I'm going down and show this to Hentley and Batchman," he said.

'No, Larry," the girl protested. "Please don't! It's too late now for it to do any good, and it only smirches Jim's character beyond remedy. Let the people here in town think what they please; let's you and I keep this disgrace hidden—for Jim's sake-and for mine!'

Reluctantly, Larry promised. the less, by methods and channels through which newspaper men learn these things, the contents of the Urhlman woman's note, written and posted the night she committed suicide, reached our newspaper office. Yet, in justice to Jim Bartlett and ourselves, we may add that it was given no local publicity—in the Telegraph or otherwise. But the facts are these:

Two years before coming to Paris, Bartlett had held a position in a small mill in Georgia—a position which Larry had forgotten, if he ever knew. The shooting had resulted from the sordid, world-old infidelity of a man toward an infatuated woman, the details of which are best forgotten as quickly as possible.

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The Urhlman woman had finally learned where Bartlett had gone, written him several times, and received no satisfaction. She made the Northern trip, and, knowing She made the Northern trip, and, knowing well what she intended to do in case Bartlett failed to give her satisfaction, alighted from the train that runs from the Junction up into Paris at Hastings—a flagstation four miles south of the town. Walking into Paris, taking care to avoid meeting anyone, she had located the Bartlett house by questioning the little Babbitt boys—which last has been confirmed by us this afternoon, explaining why no one came forward with any account why no one came forward with any account of having seen the woman before the shooting. The little Babbitt boys had shooting. The little Babbitt boys had promptly forgotten all about the matter,

or attached no importance to it. The Southern woman had known that Ann was keeping house for her brother. She intended appealing first to the sister. But, arriving at the Bartlett cottage. though the house was unlocked and open, no one answered her repeated knocking, and Ann, in the attic, failed to hear. Finally, she had entered, to await somebody's appearance. In her highly nervous state the tension of that empty house at length aggravated her into using the nearby-telephone to summon Jim from the mill. She had impersonated the sister purposely to get the man home without argument or prior warning. The man had responded, found her, quarreled with her, and received three shots in his body. The money Jim had been in the act of offering her when he was stricken down she seized—pocket-book and all—and fled the place through one of the bedroom windows when she heard Ann coming through the front rooms to investigate. She had reached Bancroft's woods without detection and traveled through them on an epochal trip that brought her out on the far side of Haystack Mountain and down into Barre. There she had taken a train to Burlington and thence to New York. The whole trip constituted one of those extraordinary but entirely possible and plausible affairs where luck had permitted her to escape entirely without the slightest chance of apprehension.

Yet one is led to wonder, at times, if the Almighty does not move by coincidence and accident as well as by chastisement or blessing, by conscience and remorse as much as through human nature as it is, in the ordinary business of the lives of men. For the woman had paid for the success of her commission mentally. Crazed with remorse and a love unrequited, she had written a note of confession to Ann and then

taken her life.

Well, things may or may not go according to the story-books and olden fables, according as one wished to view it. Hamilton spent his last dollar wiring to Ezekiel and it brought him nothing-at least, not when it was needed most.

Yet we are inclined to agree with old Theodore B. Batchman—the jury's verdict this morning certainly has all the

earmarks of a miracle!

Just after dinner to-day, Larry overtook Patterson as the latter went his way to the local station. Patterson was leaving town to

get away from the scenes and people who reminded him so vividly of his daughter.

"You don't have to thank me, Hamilton," he returned in tired, hollow voice, when the young man expressed his grati"Show me a man who is utilizing his spare hours to improve his education and I will say 'There is a man who will make good and go far'.'—Charles M. Schwab.



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tude for the Bartlett verdict. "I was only doing my duty as I saw it. The account between us ought to be square. At least I've done what I could to atone for the death of my girl."

"I don't know what you mean by atoning," said Larry, "but all the town is talking about the report that it was only your persistence that swung the balance of that jury into line and made them agree on a verdict for acquittal. For that I can never repay you, Mr. Patterson, and neither can Ann. But I wanted you to know we were grateful."

"Almighty God saw to it that I was impaneled on that jury, young man. If you'd got a hundred dollars from Ezekiel you'd have gone to Atlanta. You'd undoubtedly have gotten a confession out of that woman who died of her injuries-if you could have impressed on her how an innocent person

was being punished. Well, you might have had your hundred in time—if I'd shot straight with you. But I didn't shoot straight. Because I didn't, I paid with my daughter's life. I choose to think so, anyhow. When I got in that jury-room, I did what I could to satisfy my conscience."

"What on earth are you talking about? How was it that you didn't 'shoot straight

with me?"

"You played your last dollar to save the girl you loved. And the cash which should have been yours I wired to Amy so she could go on with the Thorne girls to St. That coin you carried so long as Louis. a pocket-piece was an old 1839 dollar, young man. Any coin-collector might have paid you a hundred dollars for it the same as one down in Springfield gave me a hundred for it the day after you spent it to settle that Ezekiel night-letter!"

The Pride of Palomar

(Continued from page 39)

I am not going to pay him any half million I might, in a pinch, consider paydollars. ing him half that, but-

Would a quit-claim deed be worth half

a million to you, Dad?

'As a matter of cold business, it would. Are you quite certain he was serious? "Oh, quite serious."

"He's a disappointment, Kay. hoped he would prove to be a worth-while opponent, for certainly he is a most likable young man. However-" He smothered a yawn with his hand, selected a cigar from his case, carefully cut off the end and lighted it. "Poor devil," he murmured presently and rose, remarking that he might

as well take a turn or two around the farmyard as a first aid to digestion.

Once outside, he walked to the edge of the mesa and gazed down the moon-lit San Gregorio. Half a mile away he saw a moving black spot on the white ribbon of road. "Confound you," he murmured, you're going to get some of my tail feathers, but not quite the handful you anticipate. You cannot stand the acid test, Don Mike, and I'm glad to know

As Farrel approached the Mission de la Madre Dolorosa a man in the rusty brown habit of a Franciscan friar rose from a bench just outside the entrance to the

Mission garden.
"My son," he said in calm, paternal accents and speaking in Spanish, I knew you would come to see your old friends when you had laid aside the burdens of the day. I have waited here to be first to greet you; for you I am guilty of the sin of selfishness.

Padre Dominic!" Don Mike grasped the outstretched hand and wrung it heartily. "Old friend! Old Saint! Not since my confirmation have I asked for your blessing," and with the words he bent his head while the old friar, making the sign of the cross, asked the blessing of God upon the

last of the Farrels.

Don Mike drew his old friend down to the seat the latter had just vacated. "We will talk here for a while, Father," he suggested. "I expect the arrival of a friend in an automobile and I would not be in the garden when he passes. Later I will visit with the others. Good Father Dominic,

does God still bless you with excellent health?'

"He does, Miguel, but the devil afflicts me with rheumatism." "You haven't changed a bit, Father

Dominic."

'Mummies do not change, my son. I have accomplished ninety-two years of my life; long ago I used up all possibilities for change, even for the worse. It is good to have you home, Miguel. Pablo brought us the news early this morning. We wondered why you did not look in upon us as you passed last night."

'I looked in at my father's grave. I was in no mood for meeting those who had

loved him."

For perhaps half an hour they conversed; then the peace of the valley was broken by the rattling and labored puffing of an asthmatic automobile.

Father Dominic rose and peered around the corner. "Yonder comes one who practises the great virtue of economy," he announced, "for he is running without lights. Doubtless he deems the moonlight suffi-

Farrel stepped out into the road and held up his arm as a signal for the motorist to halt. Old Bill Conway swung his prehistoric automobile off the road and pulled up before the Mission, his carbon-heated motor continuing to fire spasmodically even after he had turned off the ignition.
"Hello, Miguel," he called cheerily.
"What are you doing here, son?"

"Calling on my spiritual adviser and waiting for you, Bill."

"Howdy, Father Dominic." Conway leaped out and gave his hand to the old friar. "Miguel, how did you know I was coming?"

"This is the only road out of Agua Caliente basin—and I know you! You'd give your head for a football to anybody you love, but the man who takes anything away from you will have to get up early in the morning."

"Go to the head of the class, boy. You're right. I figured Parker would be getting up rather early to-morrow morning and dusting into El Toro to clear for action, so I thought I'd come in to-night. I'm going to rout out an attorney the minute I get to town, have him draw up a com921 have plaint in my suit for damages against Parker for violation of contract, file the comhoot plaint the instant the county clerk's office h my opens in the morning and then attach his any-I did account in the El Toro bank." "You might attach his stock in that in-

stitution while you're at it, Bill. However, I wouldn't stoop so low as to attach his two automobiles. The Parkers are guests of mine and I wouldn't inconvenience the

ladies for anything.

"By the Holy Poker! Have they got two automobiles?" There was a hint of apprehension in old Conway's voice.

"Si, señor. A touring car and a limousine.

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"Oh, lord! I'm mighty glad you told me, Miguel. I only stole the spark plugs from that eight cylinder touring car. Lucky thing the hounds know me. They like to et me up at first."

Farrel sat down on the filthy running board of Bill Conway's car and laughed softly. "Oh, Bill, you're immense! So that's why you're running without lights! You concluded that even if he did get up early in the morning you couldn't afford to permit him to reach El Toro before the court-house opened for business."
"A wise man counteth his chickens be-

fore they are hatched, Miguel. Where does Parker keep the limousine?"

Bill, I cannot tell you that. These people are my guests."

"Oh, very well. Now that I know it's there I'll find it. What did you want to see me about, boy?"

"I've been thinking of our conversation of this afternoon, Bill and as a result I'm panicky. I haven't any right to drag you into trouble or ask you to share my woes. I've thought it over and I think I shall play safe. Parker will get the ranch in the long run but if I give him a quit-claim deed now I think he will give me at least a quarter of a million dollars. It'll be worth that to him to be free to proceed with his

"Yes, I can understand that, Miguel, and probably, from a business stand-point, your decision does credit to your common sense. But how about this Jap colony?"

"Bill, can two lone, poverty-stricken Californians hope to alter the immigra-tion laws of the entire United States? Can we hope to keep the present Japanese population of California confined to existing areas?"

"No, I suppose not."
"I had a wild hope this afternoon—guess I was a bit theatrical—but it was a hope based on selfishness. I'm only twenty-eight years old, Bill, but you are nearly sixty. I'm too young to sacrifice my old friends, so I've waited here to tell you that you are released from your prom-

ise to support me. Settle with Parker and pull out in peace."

Conway pondered. "Wel-1-1-1," he concluded finally. "Perhaps you're right, son. Nevertheless, I'm going to enter suit and attach. Foolish to hunt big game with an empty gun, Miguel. Parker, spoke of an amicable settlement, but as Napoleon remarked, 'God is on the side of heaviest battalions', and an amicable settlement is much more amicably obtained, when a forced settlement is inevitable. And the cunning old rascal winked solemnly.

Farrel stood up. "Well, that's all I wanted to see you about, Bill. That, and



to say 'thank you' until you are better paid." "Well, I'm on my way, Miguel." The old contractor shook hands with Father Dominic and Farrel, cranked his car, turned it and headed back up the San Gregorio, while Father Dominic guided Don Mike into the Mission refectory, where Father Andreas and the lay brothers

sat around the dinner table, discussing

a black scale which had lately appeared on their olive trees.

At the entrance to the palm avenue, Bill Conway stopped his car and proceeded afoot to the Farrel hacienda, which he approached cautiously from the rear, through the oaks. A slight breeze was blowing down the valley, so Conway manoeuvred until a short quick bark from one of Farrel's hounds informed him that his scent had been borne to the kennel and recognized as that of a friend. Confident now that he would not be discovered by the inmates of the hacienda, Bill Conway proceeded boldly to the barn. Just inside the main building which, in more prosperous times on El Palomar, had been used for storing hay, the touring car stood. Conway fumbled along the instrument board and discovered the switch key still in the lock, so he turned on the headlights and discovered the limousine thirty feet away in the rear of the barn. Ten minutes later, with the spark plugs from both cars carefully secreted under a pile of split stove wood in the yard, he departed as silently as he had come.

About nine o'clock Don Mike left the Mission and walked home. On the hills to the north he caught the glare of a campfire against the silvery sky; wherefore he knew that Don Nicholas Sandoval and his deputies were guarding the Loustalot sheep.

At ten o'clock he entered the patio. In a wicker chaise-longue John Parker lounged on the porch outside his room; Farrel caught the scent of his cigar on the warm, semi-tropical night, saw the red end of it

gleaming like a demon's eye.
"Hello, Mr. Farrel," Parker greeted "Won't you sit down and smoke a cigar with me before turning in?"

"Thank you. I shall be happy to." He crossed the garden to his guest, sat down beside him and gratefully accepted the fragrant cigar Parker handed him. A moment later Kay joined them.

"Wonderful night," Parker remarked. "Mrs. P. retired early, but Kay and I sat up chatting and enjoying the peaceful loveliness of this old garden. A sleepless mocking bird and a sleepy little thrush gave a concert in the sweet lime tree; a couple of green toads in the fountain rendered a bass duet; Kay thought that if we remained very quiet the spirits of some lovers of the 'splendid idle forties' might appear in your garden."

The mood of the night was still upon the

girl. In the momentary silence that fol-lowed she commenced singing softly:

I saw an old-fashioned missus, Taking old-fashioned kisses, In an old-fashioned garden, From an old-fashioned beau.

Don Mike slid off the porch and went to his own room, returning presently with a guitar. "I've been wanting to play a lit-tle," he confessed as he tuned the neglected instrument, "but it seemed sort of sacrilegious-after coming home and find-



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ing my father gone and the ranch about to go. However—why sip sorrow with a long spoon? What's that ballad about the oldfashioned garden, Miss Kay? I like it. If you'll hum it a few times-

Ten minutes later he knew the simple little song and was singing it with her. Mrs. Parker, in dressing gown, slippers and boudoir cap, despairing of sleep until all of the members of her family had first preceded her to bed, came out and joined them; presently they were all singing happily together, while Don Mike played or faked an accompaniment.

At eleven o'clock Farrel gave a final vigorous strum to the guitar and stood up

to say good-night.
"Shall we sing again to-morrow night,
Don Mike?" Kay demanded eagerly.

Farrel's glance rested solemnly upon her father's face. "Well, if we all feel happy to-morrow night I see no objection," he answered. "I fear for your father, Miss Kay. Have you told him of my plans for depleting his worldly wealth?"

She flushed a little and answered in the

"How does the idea strike you, Mr. Parker?"

John Parker grinned—the superior grin of one who knows his superior strength. "Like a great many principles that are excellent in theory your plan will not work in practice.'
"No?"
"No."

For the second time that day Kay saw Don Mike's face light up with that insouciant boyish smile.

Then he skipped blithely across the garden thrumming the guitar and singing:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord!

At seven o'clock next morning, while Miguel Farrel was shaving, John Parker came to his door, knocked, and without further ado came into the room.
"Farrel," he began briskly. "I do not

relish your way of doing business. Where

are the spark plugs of my two cars?"
"My dear man, I haven't taken them,
so why do you ask me? I am not flattered at your blunt hint that I would so far forget my position as host as to steal the spark plugs from my guest's automobiles.

"I beg your pardon. Somebody took them and naturally I jumped to the con-clusion that you were the guilty party."

Don Mike shaved in silence.

"Do you know who removed those spark

plugs, Mr. Farrel?"
"Yes, sir, I do."
"Who did it?"

"Bill Conway. He came by last night and concluded it would be better to make quite certain that you remained away from El Toro until about nine-thirty o'clock this morning. It was entirely Bill's idea. I did not suggest it to him, directly or indirectly. He's old enough to rou ms own hoop. He had a complaint in action drawn hoop. It will be filed He's old enough to roll his own up against you last night; it will be filed at nine o'clock this morning and immediately thereafter your bank account and your stock in the First National Bank of El Toro will be attached. Of course you will file a bond to lift the attachment, but Bill will have your assets where he can levy on them when he gets round to col-lecting on the judgment which he will secure against you unless you proceed with the contract for that dam."



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"And this is Conway's work entirely?" "Yes, sir.

"It's clever work. I'm sorry it wasn't burs. May I have the loan of a saddle vours.

horse—Panchito or the gray?"

"Not to ride either of them, breakfastless, twenty-one miles to El Toro in two hours. They can do it, but not under an impost of a hundred and ninety pounds. You might ruin both of them—" he scraped his chin, smiling blandly—"and I know you'd about ruin yourself, sir. The saddle had commenced to get very sore before you had completed eight miles yesterday.

"Then I'm out of luck, I dare say."
"Strikes me that way, Mr. Parker."

iness. What will that quit-claim deed cost me?" "Very well.

"Six hundred thousand dollars. I've raised the ante since last night."

"I'll not pay it." "What will you pay?" "About fifty per cent of it."

"I might consider less than my first figure and more than your last. Make me a firm offer—in writing—and I'll give you a firm answer the instant you hand me the document. I'm a poor bargainer. Haggling irritates me-so I never haggle. And I don't care a tinker's hoot whether you buy me off or not. After nine o'clock this morning you will have lost the opportunity, because I give you my word of honor, I shall decline even to receive an offer.'

He reached over on his bureau and retrieved therefrom a sheet of paper. is the form I desire your offer to take, sir, he continued affably and handed the paper to Parker. "Please re-write it in ink, fill in the amount of your offer and sign it. You have until nine o'clock, remember. nine-one you will be too late.'

Despite his deep annoyance Parker favored him with a sardonic grin. "You're a good bluffer, Farrel."

Don Mike turned from the mirror and regarded his guest very solemnly, "How. do you know?" he queried mildly. "You've never seen me bluff. I've seen a few inquests held in this country over some men who bluffed in an emergency. We're no longer wild and woolly out here, but when we pull, we shoot. Remember that, sir.'

Parker felt himself abashed in the presence of this cool young man, for nothing is so disconcerting as a defeated enemy who refuses to acknowledge defeat. It occurred to Parker in that moment that there was nothing extraordinary in Farrel's action; or consideration of the sweetness of life cannct be presumed to arouse a great deal of interest in one who knows he will be murdered if he does not commit suicide.

John Parker tucked the paper in his pocket and thoughtfully left the room. "The boy distrusts me," he soliloquized, "afraid I'll go back on any promise I make him, so he demands my offer in writ-Some more of his notions of business, Spanish style. Stilted and unnecessary. How like all of his kind he is! Ponderous in minor affairs, casual in major matters of business.

An hour later he came up to Don Mike, chatting with Kay and Mrs. Parker on the porch, and thrust an envelope into Farrel's hand.

"Here is my offer—in writing."
"Thank you, sir." Don Mike thrust the envelope unopened into the breast pocket of his coat and from the side pocket of the same garment drew another envelope. "Here is my answer—in writing." Parker stared at him in frank amaze-

ment and admiration; Kay's glance, as it roved from her father to Don Mike and back again, was sad and troubled.

"Then you've reopened negotiations, father," she demanded accusingly.

He nodded. "Our host has a persuasive way about him, Kay," he supplemented. "He insisted so on my making him an offer that finally I consented."

"And now," Farrel assured her, "negotiations are about to be cicsed."

'Absolutely.

"Absolutely. Never to be recpened, Miss Kay.

Parker opened his envelope and read. His face was without emotion. "That answer is entirely satisfactory to me, Mr. Farrel," he said presently and passed the paper to his daughter. She read:

Your offer—whatever it may be—is de-clined. My ancestry is mixed but nobody can trace Benedict Arnold to the Farrel

"I also approve," Kay murmured and in the swift glance she exchanged with Don Miguel he read something that caused his heart to beat happily. Mrs. Parker took the paper from her daughter's hand and read it also.

"Very well, Ajax. I think we all think a great deal more of you for defying the lightning," was her sole comment.

Despite his calm, John Parker was irritated to the point of fury. He felt that he had been imposed upon by Don Mike; his great god, business, had been scandalously flouted.

"I am at a loss to understand, Mr. Farrel," he said coldly, "why you have subjected me to the incivility of requesting from me an offer in writing and then refusing to read it when I comply with your request. Why subject me to that annoyance when you knew you intended to refuse any offer I might make you? I do not relish your flippancy at my expense, sir."

"Do you not think, sir, that I can afford a modicum of flippancy when I pay such a fearfully high price for it?" Don Mike countered smilingly. "I'll bet a new hat my pleasantry cost me not less than four hundred thousand dollars. I think I'll make certain," and he opened Parker's envelope and read what was contained therein. "Hum-m! Three hundred and twenty-five thousand?

Parker extended his hand. "I would be obliged to you for the return of that letter, he began, but paused, confused, at Farrel's cheerful, mocking grin.

"All's fair in love and war," he quoted "I wanted a document to prove to some banker or pawnbroker that I have an equity in this ranch and it is worth three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, in the opinion of the astute financier who holds a first mortgage on it. Really, I think I'd be foolish to give away this evidence," and he tucked it carefully

back in his pocket.
"I wonder," Kay spoke up demurely,
"which ancestor from which side of the family tree put that idea in his head, father?"

Don Mike pretended not to have heard her. He turned kindly to John Parker and laid a friendly hand upon the latter's arm.

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"I think Bill Conway will drift by about ten o'clock or ten thirty, Mr. Parker. know he will not cause you any more inconvenience than he finds absolutely necessary, sir. He's tricky but he isn't mean."

Parker did not reply. He did not know whether to laugh or fly into a rage, to offer Don Mike his hand or his fist. The latter must have guessed Parker's feelings, for he favored his guests with a Latin shrug and a deprecatory little smile, begged to be excused and departed for the barn. A quarter of an hour later Kay saw him and Pablo ride out of the yard and over the hills toward the west; she observed that Farrel was riding his father's horse, wherefore she knew that he had left Panchito behind for her.

Farrel found Don Nicholas Sandoval, the sheriff, by riding straight to a column of smoke he saw rising from a grove of

oaks on a flat hilltop.

"What do you mean by camping out here, Don Nicholas?" Farrel demanded as "Since when has it become he rode up. the fashion to await a formal invitation to the hospitality of the Rancho Palomar?"

"I started to ride down to the hacienda at sunset last night," Don Nicholas replied, "but a man on foot and carrying a rifle and a blanket came over the hills to the south. I watched him through my binoculars. He came down into the wash of the San Gregorio—and I did not see him come out. So I knew he was camped for the night in the willow thickets of the river bed; that he was a stranger in the country, else he would have gone up to your hacienda for the night; that his visit spelled danger to you, else why did he carry a rifle?

"I went supperless, watching from the hillside to see if this stranger would light a

fire in the valley."
"He did not?" Farrel queried.

"Had he made a camp-fire, my boy, I would have accorded myself the pleasure of an informal visit, incidentally ascer-taining who he was and what he wanted. I am very suspicious of strangers who make cold camps in the San Gregorio. At daylight this morning I rode down the wash and searched for his camp. I found where he had slept in the grass—also this," and he drew from his pocket a single rifle car-tridge. "Thirty-two-forty caliber, Miguel," he continued, "with a soft-nose bullet. I do not know of one in this county who shoots such a heavy rifle. In the old days we used the .44 caliber, but nowadays, we prefer nothing heavier than a .30 and many use a .25 caliber for deer."

Farrel drew a 6 millimeter Mannlicher carbine from the gun scabbard on his saddle, dropped five shells into the magazine, looked at his sights and thrust the weapon back into its receptacle. "I think I ought to have some more life insurance," he murmured complacently, "By the way, Don Nicholas, about how many sheep have I attached." "By the

"Loustalot's foreman says nine thou-sand in round numbers."

"Where is the sheep camp?"
"Over yonder." Don Nicholas waved a careless hand toward the west. "I saw their camp-fire there last night."

"I'm going over to give them the rush."
"By all means, Miguel. If you run those Basques off the ranch I will be able to return to town and leave my deputies in charge of these above. in charge of these sheep. Keep your eyes open, Miguel. Adios, muchacho!"



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Farrel jogged away with Pablo at his heels. Half an hour later he had located the sheep camp and ridden to it to accost the four bewhiskered Basque shepherds who, surrounded by their dogs, sullenly watched his approach.

"Who is the foreman?" Don Mike demanded in English as he rode.

"I am, you one of the Basques replied briskly. don't have for ask who are you. I know." "Mebbe so some day, you forget,"
Pablo cried. "I will give you something
for make you remember, pig." The old
majordomo was riding the black mare. A touch of the spur, a bound, and she was beside Loustalot's foreman, with Pablo cutting the fellow furiously over the head and face with his heavy quirt. The other three sheep men ran for the tent, but Don Mike spurred the gray in between them and their objective, at the same time drawing his carbine.

There was no further argument. sheepherders' effects were soon trans-ferred to the backs of three burros and, driving the little animals ahead of them, the Basques moved out. Farrel and Don Mike followed them to the boundaries of the ranch and shooed them out through a break in the fence.

"Regarding that stranger who camped last night in the valley, Don Miguel. Would it not be well to look into his case?"

Don Mike nodded. "We will ride up the valley, Pablo, as if we seek cattle; if we find this fellow we will ask him to

explain."
"That is well," the old Indian agreed and dropped back to his respectful position in his master's rear. As they topped the ridge that formed the northern buttress of the San Gregorio Pablo rode to the left and started down the hill through a draw covered with a thick growth of laurel, purple lilac, a few madone trees and an occasional oak. He knew that a big, fivepoint buck had his habitat here and it was Pablo's desire to jump this buck out and thus afford his master a glimpse of the trophy that awaited him later in the year.

From the valley below a rifle cracked. Pablo slid out of his saddle with the ease of a youth and lay flat on the ground beside the trail. But no bullet whined up the draw or struck near him, wherefore he knew that he was not the object of an attack; vet there was wild pounding of his heart when the rifle spoke again and again.

The thud of hoofs smote his ear sharply so close was he to the ground. Slowly Pablo raised his head. Over the hog's back which separated the draw in which Pablo lay concealed from the draw down which Don Miguel had ridden, the gray came galloping-riderless-and Pablo saw the stock of the rifle projecting from the scabbard. The runaway plunged into the draw some fifteen yards in front of Pablo, found a cow-trail leading down it and disappeared into the valley.

Pablo's heart swelled with agony. "It has happened!" he murmured. "Ah, Mother of God! It has happened!"

Two more shots in rapid succession bunded from the valley. "He makes sounded from the valley. "He makes certain of his kill," thought Pablo. After a while he addressed the off front foot of the black mare. "I will do likewise." black mare.

He started crawling on his belly up out

of the draw to the crest of the hog's back. He had an impression, amounting almost to a certainty, that the assassin in the valley had not seen him riding down the draw, otherwise he would not have opened fire on Don Miguel. He would have bided his time and chosen an occasion when there would be no witnesses.

For an hour he waited, watching, grieving, weeping a little. From the draw where Don Miguel lay no sound came forth. Pablo tried hard to erase from his mind a vision of what he would find when his primal duty of vengeance, swift and complete, accomplished, he should go down into that draw. His tear-dimmed, bloodshot eyes searched the valley—ah, what was that? A cow, a deer or a man? Surely something had moved in the brush at the edge of the river wash.

Pablo rubbed the moisture from his eyes and looked again. A man was crossing the wash on foot and he carried a rifle. A few feet out in the wash he paused, irresolute, turned back and knelt in the sand.

"Oh, blessed Mother of God!" Pablo most sobbed joyously. "I will burn six almost sobbed joyously. candles in thy honor and keep flowers on thy altar at the Mission for a year!

Again the man stood up and started across the wash. He no longer had his rifle. "It is as I thought," Pablo soliloquized. "He has buried the rifle in the sand."

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Pablo watched the man start resolutely across the three-mile stretch of flat ground between the river and the hills to the Don Nicholas Sandoval had remarked that the stranger had come in over the hills to the south. Very well! lieving himself undetected, he would depart in the same direction. The Rancho Palomar stretched ten miles to the south and it would be a strange coincidence if, in that stretch of rolling, brushy country, a human being should cross his path.

The majordomo quickly crawled back into the draw where the black mare patiently awaited him. Leading her, he started cautiously down, taking advantage of every tuft of cover until, arrived at the foot of the draw, he discovered that some oaks effectually screened his quarry from sight. Reasoning quite correctly that the same oaks as effectually screened him from his quarry, Pablo mounted and galloped straight across country for his man.

He rode easily, for he was saving the mare's speed for a purpose. The fugitive. casting a guilty look to the rear, saw him coming and paused, irresolute, but observing no evidences of precipitate haste, continued his retreat, which (Pablo observed grimly) was casual now, as if he desired to avert suspicion.

Pablo pulled the mare down to a trot, to a walk. He could afford to take his time and it was not part of his plan to bungle his work by undue haste. The fugitive was crossing through a patch of lilac and Pablo desired to overhaul him in a wide open space beyond, so he urged the mare to a trot again and jogged by on a parallel course, a hundred yards distant.

"Buena dias, señor," he called affably and waved his hand at the stranger, who waved back.

On went the old majordomo, across the clear space and into the oaks beyond. fugitive, his suspicions now completely lulled, followed and when he was quite in

Cosmopolitan for June, 1921

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istant. affably the center of this chosen ground, Pablo emerged from the shelter of the oaks and bore down upon him. The mare was at a fast lope and Pablo's rawhide riata was uncoiled now; the loop swung in slow, fateful circles-

There could be no mistaking his pur-With a cry that was curiously animal-like, the man ran for the nearest brush. Twenty feet from him, Pablo made his cast and shrieked exultantly as the loop settled over his prey. A jerk and it was fast around the fellow's mid-riff; a half hitch around the pommel, a touch of a huge Mexican spur to the flank of the fleet little black thoroughbred and Pablo Artelan was headed for home! He picked his way carefully in order that he might not snag in the bushes that which he dragged behind him, and he leaned forward in the saddle to equalize the weight of the THING that bumped and leaped and slid along the ground behind him. There had been screams at first, mingled with Pablo's exultant shouts of victory, but by the time the river was reached there was no sound but a scraping, slithering one-the sound of the vengeance of Pablo Artelan.

When he reached the wagon road he brought the mare to a walk. He did not look back, for he knew his power; the scraping, slithering sound was music to his ears; it was all the assurance he desired. As calmly as, during the spring round-up, he dragged a calf up to the branding fire, he dragged his victim up into the front yard of the Rancho Palomar and paused before the patio

"Ho! Señor Parker!" he shouted.
"Come forth. I have sometheeng for the señor. Queeck, Señor."

The gate opened and John Parker stepped out. "Hello, Pablo! What's all the row about?"

Pablo turned in his saddle and pointed. "Mira! Look!" he croaked. "Good God!" Parker cried. "What is

"Once he use' for be one Jap. One good friend of you, I theenk, Señor Parker. He like for save you much trouble, I theenk, so He keel my Don Mike—an' for that I have-ah, but you see! An' now, señor, have—ah, but you see! An now, senor, eet is all right for take the Rancho Palomar! Take eet, take eet! Ees nobody for care now—nobody! Eef eet don' be for you daughter I don't let you have eet. No, sir, I keel it you so queeck—but my Don Mike hes never forget hes one great caballero—so Pablo Artelan mus' not forget, too-you sleep in theese hacienda, you eat the food-ah, señor, I am so shame' for you-and my Don Mikehees dead-hees dead-

He slid suddenly off the black mare and lay unconscious in the dust beside her.

(To Be Continued.)

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